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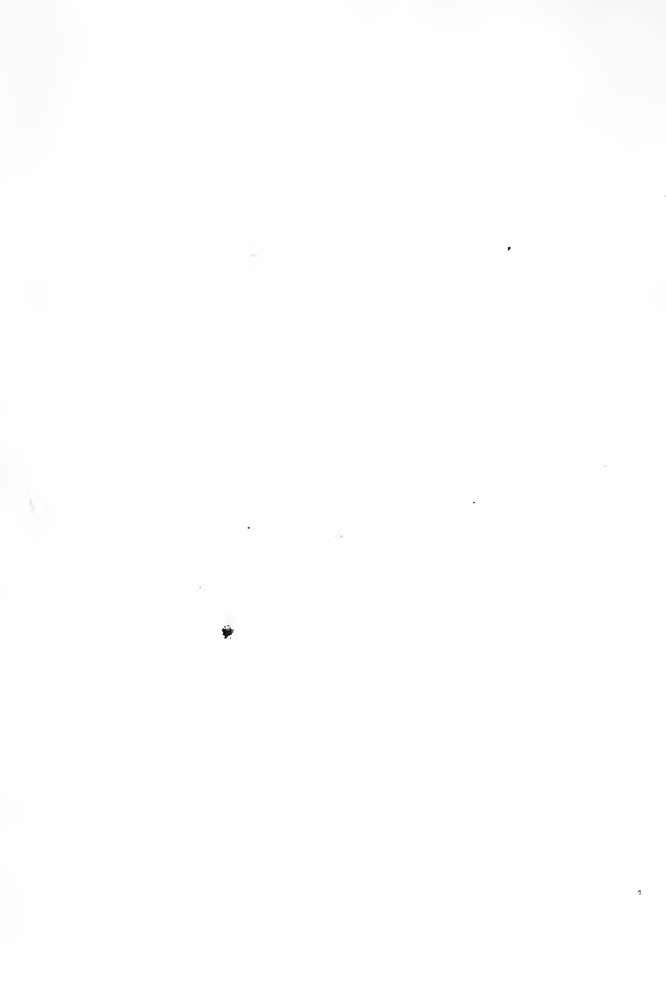
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*Pub<sup>d</sup> by Cadell & Davies, Strand.*

*An Austrian Foot Soldier.*

AN

ACCURATE AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE

OF

THE WAR,

BY AN OFFICER OF THE GUARDS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING

THE SECOND EDITION

OF

A POETICAL SKETCH

OF THE

CAMPAIGN OF 1793,

REVISED, CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED,

WITH THE ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM HEAD-QUARTERS;

ALSO

A SIMILAR SKETCH OF THE

CAMPAIGN OF 1794;

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

A NARRATIVE OF THE

RETREAT OF 1795,

MEMORABLE FOR ITS MISERIES.

WITH COPIOUS NOTES THROUGHOUT.

EMBELLISHED WITH ENGRAVINGS

From Drawings taken on the Spot, descriptive of the different Scenes introduced in the POEM.

VOL. I.

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*"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum."* VIRG.

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London :

Printed for the Author.—Published by CADELL and DAVIES, Strand; And sold also by J. EDWARDS, Pall-Mall; T. EGERTON, at the Military Library, Whitehall; HOOKHAM and CARPENTER, and R. FAULDER, Bond-street; R. WHITE, Piccadilly; F. and C. RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and W. RICHARDSON, Royal-Exchange.

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## AUSTRIAN INFANTRY.

THE dress of the Austrian Infantry is, a white jacket that buttons straight down to the waist, with coloured collar, cuffs, and skirts turned back, before and behind. The difference between the Hungarians and the rest, consists merely in the former wearing *pantaloon*s, and short half-boots (as described in the plate, which should have been called, *an Hungarian battalion-man*) and the latter being clothed in white breeches, and long black gaiters, like the British. The corps of O'DONNELL have *green* jackets, with *red* pantaloons, and instead of small leather, wear Hussar *caps*. The other *fri corps* are chiefly clothed in grey, or green. In the frontispiece to vol. II, the soldier is faced round, to shew his *pouch*, *accoutrements*, and method of tying the hair. The front of the leather caps *turns* down, to guard the face from the *sun*, and, in wet weather, the back of the neck from rain. When in action the soldier usually turns the plate behind, lest its glittering should attract the notice of the enemy. Their parade dress is in the plates alone described; on duty, in camp, or on a march (except in the *heat* of summer, when it is neatly rolled up, and slung over the right shoulder) they at all times wear a loose straight-cut great coat, of a light-brown colour, and put on their accoutrements above it. Thus appointed, as their firelocks are not highly polished, it becomes difficult for the enemy to ascertain their numbers, or to perceive their approach: in an instant they can throw off *this* *furlout*, and appear perfectly neat and clean dressed for parade.

# THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN

WILKINS

OF

OXFORD

1650

Printed

for

JOHN WILKINS

at

the

Printers

of

the

City

of

London

1650

Printed



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## INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER,

*Tracing the causes and progress of the War, between Great Britain and the French Republic, previous to the embarkation of the Guards for Holland.*

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IN this happy Island, where freedom has taken deep root, and shot forth the most luxuriant branches, overshadowing the subject, and insuring to him personal security, and the full enjoyment of his property; where the limited sway of the monarch is blended with that of the nobility, and of the people, in so judicious a manner, that no branch of our glorious Constitution is allowed to preponderate to the detriment of the other component parts; the French Revolution, at its commencement, naturally met with many friends, appearing the struggle of a people groaning under the oppression of an arbitrary, unprincipled, and voluptuous court, for the blessings of that liberty which we, as Britons, so pre-eminently enjoy. But when we beheld that very people quitting the principles of freedom for the extravagance of licentiousness, breaking through every barrier, and carrying devastation wherever they bent their head-strong course, slaves to every species of depravity, and committing hourly the most atrocious excesses, we turned from such scenes of horror with loathing and disgust.

The ambitious views of the heterogencous rulers of infatuated France, led them, by the decree passed in the National Convention, on the 19th of November, 1792, to manifest the unwarrantable design of extending universally their new doctrines, and of encouraging, in all countries, insurrection and revolt. Our government found it, therefore, highly expedient to look to its internal state of defence, and to be fully prepared for any event that might ensue: the navy was accordingly increased, and put upon a respectable footing; and the army considerably augmented. Called upon by Monsieur CHAUVLIN, a citizen of the new-created Republic, (for after royalty had been abolished in France, he could not, in this country, be received in any deplomatic capacity) to declare the reason of such hostile preparations; our government justly alledged the determination of France to persist in opening the navigation of the Scheldt, which was fully discussed in Parliament; and it was evident that a war between the two countries became for that reason unavoidable. Great Britain, however, made no advances towards it, willing to use every effort in her power to save the persecuted LOUIS, at that time a prisoner, and undergoing a mock trial at the bar of the Convention. Had their monarch been acquitted, as the moderate party would thereby have gained the ascendancy, they probably might have relinquished the arrogant plan of annulling all stipulations relative to the Scheldt. But no sooner was the blade of that merciless machine, which had so long hung suspended by a very slender thread over the mild and unfortunate LOUIS, suffered to descend,\* to

\* LOUIS the XVIth was executed on the 21st of Jan. 1793, by a sentence, says Dr. MOORE, "in direct opposition to that Constitution

the astonishment and indignation of every man of common humanity, than the French put at once a period to all hopes of a pacific tendency, by precipitately declaring war against Great Britain.

Innumerable pamphlets have been sent forth to prove that they were compelled to this measure in their own defence; but they were not surely compelled to open the river, which was the only object of contention; nor can any sophistry persuade a moderate Englishman that it would have been to our honour, or to our interest, to have permitted a set of men, who had assumed to themselves a lawless authority, actuated by a most extravagant and tyrannical ambition, before their power had been established even in their own country, to dictate to us in a haughty and imperious tone, and to aim at overthrow-

“ adopted and sworn to *by his judges*”—and with a very trifling majority of suffrages in the Convention for his death. It has been thought extraordinary, by those who do not consider the propensity of the French to run into extremes, that they, who had been such servile admirers of their *grand monarque*, should so soon throw off every sentiment of respect, and not satisfied with bringing him to an ignominious death, treat his memory with such indecency, as to pass to the order of the day, when his dying request was made known to the Convention, “ that he might be buried with his father,” while MICHAEL LE PELETIER, who was assassinated by PARIS for having voted for the death of CAPET, was interred with the highest national honours. It has been remarked also, that the 21st of the month seems to have been a date particularly ominous and fatal to LOUIS the XVIth; on the 21st of April 1770, he was married to a Princess whose imprudence certainly facilitated his ruin; 21st of June following, *the fete* took place in honour of his nuptials, when 1,500 of his subjects lost their lives, by endeavouring, in an immense croud, to push through a square at Paris which had formerly been a *thoroughfare*, but was at that time unknown to them stopped up; 21st of January 1791, he was arrested at *Varrennes*; 21st of September 1792, he was dethroned, and royalty in France abolished; and on the 21st of January 1793, he fell an *innocent victim* to popular frenzy, without a single crime having been proved against him.

ing the commercial treaties then subsisting between Great Britain and the other nations of Europe.

Difficult as it may be, when the opposition of opinions runs high, to avoid the violence of *parties ; unconnected with, and independant of them all*, the author has, in the following pages, endeavoured to lay before the public an authentic and impartial narrative of the present extraordinary war, from the time Great Britain has been actually engaged in it, without further comment upon political events, than is absolutely necessary for that purpose. To that end he has traced out a *slight sketch* of the operations carried on by our Allies engaged in the same cause, detailing more particularly the events that occurred where he had *himself* the honour, with his countrymen, to be employed.

While France was torn to pieces by internal commotions, the rabble running wild, and displaying the ferocity which some, even of their own writers, have thought a part of their natural disposition, in a manner till then unknown in any civilized country, she had, at the head of her armies, a general of uncommon abilities, both in the cabinet and in the field ; who, with a set of miserable ragamuffins, aptly termed Sansculottes\* of the first requi-

\* This name was originally given to some of the lowest ragged rabble of Paris, when the madness of party brought them into power ; it was given also to the French soldiers, when they adopted as the most useful and economical dress, long close trowsers. In some instances when they were first formed, it might have been applicable enough in the first or literal signification of the term. The method of recruiting the armies in France was rather singular, when the nation boasted of its *liberty*. An armed force surrounded a *village*, the non-commissioned officers *entered it*, and every man of the age specified according to the *requisition*, was dragged forth and compelled to serve as a *volunteer*. These soldiers, styled themselves (according to accounts received from prisoners) *Volentiers forcés*.

sition, had opposed and conquered, in the campaign of 1792, an army of experienced veterans, regularly trained and disciplined to the art of war, and deservedly accounted the finest soldiers in the universe. Such was the rabble that DUMOURIEZ had collected, and so little confidence could he place in the bravery of his own soldiers, that he is said to have thought it necessary, at the battle of Gemappe, to plant his troops of the line, and part of his park of artillery \* in the rear of the national volunteers, threatening to fire through them upon the enemy, if they attempted to retreat. Though thousands of these men were mowed down by the fire from the enemy's redoubts, he persevered, and drove the Austrians from a position where they were entrenched in the completest manner, and defended by chains of batteries commanding each other upon regular heights, rendering the attack extremely hazardous, and the event equally doubtful.

It is well known that the invasion of France by the Prussians and Austrians was undertaken at the instigation, and by the advice of the banished princes of the house of Bourbon. The failure of the Duke of BRUNSWICK may

\* This was generally believed, though DUMOURIEZ in his memoirs, states the troops at the battle of *Gemappe* to have been actuated by no motive *stronger* than attachment to *himself*, and that enthusiasm naturally inspired by the reflections arising from their fighting in the cause of *freedom*. He might have added the inspiration of *Geneva*, which was in great quantities served out to the French armies, whenever an engagement was expected.

DUMOURIEZ states his loss to have amounted only to 2,000 men, it was however universally computed at 10,000, and the Austrians reckoned it at 15,000. He certainly had the merit of rendering his troops desperate in the attack, and his victory *was complete*, making him master of the *Netherlands*, for without meeting with any further serious opposition, *Mons, Brussels, Liege, Namur, and Aix la Chapelle*, fell into his possession.

be easily, and in various ways accounted for. He entered France by the unwholesome country of champagne, at the head of an army, by no means adequately provided with *any one* requisite for taking the field.

The King of PRUSSIA had unthinkingly listened to the emigrant princes, who assured him every gate would fly open on his approach, and that the peasants would eagerly flock to supply his troops with forage and provisions: they were therefore but little prepared for the fatal reverse they experienced, and the opposition they met with, was increased by the threatening and ill-judged manifestos of the Duke.

A dreadful dysentery\* enfeebled and disheartened the coalesced armies, rendered more virulent by eagerly devouring the unripe grapes, which clustering in their view, tempted them, as they marched through the vineyards: We may add to all this, the jealousy that has ever existed between the two allied powers; often has the Duke of BRUNSWICK been heard to declare, he could easily have advanced to *Paris* with the same force well supplied with camp necessaries, and composed entirely of Prussians, or entirely of Austrians; but what could be expected, when, if a

\* So distressed were the Prussians at the camp *de la lune*, near *Verdun*, owing to the *dysentery*, and a want of *provisions*, that *Dumouriez* declares they were reduced to the necessity of devouring the horses that had perished, from a total want of *forage*; the water also was of a bad quality in the extreme. Upon their retreat, when *Gen. Dampierre* was ordered to take possession of the camp they had abandoned, he found it in such a state, that he was forced to withdraw his troops, lest they might have caught that terrible disorder, the *dysentery*. “*On trouva le camp de la lune pleins de cadavres d’hommes, et des chevaux. Les fosses étoient pleines de sang; des malheureux soldats y étoient tombés et y avoient péri.*”



plan of operations was proposed by a general of one nation, it was immediately objected to by the leaders of the other.

It was at this period when the allies had withdrawn their few remaining troops from their ill-conducted invasion, and DUMOURIEZ had in his turn overrun the Netherlands, and established his head quarters at Aix la Chapelle, that the National Convention threw down the gauntlet, and bade defiance \* to Great Britain.

The first measures deemed necessary was to provide for the immediate defence of our allies the Dutch, threatened by a most formidable invasion. A part of DUMOURIEZ' army, consisting of about 3,000 disaffected Hollanders, termed the Batavia Legim, and 10,000 † French had actually appeared within a few miles of *Breda*, rendering the situation of the united provinces at that time truly critical, and the conventional general thundered forth most virulent and threatening manifestos against every officer who should defend any of the barrier towns besieged, or assist in inundating the country. Three battalions of British guards, amounting to about 1539 *effective* men, were instantaneously ordered to embark under the command of

\* On the 1st of February 1793, *Brissot* read in the convention the report made by the committee of general safety, relative to the political state of FRANCE, respecting England; and on the same day *war* was declared against Great Britain and Holland.

† This, there are strong reasons to imagine, was the whole force employed by DUMOURIEZ in his invasion of Holland, though he was said to have had on foot, an army composed of 30,000 men.

Such was his policy, that he not only caused reports to be industriously spread of immense augmentation for his army having passed through Antwerp, but took also especial care, that the newspapers giving accounts of those exaggerated numbers, were circulated by means of his spies and agents, amongst the credulous inhabitants of the united provinces.

the Duke of York, with the utmost expedition\*. The noble manner in which they pushed forwards as volunteers, when his Royal Highness addressed them on the parade in St. James's Park, afforded a striking instance of their loyalty, zeal, and courage; and though they formed but a *small body*, their countrymen, contemplated their behaviour with satisfaction, as affording a sample of that national spirit, which has been so strikingly conspicuous in all the actions of the British troops employed upon the continent.

\* The royal assent was obtained for the embarkation of a detachment from the Brigade of Foot-Guards, about one o'clock on Wednesday the 20th of February, 1793; and the Duke of York having ordered the seven Battalions to parade in St. James's Park, informed them it was his Majesty's pleasure, that three Battalions should go upon foreign service, and that consequently many men would be wanted from the second Battalions to complete the first. His Royal Highness added, that he did not wish to have any of them drafted, but desired such as were willing to serve, under his immediate command, would turn out *volunteers*; the whole Brigade, *to a man*, immediately advanced with a regular step.

A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1793.  
IN TWO PARTS.

---

PART I.

---

IN A  
SERIES OF LETTERS,

FROM

AN OFFICER OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS ON THE  
CONTINENT,

TO

A FRIEND

IN

DEVONSHIRE.



---

A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

---

LETTER I.

*At Anchor, off HELVOETSLUYS, March 1, 1793.*

*Containing an Account of the memorable March to Greenwich, and the tedious Voyage to Helvoetsluys.*

OF my supper, so lately in Devonshire trick'd,  
Torn away from my friends, and my pullet half pick'd;  
Scarce suffer'd to bid them a parting adieu!\*

By the help of four horses to London I flew,  
And hasten'd to join the brigade in the park,  
Assembling tow'ards Greenwich to march, and embark.  
Had you witness'd the scene, you'd have thought, I am  
fure,

Of HOGARTH's, this march was a caricature. [gin,  
Prim'd with WHITBREAD's entire, and their bosom-friend  
By driblets our men join'd their squads, to fall in;

\* When his Majesty was reluctantly prevailed upon to give his consent, that a detachment of the foot guards should be employed for the defence of Holland, the orders for the embarkation of the three first battalions, were so suddenly issued, that many officers who had been employed on the recruiting service in the country, with difficulty reached London in time to march with the brigade to Greenwich, on the 25th of February, and others were obliged to follow the transports in packets and bye boats to Helvoetsluys.

As JOHN BULL to be idle soon finds a pretence,  
 Not GORDON himself gather'd crowds so immense.  
 In Parliament-street scarce a window was down,  
 And the mob rush'd in throngs from all parts of the town.  
 All smoothly went on in the front of our line,  
 But the rear, Gods! what pencil has pow'r to define?  
 Not a single pot-alehouse escap'd an assault,  
 And our men to the dregs drain'd each barrel of malt.  
 Supported between two battalion-men here,  
 Hissing hot from the bung reel'd a tall grenadier.  
 Two damsels attending, his armour to bear,  
 As drunk as the staggering hero, were there;  
 His cross belts and pouch the fair Phillida bore,  
 While his cap Amaryllis triumphantly wore!  
 Our march interrupted by whiskeys and gigs,  
 Mad drivers, mad oxen, and obstinate pigs;  
 Men boxing, dogs barking, and women in tears,  
 Harsh concert that threaten'd the drums of our ears.  
 Midst a bustle, dear RICHARD, beyond all compare,  
 At length we arriv'd at the Hospital-square;  
 Carts following, to pick up those stragglers they found,  
 Who, unable to move, had repos'd on the ground.  
 Our Sov'reign, God blefs him! belov'd and rever'd,  
 Benignantly smiling, amongst us appear'd.  
 Around him\*, those patterns of excellence shone,  
 Those jewels, that lustre reflect on his throne.

\* The affability and condescension which at all times so peculiarly distinguish the Royal Family of Great-Britain, were never more conspicuously displayed than on this occasion, and as the battalions passed them in review, every soldier's countenance became exhilarated. The Queen and Princesses who were at Sir HUGH PALLISER'S during the

A grenadier drunk, from the centre rank reel'd,  
 And hiccuping, up to his Majesty wheel'd,  
 "Never mind all these Jacobins, G—E, rest in quiet,  
 We'll quell them my Hearty! as quick as a riot,"  
 The King was delighted, and laughed out aloud;  
 While the fellow was hail'd by three cheers from the  
 The transports in readiness waiting in sight, [crowd.  
 Ev'ry foldier\* was promptly embark'd before night.  
 Off Greenwich, till morning, at anchor we lay,  
 Then a breeze springing up, we were soon under weight†,  
 And toss'd by rude waves for three nights at the Nore,  
 All grumbling, and all too impatient for shore.  
 Then signals were made, and each ship hoisted sail‡,  
 With a gathering sky, and rising brisk gale.  
 As our vessel was steadily gliding along,  
 I stole to the stern from the noisy gay throng;  
 And as the lov'd island escap'd from my view,  
 I sigh'd to thy cliffs, fairest Albion! adieu!  
 Adieu, that sad word brought with force to my mind,  
 The many dear friends I was leaving behind.  
 Ah, tell me what business have soldiers to feel?  
 Our hearts, like our swords, should be temper'd with steel;

embarkation, waved their handkerchiefs as the boats put off from shore; and in return, after repeated hearty huzzas, the men struck up a roaring chorus of God save the King, in which they were joined by the Royal Group; this circumstance was frequently talked over in the soldier's tent, and not forgotten in the field of battle.

\* Only one accident happened during the embarkation. A private broke his leg in ascending the side of one of the transports; and such had been the hurry of the preparations, that not a single medicine chest was found on board any one of the vessels; it was therefore long before the least assistance could possibly be given to the poor fellow. "Somewhere there was a fault."

† Tuesday morning, about 11 o'clock, Feb. 26.

‡ Thursday evening, Feb. 28.

And the instant we're call'd to the blood-bestain'd field,  
 Sensibility should to dull apathy yield.  
 At Aurora's first dawn, the near shore we perceiv'd,  
 And in sight of the transports the pilot boats heav'd.  
 The Dutchmen more active\* than commonly thought,  
 Leap'd on deck, and the harbour we eagerly fought,  
 In hopes to have landed; but out of all luck,  
 Our vessel full drive on a sand-bank had struck.  
 The pilot just then stuck a pipe in his face,  
 His hands in his pockets had found a snug place;  
 When the Captain roar'd out, in a voice loud as thunder,  
 A few gentle curses at poor Mynheer's blunder.  
 By a shake and a kick he was rous'd from his trance,  
 And prevail'd on at length to the helm to advance;  
 But, alas! to no purpose, for steady as fate,  
 The tide turning prov'd our exertions too late.  
 A biscuit with ease could be toss'd to the shore,  
 And the packets pop in, and pop out, by the score:  
 Whilst beating about, tho' releas'd from the sand,  
 We're unable as yet to approach near the land.  
 Our stay, as we learn, will at Helvoet be short;  
 The first and the grenadiers, march on to Dort;  
 The third to the Brielle. Thus were station'd, and when  
 We arrive, my dear RICHARD, I'll write you again:  
 A boat that is order'd for messes ashore,  
 Is detain'd for this letter, aloft see each oar;  
 So I've barely a moment to scribble farewell,  
 Nor half my good wishes am able to tell.

\* The pilots have a particular knack of boarding a vessel. Approaching as near as possible, they catch at a rope thrown out to them by the sailors, and swing themselves on deck with great agility, even when the sea runs high.



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## LETTER II.

HELVOETSLUYS, March 5, 1793.

*A joyful Enlargement, or general Gaol Delivery—Remarks on the Zeal displayed by our good and faithful Allies—An Account of the Battle of Nerwinden.*

TERRA FIRMA\* at length, thank my stars! we have gain'd,  
And our raptures, believe me, can scarce be explain'd.  
With more transport the breast of a debtor ne'er heav'd,  
From straw and his fourpence per diem reliev'd,  
Than ours when we shook all our friends by the hand,  
As they joyfully leap'd from the decks on dry land†.  
The skippers and frows flock'd in crowds to the pier,  
And vacantly star'd as the vessels drew near.  
Their zeal in the cause they *most clearly* display'd,  
For each hat was adorn'd with the *Orange Cockade*;  
But our faithful Allies! are so lukewarm a set,  
We shall live to be heartily tir'd of them yet;  
And to judge by the sneer on his countenance painted,  
Mynheer, at the core, with sedition is tainted:

\* The brigade fortunately landed at Helvoetsluys, on Monday, March 4, 1793; the next day violent gales of wind sprung up, which must inevitably have dispersed the whole fleet of transports, and a decided storm ensued, in which they would most probably have perished.

† This will easily be conceived by those who have been in *small transports*, in the construction of which, it must be allowed, *accommodation* has been but little attended to, those on board of which the first detachment from the brigade of guards was embarked, were peculiarly uncomfortable; *the men* were stowed in the holds in such numbers, that *one third* of them were constantly obliged to keep on deck of nights, to afford the others space sufficient to breathe in freely; and *the officers* (though their situation is by no means of so much consequence, as they can command a thousand little comforts beyond the reach of the private soldier) had only one small cabin in each vessel amongst about seven of them, on the floor of which they lay every night in their clothes closely wedged together.

The numbers of ships\* we find *snug* in dry dock,  
 The feelings of true hearted Britons must shock;  
 For their treach'ry you'll grant me appears rather rank,  
 When *our Tars* own they fought, off the fam'd Dogger-  
 bank.

Breda and Gertruydenberg both are possest  
 By the French, and they Williamstadt closely invest;  
 But BOETSLAAR will keep his gates barr'd to the last,  
 And quick tho' they fire, will return it as fast;  
 DUMOURIEZ, his canvass, depend on't must strike,  
 And move in quick time from his post at Moordyk†.

\* After hostilities had commenced avowedly to protect our Allies the Dutch, we naturally expected to have found them zealous and hearty in the cause; but when the guards landed at Helvoetsluys, had it not been for the roaring of artillery, which was distinctly heard while Williamstadt was bombarded, a stranger must naturally have supposed, from the lethargic slumbers in which the inhabitants appeared to have been plunged, that they were enjoying a profound peace. In the dock-yard, which was filled with all kinds of naval stores, and vessels of various descriptions, several ships of war, seven of them carrying 74 guns each, were laid up without the least preparation appearing to equip them for service; on the contrary, there were scarcely ever seen in the yard, more men than were absolutely necessary to keep watch over the stores, and now and then a few builders at work, when a merchantman occasionally put into repair. The inhabitants apathetically replied, to the questions put to them relative to the ships of war, that they were laid up in a dock, because they could not procure sailors to man them.

If we look back to that period, when they were at war with, and fought us so obstinately, we perceive them uniformly making the greatest exertions, in expeditiously fitting out the most formidable fleets; and it was obvious, that their *inertion* proceeded in the present instance entirely from their aversion to the cause. This opinion is not drawn from what passed in a town, so apparently insignificant as Helvoetsluys; but from repeated examples of the same disaffection being equally prevalent through the whole of the United Provinces. Amsterdam abounded in *Patriots* (as those men inimical to the Orange Family were called) Rotterdam had its share, Dort was over-run with them, and scarcely a single town was totally exempt.

† DUMOURIEZ was stationed at the Moordyke, having fixed upon that as the most central situation, while he carried on his different opera-

This great little hero! has surely atchiev'd  
Such wonderful feats as can scarce be believ'd.

Yet we've toss'd him a hard bitter crust now to mumble,  
And you'll find from his saddle he'll speedily tumble.

Our state of defence here appears very fair,  
And the fortification's in decent repair.

Frigates moor'd near the town guard the port, and  
no doubt

Will soon make his Sans Culotte Friends face about,

tions.—As well as Breda and Gertruydenburg, the small fort of Klundert had fallen into his hands, the possession of which enabled him to open batteries immediately upon Williamstadt, a place of no great strength, if we speak of its works, but capable of making a respectable defence, as it is accessible only on the side of Klundert, being protected by the river Maes towards Dort, Rotterdam, and Bergenopzoom. The mouth of the Scheldt was well guarded, and the Dutch were therefore enabled to relieve their men at pleasure, to throw in succours, and to annoy the besiegers by means of gun-boats, whenever they attempted to make their approaches; while the tremendous fire kept up incessantly from the ramparts of the place, convinced the Hero of Jémappe, that he would not experience the same minute attention to his manifestos from the Governor of Williamstadt, as he had before met with from those of Breda and Gertruydenberg.

DUMOURIEZ's scheme of penetrating into Holland by the Moordyke, was certainly well planned; and had *Valence*, who was privy to his intended operations, kept his position on *the Roer*, instead of indulging in winter quarters at Liege, when he might have expected the Austrians would attempt the passage of the river, it might possibly have succeeded. DUMOURIEZ held out to the Convention, he tells us, in his Memoirs, that his intention was to make an attempt upon *Zeeland*, while his real determination was to advance with a body of troops posted at *Moordyke*, and *masking* BREDA and GERTRUYDENBERG *on the right*, and BERGENOP-ZOOM, STEENBERG, KLUNDERT, and WILLIAMSTADT *on the left*, effect a passage over the *Bies Bos* to DORT, where being once disembarked, he would have found himself in the *very heart* of HOLLAND, and could easily have advanced to AMSTERDAM, by the way of ROTTERDAM, DELFT, LEYDEN, and *Haarlem*; and then proceeding by *Utrecht*, could have reached Nimeguen, where VALENCE, with a force consisting of 20,000 men, was to have joined him, while MIRANDA continued the sieges of MAESTRICHT and of VENLO.

If they dare to approach, but too crafty for that,  
 The Carmagnols know where to smell out a rat.  
 This moment our route has, I find, been receiv'd,  
 And to packing I haste, as to night we're reliev'd\*.  
 In Schuyts we shall punt up to Dort; mes adieus,  
 Then accept, and when landed, my theme I'll renew.

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As the *reconquest* of the Netherlands, the delivery of Holland, and in fact as all the brilliant successes that crowned the arms of the allies at the commencement of the campaign of 1793, were in a great measure in consequence of the victory gained by Prince COBOURG at *Nerwinden*, it seems absolutely necessary to give some account of the operations which brought on that general and decisive engagement, before the fruitless endeavours of the besieging army to reduce Williamstadt are further noticed.

CLAIRFAIT had advanced from his cantonments on the night of the 28th of February, and passing the *Roer* on the 29th, took possession of *Aldenhoven*: on the 2d of March he repulsed the French army, under the command

\* Part of the 3d regiment from the Brielle relieved by the Coldstream at Helvoet at midnight, on the 5th of March, when the latter proceeded in schuyts, (vessels somewhat similar to the English coal barges, or west country boats, in which troops and baggage are usually conveyed through Holland with much expedition, as when the wind does not permit them to sail they can be towed by horses) to join the main body of the guards under Major General LAKE at the island of Dortrecht, where it was apprehended the enemy might attempt a landing, as the inhabitants were known to be extremely opulent, and had the character of befriending the French system. The States General had an army on foot amounting to about 30,000 men, composed of Germans and Swiss, in their pay, as well as of native troops, and Prince FREDERICK of Brunswick was expected to advance from his position behind the Maes with 10,000 to co-operate with them.

of Gen. MIRANDA, at *Geylenkirchen*, between JULIERS and MAESTRICHT. This business, which lasted only a few hours, was attended with the most brilliant success on the side of the Austrians. The French are stated to have lost in killed, wounded, and missing, above 2,000 men, 12 pieces of cannon, and several ammunition waggons. A complete victory was also gained on the following day, near Aix la Chappelle, by Prince COBOURG, over the grand Republican army under Gen. VALENCE, which was driven back upon Liege with considerable slaughter; above 1,500 prisoners, and 20 pieces of cannon, fell into the hands of the conquerors, while Prince FREDERICK of Brunswick, the same day, carried the formidable batteries constructed at *Zwalme* on the *Meuse*; pursuing the enemy to Brugge, he took 700 prisoners, and advanced towards *Ruremonde*, which place was also given up upon his first appearance before it, its fall, enabling him to push forwards towards Bois le Duc. Thus gloriously was opened the campaign of 1793, on the side of the allies in every direction, and almost precisely at the same moment. Maestricht and Venlo had been bombarded severely for ten days, and both places were fortunately relieved by the rapid advance of Prince COBOURG, and by his vigorous attacks upon the covering armies.

The details of these events, given in the National Convention at that period, were extremely curious, and are well worthy of being noticed, though indeed it was then their common practice to point out their defeats to the nation through the small end of the telescope, which they reversed with a juggler's celerity, to magnify every trifling advantage gained by the republic, into a decisive victory.

In the fitting of March 5, a letter from the Belgic *commissioners*, dated the 3d, at Liege, was read, stating that Gen. VALENCE, finding the van of his army too closely pressed by the allies, had thought it prudent, as many of his *officers* were absent, to evacuate Aix la Chappelle, and to entrench himself at Herve; not a word was then said of the loss he had sustained, nor was any engagement mentioned to have taken place. BOURNONVILLE, the war minister, in a hasty note to the president, stated the affair to be of little consequence, and Miranda to have only suspended the Bombardment of MAESTRICHT. On the following day, however, it was thought prudent to touch slightly upon the bad news that must have been very soon in circulation, and St. ANDRE observed that the committee of general safety had obtained intelligence from Belgia of *rather* an unpleasant nature. *Carra*, another member, immediately attributed it to treachery, and Gen. STENGEL, a German, in their service, who commanded the avant garde of VALENCE's army, was denounced; but even then BOURNONVILLE declared that he had received intelligence from DUMOURIEZ, that the French had not lost, in the retreat from Aix la Chappelle, above 5 or 6 men.

On the 4th of March, Prince COBOURG again advanced upon VALENCE, and after driving him from his entrenchments at Herve, took Liege, with scarce any loss, pushing his advanced posts some miles beyond that place, as he met with scarce any resistance. These affairs, however, can only be regarded as skirmishes, previous to the general engagement, which, as might naturally have been expected from the proximity of the hostile armies, soon after took place. The forces of Generals VALENCE and MI-

RANDA had been consolidated, and DUMOURIEZ placed himself at their head, mustering, according to his own statements, only 42,000 men. The Imperialists under Prince COBOURG and Gen. CLAIRFAIT, were said to have been about 50,000 strong; but it was generally imagined, that the disparity was much greater than the French General thus makes it out, and with this difference, that the Republicans had the advantage in point of numbers; for DUMOURIEZ's army was always reckoned by the *Austrians* to have been composed of 70,000 effective men *at least*.

CLAIRFAIT made himself master of Tirelemont on the 15th of March, and the following day the van of his army fell in with a considerable body of the enemy near that place; an engagement ensued, in which the Austrians received a serious check, and were obliged to fall back with some loss; the 17th was a day of rest, and passed in reconnoitering on both sides; but early on the morning of the 18th, the memorable action of Nerwinden took place. The attack was made by the French, after they had effected the passage of the river Gette with their usual impetuosity, and sustained by the Austrians with their usual firmness. Victory for a long time hovered over the field doubtful on which side to settle. DUMOURIEZ had stationed his army in a very advantageous position; and placing himself at the head of his right wing, completely succeeded in turning Prince COBOURG's\* left. His troops however being unsteady, he was unable to fol-

\* The ground occupied by the Imperialists, (between Fongus, St. Tron, and Landen) resembled an Amphitheatre, rising from the river Gette to the heights of Landen and St. Tron.

low up the advantage thus gained; and the Austrian Cavalry, forming a Corps de Reserve under Gen. CLAIRFAIT, coming up in the evening, decided the fortune of the day. The French were panic struck, and retreated precipitately in every direction, abandoning 30 pieces of cannon, and leaving immense heaps of their men dead upon the field of battle.

Gen. MIRANDA, who commanded the left wing of DUMOURIEZ's army, appears to have been deceived at the first onset, by a feint retreat of the Austrian right, which suddenly rallied, and attacking him with vigour, obliged him to fall back in the utmost confusion. The centre and right, animated by the presence of DUMOURIEZ, continued firm till the evening, when, upon CLAIRFAIT's advancing, they followed the example of the left wing, and were pursued and cut up severely by the Austrian Hussars.

This victory however cost the Imperialists above 1200 men at the commencement of the engagement, which was very unfavourable to them. Various statements have been given of the loss of the Republicans, differing so widely as from 2000 to 6000 in killed; but their losses cannot possibly be exactly ascertained, as no General was ever yet known to have the dead bodies counted after an engagement, and the French at all times carefully conceal the numbers that fall on their side. Fresh *Volunteers*, forcibly taken from trimming their vines, are sent to fill up gaps, or, in their own words, to re-organize their armies; the military bands receive them with *ça ira*, and they are taught by their comrades to dance away care and reflection to the tune of the *Carmagnol*. Intoxicated before an engagement; with liberty in their mouths, and the



fumes of geneva in their heads, they rush on to destruction, while the best troops are carefully kept in the rear, and brought up after these enthusiastic drunkards have repeatedly annoyed their opponents, and fatigued themselves by their impetuous and reiterated attacks.

The battle of Nerwinden however lasted from day-break till six o'clock in the evening, and as every inch of ground was obstinately disputed, it is evident that much blood must have been spilt *on both sides*. DUMOURIEZ retreated towards Louvain, and on the 22d, CLAIRFAIT made another attack upon his army, when an obstinate engagement took place at *Neerwelppe*, and the French General was again defeated, though his men fought desperately, and made such vigorous efforts to retain their position, that the victory was purchased *dearly* by the Austrians, who had 700 men killed upon the spot. The Republicans then retreated behind the river Dyle, and took post on the formidable *Montagne de Fer*, between Louvain and Brussels, whence they also were speedily driven, being dispirited and unable to make any further resistance. They soon after precipitately abandoned Brussels, which place Prince COBOURG immediately entered, to the great joy of the inhabitants, as they had been pillaged and dreadfully treated by their Republican Masters, who then retired to Halle, evacuating Antwerp, Malines, Mons, and what was of infinite advantage to the British forces, OSTEND, filing off in two divisions towards *Ath*; where DUMOURIEZ collected the remains of his shattered army, fixing his head-quarters at Tournay.

DUMOURIEZ, in his Memoirs, gives us a long detailed account of the battle of Nerwinden, tending to prove his

own manœuvres to have been excellent, and attributing his defeat to the treachery and cowardice of MIRANDA\*. That General, he avers, through a personal pique to VALENCE†, drew off his two columns, forming the left wing of the grand army, two leagues distant from the scene of action, exposing the right and centre to the whole weight of the Imperialists. He also accuses the Austrian Generals of having committed some egregious errors‡; but though an able General, DUMOURIEZ is a determined *Egotist*, and all his accounts are given in the gasconading style of his countrymen in the *Senate*.

It appears, however, that he had the address to enter into engagements with Col. MACK, stipulating that his army should be permitted to retreat without further molestation after the evacuation of Brussels; this was unknown to CLAIRFAIT, who fell upon his avant-garde posted at Pellenberg, which brought on the action at Nerwelp. They were however afterwards faithfully at-

\* DUMOURIEZ appears particularly inveterate against MIRANDA, and evinces in his Memoirs, a disposition to throw every possible odium upon that General. Yet MIRANDA certainly proved himself either extremely eloquent, or guarded by the impenetrable breast-plate of conscious innocence, when he was acquitted by the *Revolutionary Tribunal* at PARIS.

† VALENCE, it must be remembered, was DUMOURIEZ's particular friend.

‡ In not disputing the passage of the river *Gette*, which divided the two armies, in not falling upon the three columns, forming the right wing under VALENCE, both in front and flank, while marching to the attack; in abandoning the advantageous post of the tomb of *Middlewinden* (which commanded the three villages Oberwinden, Middlewinden, and Nerwinden, as well as a valley separating them from the town of *Landen*) in having neglected to erect a battery upon it previous to the engagement; and *above all*, in not pursuing MIRANDA in his flight, and in not attacking with their right wing the left and centre of the Republicans then engaged in the heat of the battle before NERWINDEN.

tended to by Prince COBOURG, who remained three days at Louvain, sending only small detachments to hang upon the rear of the Republicans.

How an experienced officer, like Col. MACK, could have entered into so absurd a treaty\* with a dispirited and beaten enemy, is difficult to account for. Had his intelligence been good respecting the situation of DUMOURIEZ's forces, he must have been convinced of the practicability of COBOURG's army cutting off their retreat, and preventing their return to the Frontiers of France; but thus it ever is, too much elated with victory, the greatest Generals are apt to neglect following up the advantages they gain, at the critical moment, when they might render them decisive and brilliant.

\* DUMOURIEZ, in his Memoirs, states this stipulation to have become hourly of more importance to him. His army, he says, was greatly diminished, especially in *officers*. He had scarcely ammunition sufficient for a single battle, and he was moreover thoroughly persuaded, that in case of a serious attack, he should have been abandoned by his whole army.

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## LETTER III.

DORT, March 23, 1793.

*Boetslaar's spirited Defence of Williamstadt.—The French raise the Siege precipitately, and abandon their Expedition against Holland entirely.*

TO our enemies now, we've drawn rapidly near,  
And should Williamstadt fall, they'll soon visit us here.  
As yet the brave garrison holds them at bay,  
And must force them, crest fall'n, to sneak tamely away.  
Their reception was warm, as they well might expect,  
And our gun-boats have all had the wish'd-for effect.  
An unfortunate shot, sorrow dictates the lay,  
In an instant, each semblance of life tore away,  
From a gallant young tar\*! yet so nobly to die,  
Takes the sting from affliction, and softens its sigh;  
While the fire from the ramparts † De Flers has annoy'd,  
Not a house in the place, as we're told, is destroy'd.

\* The additional gun-boats which had been built at Rotterdam were dispatched to join Admiral KINSBERGEN's fleet, and half of them mounting British colours, were manned by English sailors under the command of Capt. BARCKLEY. These boats were constantly employed, and had all the effect that could have been possibly expected from them, by preventing the besiegers from making any very near approaches. The British tars had on that duty many opportunities of evincing that undaunted courage, for which they have ever been so deservedly famed. His countrymen had to lament the loss of a very valuable and spirited officer in Lieut. WESTERN of the *Syren* Frigate who fell on the 21st of March; he was shot through the heart by a cannon-ball, whilst in the act of pointing the gun of his boat against the enemy's works.

† Before DUMOURIEZ left the Republican army in Holland, to put himself at the head of that of the North, then stationed near LOUVAIN, he

*Our arrival* by BOETSLAAR was duly announc'd\*,  
 And the French may expect to be handsomely trounc'd.  
 Rous'd of late from our mefs by a brisk cannonade,  
 (As it seem'd to our young experienc'd brigade,)  
 We, turning out manfully, thought to have found  
 The foe with our picquets, disputing the ground.  
 But perceiv'd it was linfeed some oil mills had pounded,  
 Till the harsh noise produc'd, loud as cannon resounded.

made a very desperate attempt to enter Williamstadt by a *Coup de Main*, and taking advantage of a dark night, advanced silently along the Dyke with a large body of chosen troops. This detachment however, being fortunately discovered by the frigates stationed in the *Maes*, they suffered them to approach within reach of their guns, and then commenced a brisk and tremendous fire with grape shot; and the artillery from the ramparts of the place opening upon them at the same moment, the Republicans were driven back with considerable slaughter. It has been already stated that Williamstadt was alone assailable by a narrow neck of land near Klundert; there, the besiegers attempted to erect two batteries within 200 toises of the place; but the garrison perceiving their intention made a vigorous sortie, and destroying the works before they were completed, killed the two engineers employed to construct them, and pursued their enemies, who fled upon their first approach, driving them beyond their former position. Being foiled in these attempts, and called upon loudly to repair to the army of Valence, DUMOURIEZ left Gen. DE FLERS with the command of the French army in Holland; directing him to continue the siege, and, if possible, to effect a landing on the island of *Dort*; determined to prosecute his darling enterprise, if successful in checking the formidable progress of the Imperialists.

\* Strong picquets were posted along the shore of the island of *Dort*, whence frequent supplies of ammunition were conveyed to Williamstadt by a party of the guards, as a communication by the Scheldt was preserved. The Dutch uniform being *Blue lined with Scarlet*, Gen. BOETSLAAR, soon after the arrival of the British troops, ordered his garrison to turn their coats inside out, and to put their accoutrements over them. Thus equipped they were paraded on the ramparts with the party of the guards in front, and within sight of the besiegers. By this stratagem the enemy imagined the Governor had received a reinforcement of English soldiers, and it was said at the time that it accelerated the retreat of the besiegers.

You'll laugh at our blunder, and laugh if you will,  
We shall know, in good time, a French gun from a  
mill.

A Williamstadt courier reports the siege\* rais'd,  
And BOETSLAAR most highly and justly is prais'd;  
His defence must the veteran endear to mankind,  
Nor his country ungrateful to merit we find;

\* The States General decreed a very handsome pension to General BOETSLAAR and his family, for his gallant and spirited defence of Williamstadt.

Prince FREDERICK of BRUNSWICK having at this period reached the vicinity of Bois le Duc, the situation of the French became extremely critical; Gen. DE FLERS therefore on the 23d of March ordered *Berneron* who commanded the army besieging Williamstadt to raise the siege, and to retreat towards ANTWERP, throwing himself, with about 5,000 men, into BRED A, while Col. *Tilli* entered *Gertruydenberg* with about half the number of infantry, and a small detachment of horse. Thus ended the invasion of Holland, wherein the Republicans must have suffered very severely, though *Dumouriez* had the *impudence* to assert in his Memoirs, that the expedition did not cost France a *single soldier*. Without he means to be understood as speaking contemptuously of his army, and wishes us to infer from his remarks, that it was composed of men unworthy of that honourable name; he has certainly committed himself most strangely, for the beach under the walls of Williamstadt was strewed with the bodies of Frenchmen who had fallen before the place, and the writer of this narrative *himself* saw numbers of them laying there after the siege had been raised, before the Dutch had leisure to inter them. We may fairly venture to state his loss at 1000 men killed.

The French batteries at Moordyke were evacuated without loss, as the Dutch troops were not aware of the very precipitate retreat of their enemies: preparations were then immediately made by the hereditary Prince of ORANGE, to reoccupy the fortresses of Gertruydenberg and Breda, when Gen. DE FLERS, offering to surrender upon terms, was permitted to march out with the honours of war, and return to the interior of France, giving up *the Batavians*, composing a part of his garrison, as prisoners of war. BRED A was evacuated on the 22d of April, the last place the enemy possessed in Holland, Gertruydenberg having previously surrendered upon the same terms. The 3d Regiment of Guards was relieved by the 14th Regiment of Infantry, which had been sent to encrease the British forces in Holland, and the whole brigade, excepting three companies of the 3d Regiment, embarked in *Schuylts* the

For our speedy advance preparations are made,  
 And the third has been order'd to join the brigade.  
 As it's long since the troops to relieve them set fail,  
 Of their landing to hear, we expect ev'ry mail.  
 That I'm your's most sincerely, dear RICHARD, believe,  
 And from Devon, good news may I shortly receive.

1st of April, and landed the same day at Bergenopzoom, and the division left at Dort, having been relieved by a Swiss Regiment in the pay of Holland, followed on the 7th.

Victory appeared, at this period, to heap her Favors with a lavish hand on the coalesced armies in every direction. The Prussians had succeeded in passing the Rhine near Oppenheim on the 27th of March, though opposed by *Custine*, who had advanced with a corps of 12,000 men, for that purpose. Oppenheim, Worms, and Spires, fell rapidly into their hands, and Gen. WURMSUR, with 12,000 Austrians, having effected the passage of the river at Carlsrich, and repulsed a body of the enemy of nearly equal strength on the opposite side, pushed on to form the investiture of LANDAU, while Prince HOHENLOE, after repeated skirmishes, in which he was invariably successful, surrounded Mayence, (or Mentz) with 30,000 men, forming a besieging army under Count KALRUITH. It was at this time generally understood that a large army of Russians would be sent to co-operate with the allies, but the Empress, as well as his Majesty of Prussia, being wholly intent on the participation of Poland, paid but little attention to the *common cause*, and though FREDERICK was frequently seen at the Prussian head-quarters, it was evident he thought much more of *Kosciuski* than of CUSTINE, or more spirited measures would undoubtedly have been adopted to have chased the Republicans beyond their lines, at a moment when they were so dispirited by a series of defeats in every quarter.

Though CUSTINE had taken up some very advantageous positions, having possession of the heights of Weissenberg, and the formidable lines which extending from thence to Lautenberg, protected Hageneau, and Strasbourg, and had also posted HOUGHARD with 10,000 men, so as to cover the duchy of *Deux Ponts*; he was certainly apprehensive of the event in case of an attack, as he wrote to the convention, requesting permission to resign his command, and stating his army to have been so much reduced, that out of 50,000 men he had brought into the field at the commencement of the campaign, only 36,000 then remained to oppose above 80,000 of the allies. The French general was however certainly misinformed of the strength of the allied armies on the Rhine, they never mustered in their most formidable state, above 90,000 men, of which number 30,000 were furnished by Austria, and 4,000 by the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt; deducting therefore the troops investing Mayence, and those destined for the siege of Landau, there could not possibly remain above 48,000 to contend with CUSTINE.

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## LETTER IV.

*Dumouriez's flight.—Determination of the Congress at Antwerp.—Advance to Flanders. Cobourg's Manifestos.—Renewal of Hostilities.—Position of the Allies.—Attacks of the 1st and 2d May.—Their Consequences.*

YOUR opinion, dear RICHARD, *veer'd widely* from mine,  
When you said that our views we should scarcely confine,  
Our *valiant* and *faithful* ALLIES to defend;  
But to judgment *superior*, submissive I bend.  
To his strong camp at Maulde\*, when DUMOURIEZ had fled,  
And found that the Jacobins threaten'd his head;

\* Upon DUMOURIEZ retreating from the neighbourhood of Tournay on the 30th of March to the camp of Maulde near St. Amand, avowedly one of the strongest positions in Flanders, Prince COBOURG advanced his head-quarters to Mons; the French army of the north was then so much decreased, that till joined by the late garrisons of Breda and Gertruydenberg (exclusive of the garrisons of Valenciennes, Condé, Maubeuge, &c.), it barely amounted to 8,000 men. That formidable position could however have been easily defended, even by so trifling a force against any numbers likely to have been brought against it. Commissioners from the convention, had frequently made their appearance in the camp, and DUMOURIEZ plainly perceived that his arrest had been a measure decided upon from the moment of his defeat at Nerwinden, and aware that denunciation was become, by the order of the day, the forerunner and certain road to the guillotine, he determined to disappoint the hopes of his enemies, and to march his whole army to Paris to overturn the Jacobin faction.

Though his treachery against the republic cannot possibly be denied, when we allow him to have entered into engagements to deliver Lille and Valenciennes into the hands of Prince COBOURG, it must be evident to every unprejudiced man, who considers the subject; that the ingratitude, of his countrymen was the first and chief reason of his deserting their cause: Self defence being certainly admitted as the first principle of nature, for even

The worm, when trod upon, erects its crest,  
And in defiance curls its stingsless tail.

Had DUMOURIEZ arrived at the *pinnacle* of the revolution, as his countrymen gasconadingly term it, to have sustained the character of a Re-



The convention declaring how charm'd they should be,  
 If he'd march with their deputies back *a Paris*.  
 This sharp-fighted hero for some nights had seen  
 In his dreams, a tremendous and bloody machine, }  
 And started, exclaiming aloud, "*Guillotine*."  
 So he sent the commissioners\* under arrest,  
 To the Austrian encampment, and stood forth confess'd,  
 A friend to their cause, undertaking to bring  
 His army to publish young LOUIS their king:

publican hero, he ought willingly to have devoted himself to death, rather than have betrayed the trust reposed in him by the convention; considering him however as a *mere man*, and one too who from principle was averse to the ruling faction at Paris, we cannot wonder when he perceived 200,000 swords ready to be drawn in his defence, that he should not only take measures to preserve his own life, but to punish those sanguinary wretches who were so eagerly thirsting for his blood. His plan failing in the first instance when he endeavoured to gain over FERRAND, the Governor of Valenciennes, to his side, he meant to have taken possession of Condé, well assured that *Nuillie* the commandant, was in his interest; while the Austrians blockaded Lille and Valenciennes, and depending upon the unanimity of his army, to proceed immediately to the capital, in conjunction with Prince COBOURG.

\* The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon DUMOURIEZ with awful expectation at *that* moment, as it was naturally imagined that the influence of so favourite a general over his soldiers would have induced them to adopt any measures he might propose, however desperate, rather than stand by, and tamely suffer him to be dragged from before their eyes to the scaffold, after having so frequently led them on to victory. In the mean time CAMUS, LA MARQUE, CUNETTE, and HENRI VEAUVEL, with BOURNONVILLE the war minister, were deputed by the jacobins to conduct the French general in chief to the bar of the convention, with orders, as it was said, to have him assassinated in case of resistance, for which purpose troops were placed in the road by which he was to pass to Paris. Having long foreseen this event, he was fully prepared in what manner to act, and upon their attempting to secure his person, and place their seals upon his papers, he order'd 50 chosen Hussars, whom he had previously posted within call, to escort them to Tournay, and to deliver them immediately into the hands of Gen. CLAIRFAIT.

And instantly mounting the modest cockade,  
The pow'r of his rhet'rick \* the champion essay'd.

\* DUMOURIEZ' plan now became ripe for execution, and having appointed a meeting with Colonel MACK, for finally determining upon the terms of their treaty; on the 3d of April he addressed his army at the *camp of Maulde*, and then found that they highly approved of his having arrested the commissioners, and that they even evinced a disposition favourable to his wishes, and such as induced him to imagine they would follow, wherever he led the way. On the 4th however when he was proceeding to Condé for the same purpose, he fell in with a column of his own troops marching *thence* from Valenciennes, and surprised at this unexpected movement for which he had given no orders, he advanced to question them but perceiving the soldiers at the head of the column approaching with threatening language, he instantly galloped, with wonderful presence of mind, towards a broad ditch, over which, his charger refusing to leap, he was obliged to scramble on foot, and mounting a horse belonging to a servant of the *Duc de Chartres*, who had attended him, very narrowly escaped with his life through a brisk fire of small arms, which, in their pursuit, the French troops kept up, incessantly, till he crossed a branch of the river Scheldt, and gained a village in possession of the Austrians.

He returned, however, the next day, to the camp at Maulde, and was received with *apparent joy* by his troops; unfortunately for DUMOURIEZ Prince COBOURG's first declaration was then published, stating his intentions to co-operate with the French general, and to assist him, if necessary, with his *whole army*, to restore to France the happiness of a constitution, and to the rest of Europe, peace and tranquillity. I further declare, adds the Imperial General, upon my word and honor, that should the military operations require one or more fortresses to be given up to my troops, I will keep them merely as a sacred trust, and I engage, in the most express and positive terms, to restore them, as soon as a government shall be established in France, or the brave general, with whom I am about to make a common cause, shall demand of me such a concession. This declaration was signed at Mons, on the 5th of April, and upon its appearance in the camp of Maulde, the cannoneers began to murmur, and soon after *drew off their guns* towards Valenciennes, the national volunteers following their example, branded their general with the name of traitor to his country, and the whole camp was thrown into confusion, it therefore became absolutely necessary for DUMOURIEZ to attend to his immediate safety, and, accompanied alone by Generals THOUVENOT, VALENCE, the Duc de CHARTRES, and the officers of his staff he sought a shelter from the rage of his former idolaters in CLAIRFAIT's head quarters at Tournay. Such were the causes of, and the circumstances attending the French

To his florid narration the answer receiv'd  
 Was, "Vive DUMOURIEZ!" Sounds he fondly believ'd,  
 To have sprang from the heart, yet, too soon to his cost,  
 Experienc'd his influence was totally lost.  
 And perceiving them eager his life to obtain,  
 Without looking back he scower'd over the plain.  
 A congress at Antwerp\* then met, which decreed,  
 Fair Belgium to conquer our troops should proceed,  
 And offensively act as occasion requir'd;  
 Ev'ry bosom, believe me, with ardour was fir'd,  
 Which before with suspense and uncertainty pain'd,  
 Truly anxious at Bergenopzoom had remain'd.

general's flight: the philanthropist, when he considers the effusion of human blood that has since deluged the earth, and which would have been undoubtedly spared, had DUMOURIEZ' plan succeeded, will lament its failure, while he detests his treachery, and the true patriot must naturally wish that it had never been attempted, as it assisted the diabolical schemes of the rulers of the convention, and the people of France became from that moment more united and more bigotted to their new principles.

\* The advantages that had been gained by the allies in one short month exceeded their most sanguine expectations. Having driven their enemies within their own territories, it was determined that a congress should be held at Antwerp on the 8th of April, to fix upon new arrangements for the future operations of the campaign, and the generals and ministers of the coalesced powers were accordingly summoned to attend it. It was there resolved that vigorous measures should be entered into by every power at war with France, that the garrison towns on the frontiers should be immediately besieged, and, in case of their surrender, that the conventional forces should be blocked up closely by a strong cordon of troops on shore, while the maritime powers should extend their line, and cut off from the country all supplies by sea. Thus hemmed in *on every side*, the Royalists, in the heart of the kingdom were to fight their own battles, and the allied armies to support them as favourable opportunities might offer. Great Britain and her auxiliaries by this treaty consented to advance and join with Austria in her offensive operations.

A place of such strength\*, that like Troy it appears,  
 Full able a siege to sustain of ten years.  
 Tow'rds Antwerp† we then in the schuyts bent our way,  
 And safely were landed at Bev'ren next day;  
 Where halting three days we all joyously went  
 To pay our devoirs to the good folks‡ at Ghent.  
 Receiv'd, by the premier noblesse of the place,  
 With joy, and a hearty fraternal embrace;

\* Bergenopzoom is the compleatest regularly fortified town in Europe. There are casemates sufficient to lodge nearly 20,000 men, which having a sandy foundation, are very dry and healthy. The mines are bricked over and intersect in every direction, branching from the chamber, entirely under the glacis. The magazines for ammunition and provisions are also acknowledged to be *superior* to, and more extensive than those of any other known fortrefs in Europe; neither can any place in Holland (Nimeguen excepted) boast of the advantage of such excellent water, or of such an abundant supply. By its numerous subterraneous works, which in circumference are said to cover nearly a league (3 English miles) of ground, it is rendered impregnable, and while the Scheldt is open, succour can be thrown in, if necessary, every tide. It was taken by treachery in the year 1747, when the French entered the place, after one of the sally-port doors *had been opened* to them. Two battalions of the Scotch brigade, supported by a *single* battalion of Dutch; (the rest of the garrison having fled precipitately) maintained their ground in the market-place and streets, for nearly four hours, against above 10,000 of their enemies; and after making considerable slaughter, effected their retreat by the Stenburgh port, leaving behind them the greatest part of their officers, and above two thirds of their men killed and wounded. They joined the Dutch army that lay behind the lines contiguous to the fortrefs, *where* 13,000 men were then encamped, whom *they naturally expected* would have marched to their assistance. There is a strong fort at the entrance of the harbour, which was maintained by the late Gen. M'LEAN, (then a Lieut. in the Scotch brigade,) and 30 of his brave countrymen, till he had obtained terms to march out with the honours of war, and was permitted to join his regiment which had just fought its way out of the town.

† The brigade left Bergenopzoom the 9th, and landed at Beveren, a small village opposite Antwerp, the 10th of April.

‡ Marched from Beveren the 13th, and arrived at Ghent the 14th,

We too soon bade such friends an unwilling adieu,  
 In search of adventures our route to pursue  
 Tow'rd's Bruges\*, and their raptures we found were  
 no less;

For our *Chieftain* they hail'd with a printed address,  
 Declaring how honour'd the city had been,  
 How greatly rejoic'd in its walls to have seen  
 A Brunswick, and something was handsomely said  
 Of his valiant attendants in dark blue and red:  
 The bells in the steeple rang merrily round!  
 And the chimes struck our ears with the heart-cheering  
 found

OF GOD SAVE THE KING!

These teeth outward Loyalists kept us one day,  
 Then we march'd on to Tournay†, through Thielt and  
 Courtray;

\* Embarked for Bruges the 16th, and landed there the 17th of April.

† Marched from Bruges to Thielt the 19th of April; to Courtray the 20th; to Tournay the 23d; to Orcq, near Tournay the 25th.

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A second declaration of Prince COBOURG's appeared on the 9th of April, revoking entirely the principles contained in his manifesto of the 5th, and announcing the cessation of the armistice; the contest was accordingly renewed, and the *dogs of war*, more savage from their late restraint, were once again let loose upon the world: from this period the commencement of the campaign may be *most properly* dated on the side of Great Britain. Reinforcements were accordingly ordered to be sent out to the continent, both of cavalry and infantry, and a contingent of 12,000 Hanoverians were on full march to join the Duke of YORK's army; the landgrave of Hesse Cassel had also engaged to furnish a subsidy of 6,000 men, with the necessary artillery for the term of six years. Prince COBOURG, immediately after his second declaration, advanced from his position *before Mons*, to penetrate into the French territories, according to the plan decided upon by the congress at Antwerp. His opponents were then so completely dispersed, that he found the field entirely open to

And halting our men to repose for a while,  
 Advanc'd to this village, scarce distant a mile,  
 Where canton'd we're most probably doom'd to remain,  
 Till with vigour prepar'd to commence the campaign.  
 The French in our front, are reported in force,  
 And *Alerte* is the word as a matter of course.  
 Dismal quarters seem these after Bruges and Ghent,  
 But soldiers you know must be ever content,  
 Our apartments becharcoal'd with wonderful taste,  
 And our windows repair'd with brown paper and paste.  
 Who so snug? Tho' each chamber like Crispin's fam'd stall,  
 Serves for parlour, for sleeping-room, kitchen and all.

him, and was enabled to advance rapidly upon Condé, which fortress was immediately invested and its communication with the interior cut off, while from the position he had taken up near *Quirain*, by extending his line beyond *Bavai*, and occupying the villages on that side of the river *Rhonelle*, he at once threatened *Valenciennes*, and kept an eye upon *Maubeuge*. *CLAIRFAIT*'s position extended from a branch of the Scheldt near *Condé*, through the *Forêt de Raismes*, beyond the *Abbaye Viscoine*, his right, there communicating with the left of the Prussians under General *KNOBELSDORF* who was in possession of the ground from *St. Amand* to the camp of *Maulde*. After the flight of *DUMOURIEZ*, the command of the Northern Republican army devolved upon Gen. *DAMPIERRE*, who was extremely active in assembling his forces in the plains of *Famars*, receiving daily, *from the interior*, considerable augmentations. Frequent skirmishes ensued, but no serious engagement took place till the *1st of May*, when, with a view to relieve *Condé*, and open the communication between that Fortress and *Valenciennes*, he attacked all the different posts of Prince *COBOURG*'s army *at once*, and a body of 6,000 men at the same time, sallied forth from *Valenciennes* upon the advanced guard, on the side of the entrenchments, between the villages of *Onaing* and *St. Saulve*. *COBOURG* immediately dispatched a column of 4,000 to their support, and *Count Colloredo* proceeded with another of 6,000 to the heights between *Sebourg* and *Etrieux*: finding two lines of the enemy's infantry, of at least double his own strength, before *Saultain* and *Curgies*, he immediately gave them battle, and his troops pointed their artillery so judiciously, and with such effect, that they drove the enemy from the villages, and forced them to retreat within the lines of their

But in palace or hovel I still shall remain  
 Yours, my friend, and you'll hear from me shortly again.

encampment at Famars. The French were also repulsed at Onaing, and fled precipitately, with a loss, as it was said, of 9 pieces of artillery, 17 ammunition waggons, and of, at least, 500 men, while the Austrians had only 150 killed and wounded. The Republicans, supported by a large train of artillery, had also advanced from their camp at *Anzin* upon *CLAIRFAIT*'s entrenchments at Raismes, and charged them repeatedly, in a very desperate manner; they were, however, entirely routed in the end, and were reported to have left above 1,000 men behind them, dead upon the field of battle. *CLAIRFAIT* lost nearly 200. An attempt was made on the 1st to dislodge Gen. *La Tour* from his position between *Bavai* and *Maubeuge*; but the Republicans, after driving in his picquets, were obliged to retreat precipitately, and were pursued by the Imperialists to their entrenched camp.

The allies lay upon their arms the whole night, and, as they had expected, at day-break on the 2d, *DAMPIERRE* still anxious to accomplish his purpose, marched with three formidable columns against the Prussian lines near *St. Amand*. The conflict was long, severe, and bloody; nor was it till *CLAIRFAIT* detached the regiment of *Starhée*, and the hussars of *Esterbaze* and *Barco* to *KNOBELSDORF*'s assistance, that their enemies gave way, but they then precipitately fled, with a loss of 34 field pieces, and nearly 2,000 men. The Prussians and Austrians however paid most dearly for their victory, as they had, according to their own returns, 1,400 men killed and wounded.

## LETTER V.

ORCQ, near TOURNAY, May 13, 1793.

*The Coldstream Guards under a heavy Fire—Their spirited Attacks upon the Wood of St. Amand—Knobelsdorf plays the old Soldier—Success of the Allies in every Direction.*

FOR ever be remember'd  
The famous eighth of May;  
For Briton's rais'd their Nation's fame  
On that most glorious day!

In thy deep Wood, fair St. Amand  
Their wily foe they fought,  
And, Prussian Generals skirting it,  
Well pleas'd, their duty taught.

The Battalion's achievements in St. Amand's Wood,  
Would furnish a ballad heroic and good,  
One too that would grace ev'ry bookmonger's stall,  
And cut no bad figure, pinn'd up to a wall.  
But let me with method my story pursue,  
For a simple detail will scarce satisfy you;  
The Prussians and Keyzers had reason to fear  
That success would attend persevering DAMPIERRE;  
So our Chief thought it right his assistance\* to proffer,  
And KNOBELSDORF gladly accepted his offer.

\* In consequence of DAMPIERRE's reiterated attacks upon the Prussians, the British Guards were kept constantly upon the alert and were frequently under arms, and formed in readiness to march, but till the 7th of May, had not proceeded far from their cantonments at Orcq. The Duke of YORK had that morning visited KNOBELSDORF at St. Amand; and finding the Prussian General expected fully another Republican visit on the following day, his Royal Highness expressed his readiness to march with the Brigade of Guards, and Hanoverians to his assistance.

KNOBELSDORF was by far too old a soldier to refuse an offer, that would evidently, as he foresaw, enable him to spare his own troops, and



Proceeding to Maulde, our confed'rates we found  
 Most strongly encamp'd on DUMOURIEZ's late ground\*,  
 And the Coldstream struck up when allow'd to advance,  
 Long life to King GEORGE, and confusion to France;

he therefore not only thankfully closed with it *at once*, but promised also to avail himself of the very first opportunity of employing his new auxillaries. They were accordingly under arms at midnight, and proceeded immediately through Tournay to the Camp of Maulde, where they halted at day-break on the 8th.

DAMPIERRE had established several formidable batteries in the wood opposite to the *Abbaye Viscoine*, and a body of at least 10,000 men, drawn from the garrison of Lille, was posted in the *Abbaye D'Hannon*; where, protected by the *Wood*, they were enabled to advance upon the Prussians, and could easily retreat in safety in case of a repulse. The Allies had been daily harrassed by teasing attacks of little moment since the 2d; but early on the morning of the 8th, as was expected, the enemy evinced a disposition of making another serious effort to pass the boundaries of the Wood. The first attack was made by the troops encamped at Anzin, with a view to dislodge Gen. CLAIRFAIT from his position in the *Foret de Raismes*; and at day-break a lively cannonade commenced in that direction. The troops encamped at Famars, appeared at the same time, formed in order of battle, and the garrison of Valenciennes shewed themselves drawn up in readiness to support them, keeping COBOURG in check, while DAMPIERRE once again endeavoured to throw a supply both of troops and of provisions into *Condé*, of which the Governor stood in the greatest need.

\* The Republicans having approached the edge of the Wood, the engagement became general about nine o'clock, when the Grenadiers and First Battalion of the Coldstream, and Third Guards, were ordered to move forwards, to a small Prussian Camp, situated between the villages of Nivelles and of La Motte, near the town of St. Amand. They remained there till the evening, when KNOBELSDORF wishing one Battalion to advance, the Coldstream being first for duty, marched towards Viscoine, and the Prussian General *himself conducting them* along the *Chaussée* to the skirts of the Wood, desired they would enter it, and immediately galloped off, leaving Col. PENNINGTON, without giving any directions whatever relative to his further operations. The French redoubts were so constructed, that they in a great measure, commanded the *Chaussée*, leading to St. Amand, the field pieces attached to the Guards, were therefore placed upon it, and by a brisk and well-directed fire, they kept the guns opposed to them, in check.

As we pass'd on, the fierce whisker'd Prussians we view'd  
 In battle array near the skirts of the wood.  
 Their Chieftain desir'd us to enter, and in  
 We darted like light'ning, thro' thick, and thro' thin.  
 Staunch hounds in full cry when pursuing their prey,  
 Were never more eagerness known to display.  
 Before us the French on retreat we descried,  
 And firing one volley, the bayonet tried;  
 Ere their flight was arrested, with grief I relate,  
 What was many a valorous Coldstreamer's\* fate.  
 A mask'd gun wheel'd forwards, discharg'd showers of  
 grape,  
 And we thought for a time not a man would escape,  
 Till the drummers *to arms* were commanded to beat,  
 While PENNINGTON† privately hinted retreat,

\* When the *right* Companies of the Coldstream Battalions had nearly closed upon their flying enemies; a piece of ordnance was by the Republicans wheeled forwards from a battery, which had been totally concealed from our intrepid countrymen, by the numerous bushes and impenetrable underwood of the gloomy forest. A tremendous fire was thus instantaneously brought to bear upon them, when within *pistol shot* of the very spot to which the gun had been advanced, and in a few moments, those Companies which were the most exposed, commanded by the late Col. BOSVILLE, Cols. GASCOINE, FREEMANTLE, and FITZROY, suffered considerably; the first having 21 rank and file, the second 19, the third 14, and the fourth 9, killed and wounded. The left wing escaped however without the loss of a single soldier, for so sudden was this unfortunate rencontre, that the last division had scarcely crossed the Hedge-Row, separating the *Chaussée* from the Forest, when the foremost was engaged.

† The most dreadful havoc must, in all human probability, have taken place, had it not been for the very prudent and collected conduct of Col. PENNINGTON. With infinite presence of mind, he immediately, lest the Republicans might be encouraged, if they imagined he was preparing to retreat, commanded the drums to beat *to arms*; at the same time, directing the soldiers to form to their colours, which he had pre-

And HOWARD thy colours\* were proudly display'd,  
 Tho' dear for their threats thou hast certainly paid;  
 Yet thy brethren rejoice, wounds so bravely receiv'd,  
 When examin'd, were void of all danger believ'd.  
 Poor DARNLEY!† sincerely, we mourn thy hard fate,  
 On a pris'ner so mangled, what horrors await!

viously planted *in the rear*. Thus, in a very judicious manner, he drew them, much to his credit, *as a General*, in a short time, from certainly a most perilous situation.

This was, it will be well remembered, the first time that any part of the British Guards had been engaged, and, it must be allowed, that they to a man behaved most nobly, well aware that their national character was at stake, for the eyes of those far-famed Veterans were upon them, whose principles *in manœuvring*, they had been so recently and so carefully instructed to imitate, and to regard as models of perfection.

\* Though the fire was certainly attracted by the colours which Ensign HOWARD carried unfurled, agreeable to orders, and, he was consequently wounded; it was an astonishing circumstance that the other officers escaped so well; for attentive solely to the situation of their men, they took not the least precautions for their own personal security. The greatest heroism was displayed by several of the wounded soldiers, who seemed to vie with each other in manifesting a total disregard of bodily pain, and were observed to use their feeble efforts against the enemies of their country, while their remaining strength enabled them to pull a trigger with effect. One brave fellow in particular, having received a wound in the leg, which obliged him unwillingly to drop upon his knees, loaded his piece, and exerting himself, that the Republicans might hear his voice, *in that position*, struck up "God save the King," continuing to fire untill he fell, dispatched by three successive body wounds.

† Serjeant Major DARNLEY certainly died a prisoner in France, in consequence of the wounds he had received. Though, with a degree of unfeeling thoughtlessness, which has kept his widow in a state of painful anxiety, the Editors have frequently of late inserted paragraphs in several of the public news-papers, announcing his safety and recovery.

Fortunately the Republicans gave their opponent Generals more credit than they were by any means entitled to receive; had DAMPIERRE been aware of the very *forlorn* situation of the Coldstream, (for not a single Prussian was at that time *in the Wood*;) they would not probably have suffered a single man of the Battalion to have escaped. Deceived however by the spirited attack, and perceiving by the appearance of *scarlet uniforms*, that KNOBELSDORF had received a reinforcement of British troops, they gave up their intentions for that night.

Emerg'd from the forest, the third we perceiv'd  
 Hast'ning on, and by them were most gladly reliev'd;  
 But their trip to the wood did not cost them a man,  
 As the French had a retrograde movement began.  
 The Prussians, rejoic'd their own bacon to save,  
 Were lavish of praises, and styling us *brave*,  
 Next day would have done us the honour again,  
 Of dooming some more of our men to be slain;  
 But LAKE, tho' he own'd that the favour was great,  
 Refus'd, till the Duke his intention should state;  
 And the Duke, (which we all were delighted to find)  
 The honour intended, politely declin'd.  
 Our opponents however retired\* in the night,  
 And the rifle-men kept up a slight popping fight;  
 The Carmagnol† loss without doubt was severe,  
 And a six pounder paid its respects to DAMPIERRE‡.

\* To the Abbaye D'Hannon.

† A name given to the French troops, from a popular Democratic Song, " La Carmagnol des Royalistes."

‡ Gen. DAMPIERRE had his thigh smashed towards the close of the evening, by a cannon ball, fired, as it was supposed, from one of the British long six pounders, of which wound he afterwards expired, and was buried with the greatest pomp and military honours on the Heights of Famars; where a monument, exhorting all Republican soldiers to imitate his civic virtues, and to take example from his courage, was erected to his memory, by the Commissioners at Valenciennes. His bust was also placed in the National Pantheon at Paris. DAMPIERRE, as he had failed in his endeavours to relieve Condé, would probably, according to the system then most prevalent in France, have finished his career upon the scaffold, had he escaped the perils of the field of battle. He was one of the very few Conventional Chieftains, who had been born a Gentleman, and bred a Soldier. As night approached, the firing of the enemy gradually decreased; and the Third Regiment was, after the retreat of the rifle men, withdrawn from the Wood. The French lost, it was reported, near 4,000 men in killed and wounded, in their different attacks that day; the Prussians 300; and the Austrians 500.

Thus the ice has been broke, and we soon shall advance  
To the glory of England, and terror of France;

When the Detachment of Guards were, on the 9th of May, upon their march towards Tournay, an Aid-de-Camp from CLAIRFAIT arriving with intelligence, that the Republicans had constructed batteries in the preceding night along his front, which, if they were permitted to complete, would render his situation untenable; the British troops were halted at the village of Maulde, and his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK repaired to St. Amand, where he was met by CLAIRFAIT, and by Gen. KNOBELSDORF, when it was determined, that the Austrians and Prussians in conjunction, should assault not only those batteries, but the whole chain of French posts, at day-break the next morning. Accordingly with a very trifling loss on their sides, the Allies made 10 officers, and 150 privates prisoners; the Corps which had advanced from *Lille* to *Hannon*, fell back precipitately upon Orchies, and the French retreated in every direction, appearing entirely to abandon their designs. The Imperialists then took possession of the Abbaye D'Hannon, and immediately cut down the trees in the Wood of Amand, as they had afforded so complete a cover to the enemy.

The other Battalions having joined the First Regiment of Guards, at the Camp of Maulde, the Brigade and Hanoverians returned immediately to their former cantonments, and the Republicans appeared determined to act entirely upon *the defensive*, to which end they rendered their Camp at Famars as formidable as possible, and were seen busily employed in digging entrenchments, and constructing batteries on every Height. The ground, rising in regular slopes from the *Rhonelle*, to the spot where DAMPIERRE's monument was placed, particularly favoured their designs, overlooking the town of Valenciennes, and the country where Prince COBOURG's army was encamped.

On the 12th of May at day-break, about 1,200 of the garrison of Condé made a vigorous sortie, directing their fire against some barns and farm houses at *Vieux Condé*, which covered the Austrian Chasseurs: A Battalion of Austrian Infantry, however, advancing against them, succeeded in turning their flank, and they were repulsed with considerable slaughter.

While the Allies on the Northern Frontiers of France were thus fortunate, Prince HOHENLOHE, who commanded on the Eastern, had succeeded in driving HOUGHARD from his position in the woods, covering the *Duchy of Deux-Ponts*; and had encamped his troops near *Homburg*, forcing the French advanced posts to retire beyond *Bliescastelle*. The blockade of Mayence was continued, though CUSTINE continually harassed the Confederates, by teasing and reiterated attacks, where many lives were lost, without any real advantage being gained by either party.

Such feats shall atchieve, that old Homer again,  
 If living, would brandish his fame-dealing pen;  
 Yet, my friend, tho' these scrawls you are doom'd to  
     peruse,  
 Allowances make for a *juvenile Muse*;

The French encamped before *Cassel*, made several attempts upon the town of *Hockbeim* on the *Mayne*, but were invariably repulsed by the Prussians, Hessians, and Saxons, in that quarter.

The protection of West-Flanders was consigned entirely to the Dutch, and the hereditary Prince of ORANGE fixed his head-quarters at Courtray without meeting with the smallest opposition. The Spaniards had by this time collected an enormous force, and appeared upon the Pyrenean Mountains, hanging over and threatening Roussillon, and the Province of Languedoc, with a rapid descent. DON ANTONIO RICARDOS, the Commander in Chief of the army of Catalonia, previous to the actual commencement of hostilities, published a manifesto, stating "That the army under his command was not about to enter France with any *hostile views*, his Catholic Majesty proposing solely to deliver the French nation from the horrid despotism with which she was oppressed by an unlawful, tyrannical, and usurping assembly, the members of which, after having subverted and trod upon religion, laws, and the safety of public and individual property, after having ordained in cold blood, the most unheard of murders on the most respectable and innocent persons, had filled up the measure of their iniquities, by shedding the blood of their lawful and well-meaning Sovereign upon a scaffold. This manifesto concluded with an offer of protection and support to all true Frenchmen, who should declare themselves to be attached to a monarchical government, and a threatening declaration, that all those who should side with the pretended National Convention, should be treated as traitors and as rebels."

Some trifling advantages, as might naturally have been expected from the inferior force opposing them, were at first gained by the Spaniards, and we very soon perceived them penetrating as far as *Ceret*, and even menacing *Bellegarde*.

In addition to all the foreign powers inimical to her cause, France had, at this period, a new and most formidable enemy to contend with; the first leader of the royalists, who had adopted the fictitious appellation of *Gaston* (probably as it was the name of a brother of the fourteenth Louis) had planted his standard in the country of La Vendée, and thousands daily gathered round it, till he found himself at the head of a very numerous army. The convention paid, at first, but little attention to this insurrection, treating the Royalists as *banditti*, beneath their notice: but their repeated successes, for they had advanced upon Rochforts

One purpose they'll answer, by proving most clearly,  
If proofs are requir'd, that I'm your's most sincerely.

Rochelle, and Nantes, after defeating the Republicans in every engagement; spread at length a serious alarm through the capital; and SANTERRE the brewer (that wretch, who, when the sixteenth LOUIS, from the scaffold, endeavoured to address himself to the misguided populace, ordered the drums to beat up loudly to prevent his being heard) was fixed upon as the most eligible general to march against those men, who still retained a respect for the memory of their martyred sovereign.

When the Volunteers were preparing to depart from PARIS to *La Vendée*, at the time of opening the theatres, all the carriages and horses met with in the streets were seized upon, to convey them with the greatest expedition, and that appears to be the first instance of the property of individuals having been forcibly put in requisition for the use of the French armies. Upon a remonstrance from the sections, they were, however, then restored to their owners, with a proviso, that they should be forthcoming whenever they were called for, and the horses thus seized upon for the use of the Republic, were immediately branded with an iron, marking them as slaves to the convention, with the prostituted cap of liberty. This was surely the critical moment, when the allies should have assisted the Royalists with all their might, and the departure of Lord Hood's fleet at that very time for the Mediterranean, led us to believe, it was with a view of supporting those brave and persevering enthusiasts in, *certainly*, an honourable cause. Had they been then supplied with cloathing, arms, and ammunition, little doubts need have been entertained of their success; and no conquests by sea or land, would have so speedily brought about the blessings attendant on the olive branch, as a forcible impression made in the heart of the Republic, while the sentiments of the nation were *unsettled*, and the majority of the departments, at a distance from the capital, were uninfected with the mania of *sanfculotism* and of equality.

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## LETTER VI.

CAMP AT SOLTAIN, NEAR VALENCIENNES, May 29, 1793.

*Advance of the Duke of York's, to join Prince Cobourg's Army.—Battle of Famars.—Investiture of Valenciennes.*

AFTER firing (and surely we scarce could do less,)  
A brisk feu-de-joie for our brilliant success,  
We pass'd thro' Rocour\*, and encamp'd near Baissieu,  
With COBOURG's grand army, the foe to pursue.  
That Prince with his Staff and attendants we found,  
To see† us drawn up as we march'd to our ground.

\* The brigade of British light dragoons having arrived at Tournay, formed upon the plan proposed to government by Gen. Ralph DUNDASS, viz. that instead of sending entire regiments upon actual service, when many of the men were *raw recruits*, and the horses *too young* to undergo fatigue, a certain number of troops should be drafted from each corps, as by that means none but *made soldiers*, and serviceable horses would be employed, while those remaining in England were trained and disciplined against augmentations were demanded. The 14th and 53d regiments, with the grenadiers and light company of the 37th, (the *Battalion* having been detained to encrease the garrison of Ostend) were then formed into a second brigade of British infantry under the command of Major Gen. ABERCROMBIE. The first division of the Hanoverian contingent amounting to 6,000 men, having also been compleated, the Duke of YORK's army, amounting to about 10,000 men, received his Royal Highness's orders to advance on the 29th of April from their quarters and cantonments in the neighbourhood of Tournay, where they were replaced by a corps of between 5 and 6,000 Dutch troops.

† Prince COBOURG seemed highly pleased with the appearance of the British; but remarked that the dress of the light dragoons so nearly resembled that worn by the Republican cavalry, that mistakes might frequently arise, attended with most fatal consequences; to prevent which, a piece of white linen was ordered to be fastened in a conspicuous manner round the right arm of every British dragoon, and the imperialists were carefully informed of the distinction.



He was pleas'd with our men as they pass'd in review,  
 And his looks said " My lads, you'll have something to do."  
 On the left of his army our camp had been trac'd,  
 And we found ourselves close to the Keyferlicks\* plac'd.  
 Their martial appearance fill'd all with delight,  
 By sev'n † years *close practice* inur'd to the fight.  
 Well fed, and fine fellows, above six feet high,  
 Bewhisker'd each visage, besabred each thigh;  
 Grenadiers from Bohemia, Hungarians and Croats,  
 Created on purpose to cut Frenchmen's throats;  
 Curassiers with hats shot thro' and cover'd with scars,  
 With Hulans, Tirolians, Pandours, and Huffars.  
 The least of them seem'd to be able to eat  
 Six French at a breakfast, and think it a treat.  
 'Twas fix'd on Famars we should make an attack,  
 As plann'd by that great engineer, Colonel MACK.  
 We silent advanc'd ‡ under cover of night,  
 Our approach to conceal from the enemy's sight.

\* *Keyfer*, in German, signifies *Emperor*. *Keyferlick*, *Imperial*. The Austrian troops are therefore indiscriminately called *Keyferlicks*.

† The Emperor was at variance with the Turks for 7 years, and that bloody war was scarcely terminated, when the coalition against France was formed; the Imperialists were therefore allowed no respite.

‡ The Republicans had remained perfectly quiet, since their memorable defeat in the wood near St. Amand, and Prince COBOURG, who had been long waiting for the reinforcements brought up by the Duke of YORK, immediately upon their arrival, issued orders for his whole force to be in readiness to march upon a moment's warning; an immense train of heavy artillery having been previously prepared, on the 22d, at *midnight*. The camps were all in motion, and the troops composing the grand army, mustering about 80,000 men, divided into four columns, silently began their march. The fires were carefully kept burning, and the few men left behind in camp, continued calling out *Wer da* from post to post *as usual*, lest the enemy's picquets might, had they been silent, have been induced to imagine some extraordinary movement had occurred.

When each column\* pursuing a different way,  
 Safe arriv'd at its station before break of day,  
 A fog spread around us, so murky and dense,  
 We delay'd for some time the attack to commence.  
 Like a curtain, to rise by degrees it appear'd,  
 Aurora peep'd forth, and all nature was cheer'd.  
 When *Phæbus* propitiously deigning to shine,  
 Shot instantly forth all his radiance divine.  
 So glorious a spectacle then we perceiv'd,  
 As, passing description†, could scarce be believ'd.  
 The eye sought relief from huge columns of men,  
 That cover'd the valley, and wound thro' the glen.  
 And while Sol on their arms play'd refulgently bright,  
 They proudly reflected him back, his own light!

The Centinels on duty calling *all's well* from the most advanced picquet, to the chain of posts communicating with the camp, has in the dead of night, an awful and a grand effect; the custom has been highly reprobated by many experienced officers, who say, that a Centinel should be *all eye*, and give *no tongue*, but in case of actual danger; it was however universally practised by the Austrians, and, on the 22d of May, they were more loud and frequent in their communications to each other than usual.

\* The troops composing the column under the command of His Royal Highness the Duke of YORK, advanced towards the Rhonelle, conducted by proper guides, and without approaching near enough to alarm the advanced posts of the enemy, lay upon their arms till day break: that under Gen. COLLEREDO was employed to observe Valenciennes, towards *St. Saulve* and *Estreux*: Gen. OTTO took up a position to prevent any sortie from Le Quesnoi; and the fourth, led on by Gen. FERRARIS, was destined to assault the batteries constructed upon the right banks of the Rhonelle, where the enemy's advanced guard was posted.

† A remarkably thick fog favoured considerably the approach of the allies, though it in some degree retarded their operations, till dispersed by the penetrating rays of the rising sun. The most experienced veterans in the Duke's army (and there were many who had seen much active service in the former wars) declared, that they had never witnessed so beautiful a scene as the different columns afforded, advancing in every direction in battle array, where the enemies were, by any means aware of their proximity.

Advancing with clos'd and compact steady ranks,  
 Our cavalry posted in force on our flanks.  
 Near an eminence form'd to advantage we view'd  
 The gen'ral attack, which soon after ensued.  
 The conflict commenc'd with a brisk cannonade,  
 And some batt'ries were storm'd by our second brigade\*.  
 Some Hussars Carmagnol we perceiv'd on the plain,  
 But wheeling, they wisely retreated again  
 To a village, from whence they seem'd loth to retire,  
 Till the Austrian artillery set it on fire.  
 Our column then o'er the Rhonelle† the way led,  
 To turn their right flank, but the dastards had fled.

\* After the picquets had been driven in, or rather had precipitately retreated, the columns under the command of the Duke of YORK, and of Gen. FERRARIS, advanced in different directions nearer the Rhonelle: several batteries opened upon them as they approached from the opposite banks of the river, but with little effect, though a few of the Austrian *cuirassiers*, who were more forward than the other troops, were wounded. They are so called from wearing a breast-plate, which defends entirely the upper part of the body against gun shot wounds; the *cuirasse* nearly meets behind, and appears extremely cumbersome and heavy, but from constant habit, the soldiers so appointed do not appear in the smallest degree incommoded by its weight.

The Austrian heavy artillery was quickly brought up, and some time was passed in a brisk cannonade on both sides, during which, Vilerspol was set on fire by a shower of shells, thrown rapidly into the village, and then the *beauty* of the scene (if the term is admissible, when reflection tells us, the consequences of its grandeur were productive of havoc and destruction) was considerably heightened.

† The hussars of Estahazé and Barco, without meeting with any opposition, passed the river at the village of *Maresch*, when the brigade of guards, and two battalions of Austrian infantry, with the British and Hanoverian light dragoons, pursued the same route, to take the redoubts near *Querenaing*, and secure a passage for the other troops, by turning the enemy's right flank, which extended to those works, while their left *leaned upon Valenciennes*. This movement had the desired effect, as the French on that side abandoning their posts, fell back precipitately to some batteries they had erected on the heights behind the village of *Famars*.

There join'd by the fam'd Esterhazé huffars,  
 We approach'd a thick wood between that and Famars.  
 But our flankers advancing, perceiv'd, when drawn near,  
 The post was entirely abandon'd and clear.  
 Rejoic'd so completely our point to have gain'd,  
 In that strong position some hours we remain'd.  
 Then forwards were order'd some batteries to storm\*,  
 Whence the firing continued tremendously warm.

Early in the day, several squadrons of French cavalry, formed on a rising ground, were seen threatening the flank of Gen. FERRARIS' column: they were attacked by the Hanoverian life guards, drawn up on the plain *below them*, in a most spirited manner; indeed, nothing could exceed the bravery with which they *repeatedly* galloped up the hill, menacing their adversaries, who at length, teased by their frequent *threats*, came pouring down upon them, *sword in hand*, like a torrent rushing violently over the sides of a craggy mountain, and threatening to lay waste the country at its base.

They were met more than half way, both parties urging their horses' heads against each other, with an impetuosity which appeared irresistible. Like contending waves driven together by opposite currents, they at first appeared one firm consolidated body, neither side yielding for a moment, but to gain new force; at length the Republicans lost ground, and their opponents pursuing them, the most dreadful carnage instantly ensued.

Every broad sword appeared flushed with reeking gore up to the very hilt, nor was the victory atchieved without a considerable loss on the side of the conquerors. They had 3 officers killed, two were taken prisoners, 4 wounded, and 67 rank and file were killed, wounded or missing.

\* Gen. FERRARIS, after cannonading for some time, carried the entrenchments in front of the French line, at the point of the bayonet. With him was stationed the 14th, 53d, and flank companies of the 37th regiment, composing the 2d British brigade under the command of Gen. ABERCROMBIE. Seven pieces of cannon, and upwards of 150 prisoners, were taken in the redoubts. Gen. ABERCROMBIE lost only 1 drummer, and 1 rank and file killed, 2 serjeants, and 12 wounded. The Austrians, however, experienced a considerable loss of men. (It may not be amiss thus early in the narrative, to state, for the information of those unconnected with military transactions, and who perhaps never before heard the term explained, that *rank and file* means, in gazette returns, the corporals and private soldiers.)

Insufficient our force to possess them was found,  
 And we soon countermarch'd to our former strong ground.  
 Ere morn's crimson beams ting'd the tips of the trees,  
 Resolv'd, *Coute qui coute*, on those batt'ries to seize;  
 But prudent, or probably seiz'd with a fright,  
 Our foes, *tres polis*, scamper'd off in the night\*.  
 From their camp at Famars too, they scudded away,  
 To Cambrai, and Bouchain, Arras, and Douai.  
 A place of more strength we shall scarce ever see,  
 Than the camp thus obtain'd; a most perfect glacis.  
 Chains of batt'ries commanding each other were found,  
 And 'twas known, had they bravely disputed their ground,

Two regiments of Hanoverian infantry, and a battalion of their grenadiers, which had served at Gibraltar, and was distinguished by having the name of that impenetrable rock, worked round the coat-sleeve, were also present, and they, as well as the British brigade, had their full share of the honor gained by that column, which was, it will be seen, the most, *in fire*. In the evening, the Duke of York advanced along a hollow way towards the village of *Artré*, against the works behind *Famars*, but upon its being represented to his Royal Highness that the French were *there* so advantageously posted, that every effort to dislodge them that evening would be fruitless; the troops were countermarched, and, wearied out with the fatigues which they had undergone, (having been marching the greater part of the night of the 22d, and employed the 23d from day break to sun set without any refreshment, excepting a small portion of ammunition bread and water) they lopped off the boughs from the neighbouring trees, and twining them together, formed a slight covering for the night, where they were permitted to repose, without however quitting their arms for a moment, after strong picquets had been posted in their front.

\* On the 24th, at 4 o'clock in the morning, the allies were once more formed, and moving steadily forwards, it was found that their enemies had abandoned their works, and retreated to the grand army, still supposed to have maintained its ground upon the formidable heights of *Famars*. Serious and bloody must indeed have been the contest, had that been the case, but fortunately the panic had universally gone forth, and the Republicans gave up, without firing a single shot, a position naturally strong, and on which art had exhausted all her efforts to render it *impregnable*.

'Twould have cost the allies, to have put them to rout,  
 Four thousand brave fellows, beyond any doubt.  
 MACK\*, beforehand, had made an exact computation,  
 Not including odd limbs in his nice calculation.  
 Of the peasantry round, how distressing the fate!  
 Their treatment † *a soldier* must blush to relate.  
 The Hessians and Austrians, to rapine inur'd,  
 And our troops by their baneful example allur'd,  
 Excesses commit, that must ruin our cause,  
 If continued, in breach of all order, and laws.

\* Col. MACK, who had planned the whole attack, was slightly wounded early on the morning of the 23d, and forced to quit the field before he saw the victory ensured to Prince COBOURG. Count COLLOREDO'S column was the first that took possession of *the heights*, and the French were seen on full march to the fortresses in their rear, as FERRAND the governor of Valenciennes, after completing his garrison to 11,000 men, closed the gates upon the rest of the dispirited Republicans, who all endeavoured to gain admission to that town, as the nearest place of safety for the moment—so great—so unaccountable was their alarm.

† On the 24th, after the troops had taken up their ground upon the heights, they were permitted to go in search of water, to the village of Famars, and under that pretext, behaved most scandalously to the persecuted inhabitants, who were pillaged and deprived of the whole of their property; nay, their very clothes were forcibly torn from off their backs, and they were seen almost naked at their cottage doors, wringing their hands in the greatest misery. The officers of different corps exerted themselves as much as possible, to discover and to punish the offenders; and the captain of a troop of Austrian hussars, upon being told that one of his men had torn the bed from under a woman and her infant, of which she had been but a short time delivered, cut down the hardened villain with his sabre, and left his body on a dunghill near the spot; this act of summary justice had the desired effect, by restraining in some degree, the unbridled licentiousness of the soldiery; the object of plunder was *fine cambric*, as great quantities were manufactured at the villages surrounding Valenciennes. Many of the British disgraced themselves by marauding, and a corporal of the 1st regiment of guards, who crossed a branch of the Rhonelle, to search a house on the opposite banks of the river, had encumbered his body with such a quantity of that article, which he had wound round his waist, that he was drowned in his endeavours to return.

The heights of Famars, on Valenciennes look down,  
 And we now have completely blockaded the town;  
 Mont Anzin\* has been luckily gain'd by CLAIRFAIT,  
 And the siege will commence, without further delay.

\* At the very moment when Prince COBOURG's army advanced upon Famars, CLAIRFAIT, as had been previously concerted, assaulted the camp of Mont Anzin, on the opposite side of the river Scheldt; and his operations were fortunately crowned with equal success, though he experienced from his opponents a more obstinate and steady resistance. His loss must therefore have exceeded that of the grand army, amounting to about 600 men. The French were reported to have experienced a loss, in the various attacks made upon them on the 23d, about 3,000; yet as at Famars they made no stand, excepting to favor their retreat, that account must surely have been much exaggerated. Those unacquainted with the *secret defences* of Valenciennes, have frequently expressed their astonishment, that the bombardment of the place did not commence from Mont Anzin, a situation completely commanding *the citadel*: but to the *Marquis de Bouillie*, at that time with the Duke's army, the besiegers were indebted for the information he gave them, that mines of considerable magnitude and extent were formed in that direction, which rendered it extremely hazardous to advance CLAIRFAIT's camp too near the place.

Condé and Valenciennes being thus both entirely abandoned to their fate, Prince COBOURG determined, from the accounts he early received of the great scarcity that existed in the former place, as well as from the difficulty of approaching near enough to erect his batteries on account of the inundations, to blockade it closely, and wait till hunger should oblige the governor to throw open the gates; while he proceeded vigorously with the siege of the latter. The park of heavy artillery, for battering in breach, large mortars and howitzers, were accordingly ordered to be brought up immediately, and in the mean time, the different troops took up their positions to draw more closely round, and form the investiture of the place. The Austrians under Gen. FERRARIS extended from the Scheldt near the village of *Saulve* to *Soltain*, where their left communicated with the grenadiers of the guards forming the right of the British army, which, winding between the villages of *Preffeau* and *Aulnoil*, joined the Hanoverians and Hessians at Famars; while CLAIRFAIT's army extended from the left banks of the Scheldt to St. Leger, communicating also with *Famars*. The remainder of Prince COBOURG's forces formed a grand covering army of at least 80,000 men, part of which was detached to observe Maubeuge and Le Quesnoi, while the main body

To our summons, this answer with scorn was return'd,  
That slaves, and their terms, they contemptuously spurn'd\*.

presented a front to the army of the north, regulating its motions by the movements of the enemy, and outflanking Cambray and Douay; while the Dutch, who had succeeded in their attack upon *Mouchin* on the 23d, and made themselves, at the same time, masters of Orchies, by occupying the posts from thence to Tournay, supported by the Prussians at Hannon, and the camp of Maulde, protected the army, blockading Condé against forties from Lille.

\* Prince COBOURG had complimented the Duke of YORK with the command of the besieging army, and his Royal Highness, immediately after the battle of Famars, sent an Aid de Camp with a summons to FERRAND, the Governor, which was answered with all the insolent familiarity of those new disciples of equality, enclosed in a copy of an oath, tied round with the tri-coloured ribband, by which the garrison had bound themselves rather to be buried under the ruins, than surrender to the enemies of the republick.

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At this time the French obtained some trifling advantages over the Dutch in West Flanders. Prince FREDERICK of Nassau Orange had established his head-quarters at Menin, and advanced his posts as far as Roubaix. It could hardly be expected that the French would permit him to remain long in quiet possession of a position so near to Lille. On the 24th, a large body advanced from that fortress, and drove his posts back upon Tourquoin, where they made a stand, but were at length obliged to retreat through Menin upon Courtray, with a loss of 21 officers, and 450 men, killed, wounded, and missing. The next day Prince FREDERICK again approached Menin, which is the last town unfortunately for its inhabitants on the Emperor's frontiers, therefore living under daily apprehensions of eruptions from the French who frequently attack it for the sake of pillage, and not thinking it worth defending, retire to Lille, and only defer their next visit till they imagine the inhabitants have again collected their furniture and effects, and can supply them with fresh booty. A column of 5,000 men from Dunkirk arrived before Furnes on the 30th of April, the garrison of the place amounting only to about 1200 Dutch opposed them for some hours, but, from a want of artillery, they were ultimately obliged to retreat, and to fall back upon *Ostend*. There too, the object of the French was evidently plunder, as they lost no time in loading empty carts they had brought with them for that purpose, with the military stores and ammunition; and after stripping



Tell EMMA, whenever we enter the place,  
I'll remember she wish'd for some beautiful lace.

the houses of every article they could lay their hands upon, retired laden with their spoils, carrying off the burgomaster, and five other magistrates, as hostages for the contributions they demanded of oxen, sheep, and forage.

On the side of the Rhine more serious attacks were made by CUSTINE, who appeared determined to strain every nerve to relieve Mayence. Having previously obliged Prince HOHENLOE, by an attack upon his camp near *Hemburg*, to fall back upon *Kaiserlautern*, thereby once more gaining Possession of *Deux Ponts*, HOUGHARD kept the Prussians in that quarter in check, while Pirmasens was assaulted; that post carried, a strong column was detached to file off round Spires towards *Mayence*. The garrison of Landau at the same time made a successful sortie upon the Austrians and emigrants under the Prince de CONDE, forming the blockade of the place on the side towards the *Rhine*, while CUSTINE, with three strong columns, comprising the main body of his army, assaulted Wurmsur on that towards the Moselle, at day break on the 17th of May. The engagement became general near Billickheim, and the French, at the first onset, had decidedly the advantage; but, says Custine, "while the infantry were forming, a squadron of our own cavalry riding up towards them, one of the battalions mistook them for the enemy, and retreated in disorder: it became therefore impossible to rally them, and in their shameful flight, they fired upon the other troops, and behaved themselves like cowards." Gen. WURMSUR was however obliged to fall back behind the river *Queich*, and though this attempt to relieve Mayence failed, the French gained a very considerable advantage, by opening the communication with Landau, and making themselves masters of several important posts in its vicinity. CUSTINE was soon after removed to the command of the army of the north, as his free manner of talking of the conduct of his soldiers had rendered him unpopular on the Rhine. Probably expecting this event, he seems to have hastened this attack on the allies, lest his successor, after his departure, should reap the glory of the operations he had himself planned. The Austrians reckoned their loss at 130 killed. The Emigrants theirs at 100.

On the 7th of June, the Republicans, to the number of 2,600, made an eruption into the duchy of Luxembourg, after defeating Baron Schreuder at Arlons. On the 12th, they were, however, in their turn, repulsed and driven back upon *Thionville*, and various skirmishes of less importance took place, evidently shewing the wonderful resources of the French, who could so vigorously oppose the various armies invading their territories in every direction, at a time when they had so formidable an enemy to contend with in the interior.

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## LETTER VII.

CAMP AT SOLTAIR, *July 23d, 1793.*

*Opening of the Trenches preparatory to the Siege of Valenciennes—Bombardment of the Place—Ferrand's boasted Sortie—Sufferings of the Inhabitants—Operation carried on by the Besiegers.*

OUR works\* we've advanc'd to the walls of the town,  
So close, that they threaten to batter them down.  
Since our summons, FERRAND has with scorn disregarded,  
Valenciennes has, alas, been severely bombarded:  
And duty, the subalterns calls for so fast,  
That two thirds of our time in the trenches is past.

\* On the night of the 13th of June, the trenches were opened before Valenciennes; and on the 14th, at day break, the first parallel was established, and with very little loss, as their enemies fortunately did not perceive the parties advancing, owing to the extreme darkness of the night; nor could they, as the soil was of a soft clayey nature, unmixed with stones or gravel, hear them at their work till they had entrenched themselves sufficiently to be well protected against the firing from the ramparts. The French had burnt down the village of Marlis, situated close upon the suburbs of the town, lest it should afford any cover to the besiegers in their approaches; in that direction, however, on the one side, and towards St. Saulve on the other, the workmen commenced their labours, taking advantage of a *hollow way* they fortunately discovered, which in a great measure formed the first parallel opposite to the horn-work of the place. Every moment was then employed by the Austrian General FERRARIS, who superintended the formation of the trenches, in enlarging and rendering that parallel sufficiently wide to admit the guns as well as the carts and sledges employed for the conveyance of the shells and ammunition. The fascines for the banquettes were placed, the mortar and cannon batteries marked out and numbered, and proper embrasures for the heavy guns were formed as the parapets were constructed; on the 18th of June the bombardment of the town commenced, which was answered briskly by the garrison.

The privates scarce compass a *peep* at their camp,  
 Yet no toil can their courage or chearfulness damp.  
 The burden \* and heat of the day they sustain, [plain.  
 With their hearts in the cause, and would scorn to com-  
 Brave fellows! your temples the laurels should bind  
 Were your merits recorded: the chieftain † we find,  
 At price of your valour exalting his name,  
 And gaining his niche in the temple of Fame.  
 You lament our lost guns, but my friend, understand  
 'Twas a story trump'd up by that *dreamer* FERRAND.  
 Who judg'd that the *buz* of a desp'rate fortie ‡  
 Would serve for a wonder, nine days, á Paris.

\* The British guards, as it was frequently remarked, could do more work than any of the troops employed in the trenches, during the siege of Valenciennes. This was, however, easily accounted for; they had *most* of them been accustomed to coal heaving on the river Thames; and were thereby enured to every species of bodily labour.

† “ The chieftain triumphs, and the chieftain dies,  
 “ And honours wait upon his life or death;  
 “ But then the humble soldier, he who falls  
 “ And dies unnotic'd by the voice of Fame,  
 “ Is the dear object of some anxious breast;  
 “ For him some parent, wife, or child prefers  
 “ The daily pray'r.

“ Think you not the heart  
 “ That beats beneath the humble tunic feels  
 “ The loss of relatives with pangs as great  
 “ As that which throbs beneath the richest toga?”

‡ A party of the French troops, in garrison at Valenciennes, were stated to have sallied forth upon the trenches on the 17th of June, and to have spiked up 13 of the British guns. Such a report was, it is true, given in to the National Convention, and inserted in the Paris papers. But so far from any fortie having been *even attempted*, the rifle men, posted in the corn fields between the works of the besiegers and the town, were never once driven in during the siege. Had they ventured to approach, they would have met with a most warm reception. Strong covering parties were constantly posted in different parts of the parallels to protect the workmen, with strict injunctions not to fire a shot, but if

And TRUTH not a line, as he knew, could advance  
To cheer for a moment dispirited France.

they perceived their enemies approaching, to remain perfectly quiet, and suffering them to reach the trenches, to leap the parapet, and charge briskly with the bayonet; while large detachments of cavalry, which were constantly formed behind the ruins of *Marlis*, and the battered buildings on the other extremity of the first parallel, by charging over loose fascines, would also have at once borne down upon both flanks of the republicans. In that case, instead of spiking up *the British guns*, few of them would have been suffered to escape with the sad tidings to Ferrand.

What gave rise to the report of this *memorable sortie* was, the appearance of a small party of the garrison, immediately after their usual *dinner hour*, (when the firing from the ramparts was always *redoubled*) drawn up, under cover of their guns. The alarm was given. When the Hanoverians, then on duty, contrary to their orders, began a useless fire of musquetry over the parapet of the trenches, upon which the reconnoitering heroes of the garrison, after discharging their pieces in the air, took refuge once again within their formidable walls. As a Frenchman's pen is formed in such an extraordinary manner, that it naturally glides off into *gasconade*, we cannot wonder that Ferrand, in his dispatches to his lords and masters, should spike up 13 pieces of artillery, but must rather admire his humility and moderation, in marking down so insignificant a number, for the addition of a single cypher would certainly have given a much higher finish to the tale.

It would be deemed by most readers tedious and uninteresting to enumerate minutely the daily occurrences that took place during the siege. While the trenches were forming, they were indeed invariably the same. The first parallel completed, approaches were made by means of small trenches, called *zigzags*, from the form in which they were constructed; from the most advanced point of which, a second line was marked out, in which direction a wide trench was formed, while the incessant fire kept up from the *first parallel*, protected the men at work upon the second, and, when that was finished, the cannons, mortars, and howitzers were advanced, while a *third* was pushed on in like manner to within about 60 yards of the crest of the glacis. The new works, when it was necessary to break ground, were uniformly constructed in the night; and the garrison, by throwing from their mortars luminous balls, affording them a very clear and steady light, were enabled to ascertain in what direction they should aim their shells. A few shots from the trenches, however, usually extinguished them.

Several instances of the most intrepid courage, and total disregard of personal security, were daily witnessed. The following anecdote affords, perhaps, one of the most striking that occurred during the siege. A

Her rulers, however, have consciences supple,  
 And *gull* is the word, *pour amuser les peuples*.  
 Our foes night and day keep us fully employ'd,  
 And the town must, we fear, be completely destroy'd.  
 Each quarter in turns has been noted on fire,  
 Yet their steady defence we're compell'd to admire.

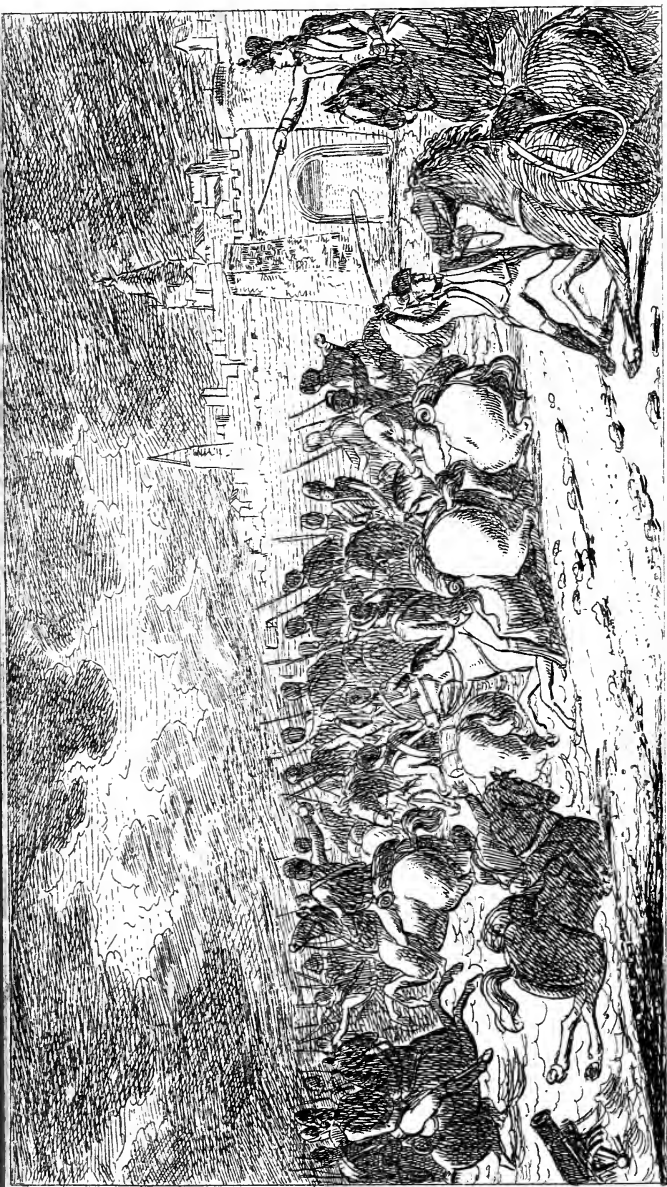
private, in the Austrian corps of bombardiers, perceiving that a live shell from the town had fallen close to several loaded ones placed in the trenches for immediate use, not far too from a magazine of powder, was cool enough at the moment, and had his thoughts sufficiently about him, to gather up a handful of the earth, and with it deadening the *portfire*, cut it off, ere it could communicate with the combustible matter; thereby snatching himself and his companions from a sudden death, and saving the depot of ammunition. He was rewarded by promotion to the rank of *Serjeant*, and received the *first* order of merit. The consequences of large shells, upon explosion, were sometimes dreadful; but a want of caution was usually discernable, where they took any very marked effect. It was extremely difficult to keep the men *on covering parties* (as they had in fact no active labour to engage their minds) from sleeping. They would often gather in numbers under little sheds, which they from time to time had formed with loose fascines, and it was *there* they suffered most severely. One night, six privates of the guards, had discovered in the second parallel an excavation in the bank, made use of at the commencement of the siege as a temporary powder magazine. It was supposed to have been *bomb-proof*, but a thirteen-inch shell, while those ill-fated and infatuated men were sleeping there, came slanting over the summit of the opposite parapet, and forcing its way in at the very entrance of the cave, tore them in a moment limb from limb.

About the same time (on the 9th of July) an unaccountable explosion was heard in the camp of the 11th light dragoons. It was found, that one of the soldiers had discovered a 13 inch shell near the village of Marlis, the *fusee* of which had been extinguished in its fall; he had wheeled it up before him to his tent, and having been confined a prisoner in the rear guard, contrived to have his shell still with him. For several days his chief employment had consisted in picking out the *powder with his bayonet*; a spark of fire was thus at length produced by the repeated friction of the steel against the *shell*, and in a moment it went off, carrying away the miserable sufferer's legs close to the hip. In about ten minutes he expired in agonies; one of the mangled limbs was thrown against the sentry at the tent door with such violence, as to fell him to the ground.

Their cannoneers, wonderful judgment have shewn,  
 And their shells with the nicest precision are thrown.  
 From our camp, the tremendous bombardment each night,  
 Affords a most awful, yet beautiful sight.  
 While nimbly the fly skipping howitzer flies,  
 The solemn Thirteen slowly moves thro' the skies.  
 Red hot shot, *riochet*, and the hoarse twenty-four,  
 Vociferous in concert all horribly roar. [vey'd,  
 Their church\*, whence so clearly our camps they sur-  
 For its lofty pre-eminence dearly has paid.  
 The Thirteens their way to it speedily found,  
 And quicker than light'ning its tow'r kifs'd the ground.

\* The largest church in Valenciennes, a most beautiful and elegant piece of Gothic architecture, was entirely demolished; the mortars having been pointed against it from the very commencement of their firing, as the garrison, from its lofty tower, commanded a view of the surrounding camps, and could discover plainly the motions of the besieging army. The barracks in that quarter of the town, near the gate of Lille, were reduced to a mere heap of ashes, and being very extensive, had, when on fire, a most awful, and tremendous appearance.

Humanity experienced many a heart-felt pang, when reflection dwelt upon the *necessity* of aiming the destructive shell at the very spot, where it was known our fellow creatures were in crowds collected; endeavouring to extinguish the devouring flames. Alas! how many of the peaceful inhabitants must at those moments, compelled to remain pent up within their walls, have lost their lives by lingering and excruciating wounds! What a dismal prospect too was open to the sad survivors; doomed to behold their former habitations levelled with the ground; the aged parents, *perhaps instantaneously* deprived, by the splinters of the very bomb which had consumed their property, of those children, to whose industrious toil, themselves now past all labour, they looked up *solely* for their daily bread. Ever too in apprehension of the *fatal storm*, when the rapacious soldier, freed from all restraint, hardened by scenes of carnage, and become more savage than the half-starved tyger, is at once let loose to glut his thirsty soul in pillage, slaughter, and *every species* of excess. Of all the various articles contained in the swelled-out and lengthened catalogue of *WARS dire horrors*, none surely can exceed the *sufferings* of the *defenceless citizens* in a bombarded fortress; exposed to the destructive *shell*, or buried in dark cave-



*Pubd by Cadell & Davies, Strand.*

*How to throw an Army into Confusion.*





Condé\* to the Austrians has fall'n by blockade,  
And the garrison pris'ners of war have been made.

mates, and deprived of air, till the parched tongue calls feebly upon death to end such complicated miseries.

“ O would the warrior think, when he has grasped,  
“ With sanguine hand, the flag of victory;  
“ When he surveys the victims of his valour  
“ Piled up before him, he has made affliction  
“ Stalk with colossal strides o'er scenes unnumber'd,  
“ And chang'd abodes of bliss to haunts of woe:  
“ To his rapt eye the blooming flowers would fade,  
“ Strewed is his path, to hail his car of triumph;  
“ The fragrant incense lose its power to charm,  
“ And choral songs seem drowned in piercing shrieks.”

\* The troops in garrison at Condé, after having made several ineffectual attempts to establish batteries with a view of dislodging the besiegers, in order to procure, by incursions into the neighbouring villages, a temporary supply of fresh provisions; surrendered at discretion on the 10th of July, having been long in the utmost distress, and reduced to live upon eleven ounces of bread, two ounces of *salted* horse flesh, and a very trifling quantity of rice per diem: The scarcity was owing, it was said, to DUMOURIEZ having drawn out from the magazines of the town the greatest part of the provisions for the supply of his army when at the camp of Maulde. On the 13th, the French garrison, amounting to about 3,650 men (nearly 350 remaining sick behind them) marched out as *prisoners of war*, after enduring a blockade of two and seventy days. They had, by means of *rockets*, and other signals, frequently informed the governor of Valenciennes of their situation, and, when the wind was in a quarter favouring their views, letters were sent by small *balloons*, many of which falling short of their intended destination, were found by the besiegers. Provisions for *not more* than eight and forty hours remained when they surrendered.

The guns found upon the ramparts, being mostly two and thirty pounders, were removed to the batteries constructed in the 3d parallel before the town of Valenciennes: the more effectually enabling the besiegers to fire point blank upon the works, in order to create a practicable breach. The trenches were advanced so near the horn-work of the place, that the *Tirailleurs* and rifle-men could easily, from behind the sand-bags placed upon the parapet of the 3d parallel, discover and take aim at the republicans posted in their *covert way*. It was by no means an uncommon circumstance, at one moment, to hear the opponent

Good news from Valenciennes I soon shall relate,  
As *Ferrand*, tho' no prophet, may guess at its fate.

parties conversing familiarly together, and *the next* to behold them inveterately firing upon each other.

Air guns were made use of at that period by a corps in the service of his Imperial Majesty, constructed on a new and curious principle of mechanism; the ramrods acting upon them as pumps, to load the barrels. The inventor, if he still exists, is kept, as it is said, in close confinement at *Vienna*, lest the secret should by any means transpire.

On the 16th of July, a French officer, with a flag of truce, appeared advancing from the town: all firing ceased, of course, *immediately*; and it was supposed the governor had sent him out with proposals of capitulation. His business was, however, merely to obtain permission for a lady (*Madame Metiour*) who was indisposed, to pass to a place of safety through the camp of the besiegers. During the short period of tranquillity that then ensued, the French officers, and those of the allies, on duty at the time, advanced between the trenches and the town, and talked familiarly together, when it appeared from, all accounts, that *FERRAND's* determination was to hold out till a practicable breach was made, and *then*, unless *CUSTINE* advanced to his relief, to treat with the besiegers.

It had been well remembered that a trumpeter, in the dress of the Imperialists, had passed through the encampments, with a letter apparently from *Cobourg* to *Ferrand*. The circumstance was talked of at the time, and the allies now learnt, that they had been deceived by the fluency with which he spoke the German language. The fellow was, *in fact*, a messenger dispatched by Gen. *CUSTINE*; he dextrously managed to pass from post to post, and ultimately gained the town, *sounding* his trumpet, and producing boldly his *dispatches*. In like manner, he also returned *unsuspected*. A tremendous fire on both sides followed this short suspension of hostilities. And when the *dismounting guns* were placed upon the batteries of the 3d parallel, a second summons was sent to Gen. *FERRAND*, to which a most laconic answer was returned, written, as it was said, upon the back of the Duke of *York's* own letter, viz. "*Custine repondira.*"

As the besiegers had now pushed on their works so close upon the covert way, before the horn-work of the place, that bombs of any size could not with any *sure effect* be thrown; splinters of shells and stones were often substituted by both parties. The crimson banner still continued streaming in the air, in token of defiance, and it was seriously apprehended, that the enthusiasm of the commissioners, *Couchon* and *Debrie*, at that time in the town, would induce *FERRAND* to procrastinate his obstinate defence, till the town was wrested from his hands by

STORM.

He has hitherto look'd for relief from Custine, }  
 Who now for some time past at Paris has been, }  
 Awaiting the honours of Dame Guillotine.  
 The verses enclos'd, at your leisure peruse,  
 They'll answer, perhaps, a dull hour to amuse.  
 With my love, present copies to Emma and Sue;  
 Duty calls, so accept of this hasty adieu.

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*Verses written by an Officer when on Duty in the  
 Trenches before Valenciennes, enclosed in the  
 preceding Letter.*

WHERE thund'ring cannon vomit smoke and fire,  
 Where balls and shells fly whistling o'er my head;  
 Say, will the Muse her votary inspire?  
 Say, will she deign 'midst scenes like these to tread?

Erst was I wont to hail thee in the shade,  
 The crystal stream meand'ring at my feet;  
 Or seated by my lovely nut-brown maid,  
 Thy presence cheer'd me in the still retreat!

Where peace, attended by her smiling train,  
 On Thames's banks, delighted seem'd to stray,  
 Near Runnymede *securely* held her reign,  
 And joy'd to see the sporting heifers play!

These days, these halcyon days! again shall come,  
 But now I woo thee to a diff'rent scene;  
 Attend where sounds the discord-stirring drum,  
 Attend 'midst death and havoc, maid serene!

Where Desolation shakes his gory locks,  
 And under foot Bellona\* Ceres treads;  
 Her hopes the hell-born Fury grinning mocks,  
 And blood amidst her promis'd harvest sheds.

There, where your batter'd heap of stones† is pil'd,  
 Once dwelt perhaps, a fond and happy pair!  
 Perhaps a prattling infant sweetly smil'd,  
 And lent its little aid to banish care.

But they were slaves, so said aspiring France,  
 And freedom offer'd from the cannons mouth;  
 Bidding her Democratic Sons advance,  
 And spread her principles from North to South.

Can slaves to wickedness‡ be titled free?  
 Can miscreants wallowing in their country's blood,  
 Bask in thy smiles, celestial Liberty?  
 Goddess, propitious only *to the good!*

See where their hapless Monarch slaughter'd lies!  
 Hear the wild anguish of their captive Queen,  
 Each morn beholds new shapes of horror rise,  
 And *Fear* and *Death* divide the blood-stain'd scene.

\* The lines of encampment, surrounding Valenciennes, were drawn through large fields of standing corn nearly ripe. The farmers' hopes were thus instantaneously blasted upon the investiture of the place, and the waving grain trodden down, and left to wither on the ground.

† Ruins at *Marlis*, the nearest village to the town of Valenciennes; formerly famous for a *Royal* manufactory having been established there for nails, and many thousand pounds worth of iron was destroyed when it was burnt by FERRAND's orders, upon the allies advancing after the battle of Famars.

‡ This cannot surely be *misconstrued* into an illiberal remark upon a whole nation. Every man of common humanity beheld the sanguinary atrocities committed by the regicidal rulers of the Convention, at that period, with loathing and disgust.

England, my country! that I e'er should hear  
These wretches, urg'd by envy and by pride,  
Threaten their banners in thy plains to rear,  
And on thine own indignant channel ride,

Britannia smiling said, " My sons, go forth,  
" Instruct them to respect our arms, our laws,  
" Though scarce my sea-girt children's notice worth,  
" Go stem their Pride, in Freedom's *genuine* Cause."

Her sons obey'd, and victory mark'd their way;  
In Gallia's air behold the Union wave;  
And deathless laurels shall their toils repay,  
Who *wound* to *heal*, and who *subdue* to *save*,

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## LETTER VIII.

CAMP AT SOLTAIN, *August 5, 1793.*

*Storming of the Hornwork.—Consequent surrender of Valenciennes.—Effects of the Bombardment.—General Movement of the allied Powers.*

ALL is hush'd, 'tis again calm tranquillity's reign,  
And whistling, the peasant stumps over the plain:  
So recently robb'd of the fruits of his toil,  
Rejoicing, turns up the light fertiliz'd soil.  
After six weeks hard fighting, as ever was known,  
Valenciennes, dear-bought conquest! at length is our own.  
So briskly a battery from Briquet \* had play'd,  
That the Carmagnols, sorely annoy'd and dismay'd,  
Could no longer to stand to their guns be persuaded,  
Perceiving their ramparts were thus enfiladed.  
The sapper † beyond the third parallel stole,  
And the miner advanc'd like the mischief-fraught mole;

\* A battery had been established near the Village of Briquet, by the advice of Major CONGREVE, which so completely enfiladed the ramparts of the place, that the garrison, it was said, lost 500 men the first day it was opened; and no bribe FERRAND could offer, would afterwards induce the Republicans to stand to their guns, as indeed it became certain death for any of them to appear in that direction.

† Valenciennes was the first town that had for many years been regularly besieged, and every mysterious invention gleaned from the art of war, was put in practice to reduce the place. Exclusive of the three formidable parallels, by which the besiegers had so nearly reached the crest of the glacis, they now advanced their works still further, and not venturing to *break ground*, exposed as they then were to the incessant fire of musquetry, continually pouring upon them from the covert way, the mode of *sap* was thus adopted:—A large gabion, above seven feet high, was pushed over the parapet of the trenches, and the sapper advancing armed with an iron helmet and cuirasse, against the fire of rifle-men, rolled

His progress was close to the covert way pac'd,  
And the globes\* of compression in order were plac'd,

it on before him, as a protection to his person, while he filled, as expeditiously as possible, smaller gabions with earth, placing them close together, in a line, formed also *parallel* to the trenches; other gabions were in like manner pushed forwards and arranged, till the approach was formed as near to the glacis as was deemed necessary by FERRARIS. One of the sappers at Valenciennes had been at the sieges of *Ismael* and *Bellegrade*. They were, he said, paid very highly for each gabion that they filled, as, when not more than six or eight were employed, the service was so imminently dangerous, that they expected two or three *to fall*.

\* The mines being now complete, and globes of compression placed in them (such as were for the first time used by the Austrians at the sieges of *Bellegrade* and *Ismael*) formed of iron, each containing 55 hundred weight of gunpowder, intended to clear away, by their explosion, any counter mines of the Republicans; orders were issued to the troops on the 25th of July, as the first step necessary to be taken, to storm the covert way, and if possible to effect a lodgment on the hornwork of the place. These detachments, each of 900 men, were destined for the different attacks; one to be made upon the salient angle of the ravelin of the half bastion on the right, and one on the flèche. The troops employed upon the right were divided into three parts, turning the flèche to the right and left, while the *centre* division received orders to advance in front. Detachments of the British Hanoverians and Hessians formed Gen. ABERCROMBIE'S column, destined for the attack of the salient angle of the ravelin; 150 men, of the brigade of guards, composed the *van*, under the command of Col. LEIGH, of the 3d regiment, commanding the battalion formed from the flank companies of the brigade of guards. The other columns were composed of Austrians, and the whole was conducted under the command of the Imperial Lieutenant General ERBACK. The different detachments had been previously posted in their proper directions, concealed by the approach formed beyond the third parallel *by sap*. When the last report of the explosion of the mines was heard, about 9 o'clock at night, they *buzzed*, and darted forwards with an impetuosity which nothing could resist; unprepared especially as the French were, and little expecting so prompt a visit.

The havoc and slaughter that ensued, was dreadful! In an advanced and insulated work, an Austrian regiment found, upon swimming across the water, a large detachment of their enemies, and immediately, without distinction, put every soul there to the sword. The ditch of the covert way was only carried *just in time*, to prevent the French from springing the mines, which had not been within the reach of the globular balls

Thus having this first and great object obtain'd,  
 The horn-work was order'd by storm to be gain'd.  
 The roster to LEIGH had consign'd the command,  
 Who led on to glory a spirited band.  
 Till the third mine was sprung, in the trenches perdu.  
 They lay, and then over the parapet flew.  
 In disorder retreating, their foes they perceiv'd,  
 And pursued with an ardor, can scarce be believ'd.  
 Confid'ring the point gain'd, our loss, though not great,  
 Yet TOLLEMACHE\* sincerely we mourn thy hard fate.  
 Tow'rd the close of the ev'ning, a thirteen inch shell,  
 Hov'ring long o'er the parallel, burst as it fell.

of compression. Several were discovered *loaded*, and a miner was taken in the very act of applying a lighted match to the train communicating with them. The man was offered *quarter*, provided he would point out the direction of the other subterraneous works, and if any credit may be given to several officers who were present, after having afforded them every information in his power, some of the wretches, attached to the victorious column, butchered him in *cold blood*. Englishmen are, by nature, brave and generous, and will therefore find it difficult to persuade themselves, that human nature could be, *in any shape*, so shockingly depraved, had they however seen those savages, who always form a part of every German army, they would believe them capable of every atrocious and wanton act of cruelty.

A subterraneous passage was then discovered, leading from the covert way to the hornwork, and no troops appearing to interrupt the *workmen*, a lodgment was instantly made; thus, before the dawn of day, the Austrians had not only screened themselves from the fire of the cavalierre battery, by means of gabions filled with earth (and some of them, as was at the time reported, with the dead bodies of the enemy) but had also constructed a redoubt for the purpose of battering in breach the *countergarde*, a work between the hornwork and the body of the place.

The British had their full share, both in the dangers and the glory of the night; and, to adopt a phrase made use of *jocosely* by an officer, when departing for that duty, in reply to a question from Prince ERNEST, "They gathered fresh laurels upon the hornwork of Valenciennes."

\* The loss of the allies amounted to not more than 150 men, in killed and wounded. Unfortunately, however, Ensign TOLLEMACHE, a young



Appearing to single him out as its prey,  
And tore him from life amidst glory away.

officer of the guards, of very great professional merit, and very deservedly regretted by his brother soldiers, was killed by the explosion of a *random* shell, thrown accidentally into the third parallel, and perhaps the only shell that fell there that night. Understanding the German language, he had been left as orderly officer to the Austrian general, superintending the working parties in the trenches. Capt. WARD, of the 1st regiment of guards, and Lieut. DEWAR, of the 14th regiment of the line, were the only British officers wounded, the latter very severely. He had accompanied the storming party as a volunteer, as did also Capt. WHETHAM, of the guards. The total loss of Col. LEIGH's detachment amounted only to 14 *wounded*, including non-commissioned officers. The Croats, in front of CLAIRFAIT's camp at Mont Anzin, carried at the same time several detached works; while the Hanoverians kept up the whole night an incessant fire from the battery of briquet, advancing at times to the very crest of the glacis. The hornwork having been carried with such wonderful facility, turned out to be of the most essential consequence, as it was afterwards found to be entirely undermined; the hopes of the besiegers might have been possibly frustrated at the very instant of apparent success, had it been taken in any way but by surprise. The consequences must have been most dreadful, had the French miner succeeded when about to apply the fatal match to the *train*, which would instantaneously have blown the storming party, formed upon the excavated ground, to atoms. The gazette accounts stated, that the most *dangerous*, as well as the most *laborious* part of the siege, fell upon the Imperialists, which the subsequent return of the number they had lost, apparently confirmed. It must, however, be considered, that the British formed but a very small part of the besieging army, and that their loss of 90 *men*, was proportionably as great, if we consider the disparity of their numbers, as that of the Austrians computed at 1,300. That no troops could endure more labour than the British, the *Austrian engineers* were well convinced, as they *invariably* placed them where it was of most consequence to form the new approaches with dispatch; nay, so little respite was allowed, that the very men who came off duty with the working parties in the morning, usually found themselves in orders for covering parties in the evening; and, at the commencement of the siege, the camp has frequently been left without a soldier, except the *rear* and *quarter guards*, which were generally furnished by the officers' batt-men and servants. It seems scarcely necessary to remark, that the troops on duty in the trenches must have been *equally* exposed, when we state, that the British were at all times as much advanced in *those trenches* as their brave allies.

All night our hoarse batt'ries continued to play,  
 But our summons\* was gladly receiv'd the next day.  
 FERRAND upon terms to surrender† agreed,  
 If his troops into France were allow'd to proceed.  
 First, during the war, men and officers both  
 Being solemnly bound *to disarm* by an oath‡.  
 The time was then fix'd for their marching away,  
 And too weak is my muse such a brilliant display  
 To describe, or to paint, the superb cavalcade.  
 A better appearance sure troops never made.  
 The Bohemians, and Austrians, *uncas'd*, were as clean,  
 And as well-looking soldiers as ever were seen.

\* On the 26th, his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK dispatched a third summons to the governor, and one to the Municipality of Valenciennes, offering most favourable terms; and assuring them, that unless they entered *then* into negotiations, all future avenues of communication would be closed, and the *fatal storm* inevitably and immediately ensue. To this, the answer from the town was such as caused a suspension of hostilities for four and twenty hours, while terms of capitulation were drawn up and mutually discussed. They were signed on the 28th; consisting of twenty-five original, and four additional articles, by which it was determined, That the garrison should march out with military honors by the gate of *Cambray*, ground their arms near Briquet, and leaving behind them their field pieces, as well as the heavy guns upon the ramparts, ammunition, stores, &c. be permitted to return to the interior, upon the officers passing their paroles, and the soldiers being bound, by oath, not to serve against his Imperial Majesty, or his Allies, during the continuance of the war. After some little delay, on account of the usual demand of covered waggons, and the disposal of the Commissioners COUCHON and DE BRIE (who were at length considered as a part of the garrison) hostages were exchanged, and the besiegers took possession of the out-works, the half-moon, crown-work, and the counter-guard. The grenadiers of the British guards, occupied *as the post of Honour*, the works on their side of the gate of *Cambray*.

† Valenciennes capitulated July the 28th.

‡ Which oath was violated, as many of them were taken prisoners the 9th of August, near Bournon.

And the British Dragoons coming up from Condé,  
 Encreas'd not a little the pride of the day.  
 To be sure, when the French issued forth from the gate,  
 The contrast beheld was most strikingly great.  
 For I think, in my life-time my eyes never yet  
 Beheld a more filthy and beggarly set.  
 Thro' our ranks by Famars, and tow'rds Cambray\* they  
     pass'd,  
 Ev'ry one that approach'd, something worse than the last.  
 In Valenciennes the objects that burst on our view,  
 Deep sighs from thy bosom *humanity* drew.  
 By our firing, the houses† so batter'd had been,  
 In parts scarce one brick on another was seen;

* The Garrison of Valenciennes, when the Besiegers	}	11,000 men
took up their ground, investing the place, consisted of		
They marched out fit for duty on the 1st of August		4,000
Sick and wounded	— — — —	2,500
And must, therefore, have lost in killed, wounded,	}	4,500
and by the fever, including a few left behind in the hos-		
pitals,	— — — —	
To account for their original number	—	11,000 men

143,800 shot and shell were thrown into the town during the siege.  
 The expence of a 13 inch shell, including powder, is about 5l.; of a 24  
 pound shot, about 2l. sterling.

† Mr. PHILIP RYAN, an English gentleman, long settled in the town,  
 and who was there, with his family, the whole six weeks of the siege, de-  
 clared, that upon an average, (and a calculation had been made,) every  
 third house had been *battered down*, and that *not one* had escaped from  
 the effects of shot or shell. Upon the investiture of the place, he applied  
 to the Governor for permission to remove his family, supposing that, as  
 an Englishman, his plea would have been admitted. FERRAND, how-  
 ever, informed him, that he was welcome, if he chose to run the risque  
 of being fired upon, both by the besiegers, and from the ramparts of the  
 place, as no flag of truce would be permitted to precede him!

While basking for air,\* and to fever a prey,  
 Men, women, and children, obstructed our way.  
 And many poor wretches, who gaz'd on the light,  
 For a moment breath'd free, then expir'd in our fight.  
 Perceiving such heaps of the dying, and dead,  
 The pleasure, deriv'd from our victory, fled.  
 For thy miseries war, there, alas ! is no cure,  
 And soldiers such horrible fights must endure.  
 Yet they who escap'd like true French, *sans soucis*,  
 By the wretchedness round them, unmov'd, full of glee,  
 With shrugs and grimaces, would talk of a shell,  
 And call a twelve pounder a mere *Bagatelle*.  
 For EMMA some lace, as was promis'd, I bought,  
 Then musing the Camp again heavily fought.  
 Rejoicing sincerely, to quit I confess,  
 For a period such scenes of heart-rending distress !

\* From having been so long, and so closely confined in casemates, which were at Valenciennes miserably bad, a dreadful fever raged amongst the inhabitants, and swept them off by hundreds. The fresh air had such an effect upon many of those sufferers, whose existence had been in misery prolonged till the surrender of the place, that they were seen expiring in the street, the moment they were exposed to it.

Amongst the various details of miseries endured during the siege, the inhabitants told of a small Convent, where the Nuns had taken refuge in one of the cellars ; a thirteen inch shell piercing through the roof, found its way to the very spot where they were assembled, and instantaneously destroyed, or miserably mangled the whole sisterhood, to the number of fifteen.

Some British Officers, passing through the streets immediately after the town had been taken possession of, in the name of his Imperial Majesty, observed a Bookseller's Shop upon the *grand Place*, appearing so neat, and so little damaged, that they entered it ; and in the course of conversation, congratulated the owner upon having escaped so well. Alas, Gentlemen, replied the poor fellow, with tears rising at the moment, the very first shell thrown into the town, deprived me, in an instant, of my wife and two daughters.

Around buffling faces bespeak preparation,  
 And a grand *coup* we hear is in full agitation.  
 That CLAIRFAIT'S\* choice troops, will lead presently  
     forth,  
 And with fury assault all our foes in the North.  
 To Soltain we must bid an unwilling adieu,  
 And give up all the excellent feeds at Estreux.  
 Fame tells, (as in sieges so well we succeed,)  
 We shall after this march, against Dunkirk proceed,  
 But sure, while in force, 'twould be more worth our  
     while,  
 To endeavour *at least*, to be master of Lille.†

\* The Allies, in every period of the present war, have, in *their Councils*, been noted for laying down most admirable plans; but, at the same time, have evinced a want of Generalship in carrying those measures into execution. No one instance can, perhaps, be more forcibly adduced to prove the truth of this assertion, than the unaccountable manner in which their attack upon the Republican Army of the North had been procrastinated, till the enemy procured the most accurate intelligence of the intended movement of their opponents. Granting it *necessary* for the *Besieging Army* to have remained before Valenciennes till the town had been evacuated, and that the advance of the *Covering Army* had, on that account, been unavoidably *retarded*; allowing even that the pompous display of Hungarian Grenadiers, Bohemians, and the choicest troops of the Imperial and British forces, at the gate through which FERRAND'S miserable and ragged garrison was to pass, could answer any good purpose; there surely was no reason for so fine a body of men remaining in total idleness for *five days*, after that raree-show had been exhibited to the gaping inhabitants of the adjacent Flemish towns.

† As the result of the consultations, held amongst the Chieftains of the Coalesced Armies, would too frequently transpire, it was well known, that the most experienced officers gave it as their decided opinion, immediately upon the capitulation of Valenciennes, that the possession of Lille was absolutely necessary to ensure success to every future plan of operations. Its surrender would, there is little doubt, have at once terminated the war on the Continent, as the inferior Barrier towns were all, more or less, dependant upon that formidable fortress, and must ultimately have fallen, one after the other, into the hands of the Coalesced

Howēver, our gen'als, wise men without doubt,  
 Are at all times aware what they're going about.  
 Our Province alone is, I'm happy to say,  
 Implicitly their *dread commands* to obey;  
 But the Drum Major waits, so in haste I must end,  
 Remaining, believe me, sincerely your *Friend*.

Powers. The road to Paris might easily have then been pointed out, for Lille is at once mistress of the Netherlands, and, as Louis the XIVth emphatically called it, the surest key to the capital of France, distant from it only fifty-two short leagues. Surely 200,000 men (and full as many could have been, at that period, brought together by Prince COBOURG) elated with their recent conquests, were fully equal to the arduous undertaking; especially as the garrison was known to be extremely weak, and the inhabitants had so much at stake, and had also so recently smarted under the horrors of a bombardment, that they would have used every effort in their power to forward the views of the Allies.

The French Army of the North was also at that period so disorganized, that it could not have made any impression upon the immense force Prince COBOURG would have formed to cover the besiegers.

The bombardment of Mayence ceased only three days previous to that of Valenciennes; and on the 23d of July, the King of PRUSSIA, in the name of the Germanic Empire, obtained possession of that important fortress, upon terms nearly similar to those granted by the Duke of YORK to General FERRAND. The army of Catalonia still continued before Bellegarde, and a formidable fleet had been dispatched, by his Catholic Majesty, to co-operate in the Mediterranean with Lord HOOD. Frequent and very serious engagements had occurred in the vicinity of NICE; but his Sardinian Majesty, by his treaty with Great Britain, having obtained a subsidy of 200,000l. sterling, was enabled to keep on foot an army of 50,000 men, not only covering his own dominions, but rendering him a formidable enemy to the Convention.

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## LETTER IX.

MENIN, August 19, 1793.

*Circuitous Detour of the Allies, in order to encircle the French Army of the North.—Failure of the Attempt.—Unfortunate Division of the British and Imperialists.—Affair of LINCELLES.*

SUCH deeds as I now am about to rehearse,  
Deserve, you'll exclaim, a much loftier verse;  
But 'tis easier by far, to compose and invent,  
By an English *fire-side*, than in TROTTER'S *bell-tent*.  
I'll therefore, without further preface, proceed,  
And, my friend, pray for once take the will for the deed.  
The batt-horses, idle so long at Soltain,  
Were astonish'd to feel funks and fods once again.  
And heavily trudg'd on, their hard lot bemoaning,  
Loaded up to their ears, and most piteously groaning.  
St. Aubert\* then we reach'd by a little detour,  
Proceeding, without loss of time, to Crevecœur.

\* On the sixth of August, the grand scheme which had been so long in agitation took place. The brigade of heavy cavalry, then brought up to join the Duke's army, consisted of the royal regiment of horse guards, or blues; 3d dragoon guards; royals; Iniskillings; and Scotch greys; the king's dragoon guards having been left behind to garrison Ostend.

CLAIRFAIT advanced with three very strong columns upon the entrenchments in front of *Cambray*, at the *camp de César*, while a detachment of Austrians, with the British, Hessians, and Hanoverians, under his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK, filed round, by forced marches, with a view of passing the Scheldt, and of taking up a position to cut off the retreat of the division of the northern army, occupying the heights of Bourlon, upon which the troops assailed in the *camp de César* by CLAIRFAIT would naturally have fallen back, and would, in that case, have found there a superior force, formed in readiness to receive them; thus placed between two fires, they must have grounded their arms, or have been cut to pieces.

The corps formed under his Royal Highness the Duke of YORK, when encamped near the village of St. Aubert, consisted, exclusive of the Bri-

After crossing the bone of contention, push'd on,  
A position to gain, near the Bois de Bourlon\*.

tish, of 7 battalions of Hanoverian infantry, and six squadrons of cavalry, 2 battalions, and 5 squadrons of Hessians, and 4 battalions and 10 squadrons of Austrians. They crossed the Scheldt on the 8th at *Manieres* and *Crevecoeur*. During their march, they discovered a body of the enemy's cavalry, threatening their right flank, which was, however, driven back by a few shots from the Austrian light artillery. A squadron of the 15th light dragoons under Col. CHURCHILL, receiving intelligence of some French hussars being in a neighbouring village, rode on, and took them by surprise, making, after a rapid charge, in which several of the Republicans were killed, 2 officers, and 44 private prisoners.

\* At day-break on the 8th, the Duke's army advanced in three columns against the French, supposed to have been encamped upon the heights of Bourlon. They had, however, it was found, retreated, and, as it was in vain for the infantry to attempt to overtake them, the cavalry were called for, and the British *heavy brigade* pushed on, in hopes of unsheathing, for the first time, their broad swords, against the enemies of their country. In addition to the weight each *heavy troop horse* carries on a march (computed at the least at 20 stone) they were then loaded with *picquet posts*, long *scythes* to cut down forage, and various other incumbrances; yet, thus equipped, were ordered to pursue, and charge the troops who were at that time advanced so much before them, that to discover even the *dust* occasioned by their line of march, required the *aid of glasses*; they however galloped off full speed, every man dropping alternately those extra appointments found at the time so cumbersome, and their route might have been easily traced by the scattered implements thus left behind them. The horses in a short time were completely blown, and returned, evincing by their short drawn breath, and stretched out necks, the folly of employing troops to skirmish as *huzzars*, intended evidently for far different purposes. The 11th, 15th, and 16th British *light dragoons*, with the Austrian huzzars of *Barco* came up however, with the rear guard of the enemy's line, at the village of *Murcuoin*; but finding them retreating in a very soldier-like manner, having their *baggage* in the front, their *infantry* following, and their *cavalry* in the rear, the whole protected by their park of artillery, our troops were instantly obliged to sheer off, as from some field pieces, the Republicans commenced a brisk fire, by which a few of the dragoons were killed and wounded. In the village were found 2 small pieces of artillery, which were carried off. CLAIRFAIT perceived, upon crossing the Scheldt, at day-break, that the camp de Cæsar had also been abandoned in the night; and thus, instead of gaining any signal ad-



But the French (and I grieve such sad truth must be  
 penn'd,  
 Ever know to a tittle whate'er we intend)  
 From the Camp de Cæsar, for Arras had retreated,  
 And thus were friend HOHENLOHE's schemes all defeated.  
 To encrease that fine farcical shew and parade,  
 At Valenciennes, eight days all the troops were delay'd;  
 Had we push'd on at once tho', I'm greatly mistaken,  
 If these nimble-heel'd heroes had thus sav'd their bacon.  
 Here the armies were parted\*, hard fate had decreed,  
 That ours should directly to Dunkirk proceed.  
 From COBOURG†, his quota of men we receiv'd;  
 And to leave him, believe me, we're heartily griev'd.

vantage by this irruption into the enemy's country, it only tended to delay the future operations of the allies; and the army, which had been suffered to escape, when, in some measure in his power, became afterwards sufficiently formidable to bid defiance to *Prince Cobourg*, to snatch the blooming laurels from his brows, and ultimately to nip his hopes of conquest in the bud.

\* If ever any measure adopted in the present war was dictated by folly, and by an unaccountable and desperate insanity, it was surely *that* by which the irresistible force, which had been so happily consolidated, was checked abruptly in its glorious career, and frittered down to nothing, at the very moment when pushing forwards, and elated with victory, it might perhaps have terminated, gloriously, a contest, which has *since that period* produced only scenes of mortification and of disappointment. Every man with sorrow learnt the *unfortunate* result of that fatal consultation, by which the British army, and its subsidized auxiliaries, were withdrawn from the imperialists, under whose banners they had reaped so much well-earned applause.

† Whatever sapient reasons might have induced his Majesty's advisers, (if with them the plan originated) to undertake the siege of Dunkirk, *Prince COBOURG* was openly and decidedly against it; nay, it was at the time most confidently asserted, that he left the *council chamber*, lest he might afterwards be said to have sanctioned their proceedings by his approbation. When the

When united, all matters went smoothly of course,  
 And our faces grew long on dividing our force.  
 A country more beautiful never was seen,  
 Than Cambrai's fertile province, thro' which we have  
 been.

As far as eye reach'd, the full ripe waving grain  
 Was courting the fickle, and gladden'd the plain!  
 Had our orders been such, we had sorely annoy'd  
 Our foes, and great part of the harvest destroy'd;  
 But leaving it standing, our march to pursue,  
 We proceeded, and took up our ground near Baissieu.  
 Thy assistance, great God of the lyre, I invoke;  
 Oh, spare me a Muse (if there's one unbespoke.)  
 My description to heighten, dispatch to my aid  
 Some friendly, good-humoured, and kind-hearted maid;  
 She's here, and she begs I'll proceed with my story,  
 Nor attempt with bombastical nonsense to bore ye.  
 Oh Nymph most celestial! thy will I obey,  
 And grant me with ease still to "carol my lay."  
 At Menin, the eighteenth<sup>†</sup>, were we told very much  
 Of the valour and firmness evinc'd by the Dutch.

matter was determined, the imperial field marshal furnished his Royal Highness with a quota of 10,000 Austrians, under the command of *Gen. Dalton*. Prince COBOURG, after having ineffectually summoned Cambray to surrender, filed off towards *Le Quesnoi*, a place, which from its situation on the frontiers, being nearly in a line with *Valenciennes* and *Condé*, was of infinitely more consequence to facilitate his future operations. The Duke's army approached the fatal place of its destination; passing through *Fecbin*, *Marchennes*, and *Roubaix*, and keeping the fortresses of *Lille* and *Douay* on their left, they arrived at *Turcoin* on the 16th of August.

<sup>†</sup> The British soldiers had just pitched their tents near *Menin*, and placed the crackling wood under their Camp kettles, to prepare some

That it might not by any who heard it be doubted,  
 They themselves rav'd with voices *stentorial* about it.  
 Told of many a Battery, strong Post, and Redoubt,  
 They'd valiantly *storm'd*, and the French put to rout.  
 In the evening, however, as pallid as death,  
 An Aid de Camp gallopp'd in, panting for breath,  
 Reporting detachments *no force* could repel,  
 Which advancing from Lille seem'd to menace Lincelles.  
 And, *semper paratus*, our little brigade  
 With alacrity, cheerfully march'd to their aid.  
 When arriv'd near the village,\* we hunted around,  
 But in vain, not a Dutchman was there to be found.

necessary refreshment, after a long and tiresome march, when orders were conveyed to the three battalions of guards, who were usually, in 1793, as General LAKE jocosely styled them, the *first-turn Boys*, to push on instantly towards the post of *Lincelles*, to co-operate with the Dutch troops, then in garrison at Menin, who had been all that morning engaged at their out-posts, and found themselves hard pressed by the Republicans. Regardless of their former fatigues, the brigade advanced so rapidly, that in little more than *one* hour from the time they had received their orders, they were at their place of destination, distant nearly *six* miles from their encampment.

\* The brigade instantly moved forwards to a large *bean field* in the rear of the village, in which the crop had grown up so high, that it prevented the troops *at first* perceiving in what direction to proceed. They were, however, very soon relieved from their uncertainty, and saluted by a brisk discharge of grape-shot from some batteries in their front, which, as well as the village, was understood to have been in possession of the Dutch. General LAKE having in vain looked round for *his Allies*, was *then* convinced that they must all have precipitately abandoned the position, and retreated by some other rout. There was no time for deliberation, the men were formed in line, as regularly as circumstances and the nature of the ground would permit, and unappalled by the incessant showers of grape-shot, which descended amongst them, thinning their ranks at every fresh discharge, they rushed on, cheering each other with repeated loud huzza's, and leaping the ditches in front of the very embrasseurs from whence the pieces of artillery were vomiting forth the

Their late boasted courage had melted to air ;  
 Such cowardice, Mars say, What deeds can repair ?  
 The same page that brands with dishonour their name,  
 The British records in the annals of fame  
 With LAKE at their head ; who, belov'd and rever'd,  
 Not less by his conduct than valour's endear'd  
 To us all. That he headed the Guards at Lincelles,  
 The annals of war to his credit shall tell.  
 He rode down the line, and encourag'd his men,  
 To charge and retake the redoubts once again.  
 This wish was no sooner express'd than perform'd,  
 And the works with the bay'net were rapidly storm'd,

dreadful harbingers of death, instantaneously entered the different batteries ere their enemies were able to escape.

At the point of the bayonet they drove them through the village ; and thus, in less than half an hour, were in possession of their guns, and recovered the different posts which by the Dutch had been so shamefully abandoned. General LAKE, convinced of the perilous situation of his troops, was extremely apprehensive, that their national spirit would urge them on in the pursuit, further than was prudent ; and, aware that the Republicans might rally, and perceive before what an inferior force they were by flight escaping, endeavoured to recall them ; and at length succeeded, assisted by the commanding officers of the *separate* battalions, Colonels GRINFIELD, HULSE, and PENNINGTON, who severally obtained great credit for their conduct. The brigade, then forming in a steady line, with its centre in *an orchard*, and its flanks in the front of the village and *redoubts*, in which the British artillery-men were posted, sustained for some time a heavy cannonade, and were annoyed by a discharge of grape and round shot, putting them in a situation at all times irksome to the British, who cannot bear to stand in one spot to be *pelted*, as they term it, without a chance of returning their enemies the blows they deal them.

The French were then, however, on full march to Lille ; and their field pieces were drawn up merely to cover their retreat. At one period their officers certainly intended to lead them back to the attack, as they had faced them *round*, and their orders issued to *march on* ("*marchez en avant*") could distinctly and repeatedly be heard. A party actually approached a position where a six-pounder had been fortunately planted, covered by a detachment of the guards under Colonel WATSON, of the

By our hundreds, their thousands, like chaff by the wind,  
 Were dispers'd, and great numbers of slain left behind.  
 The business completely and quickly was done,  
 Twelve pieces of cannon \* were gallantly won.  
 Here EVANS wast mortally wounded, and here  
 A ball put a period to BOSVILLE's career ;

3d regiment, which gun, by opening upon them with-grape shot, and when, (as for a moment was the case) its ammunition was expended, the party, by keeping up an incessant *street fire*, obliged them to sheer off, and join their panic-struck companions. Had a small number of cavalry been at that moment advanced, the glory of the day must have been beyond measure complete ; yet the ground was so intersected with wide ditches, that they might perhaps have found it difficult to act ; but to British Light Dragoons in pursuit of *any enemy*, every obstacle appears trivial, and most easily surmounted. *As it was*, no previous or subsequent engagement, during the present war, upon however *grand a scale*, could be *more brilliant* ; nor has any one been so deservedly extolled as the affair of Lincelles, where 1,100 men drove back, in so spirited a manner, 5,000 of their enemies from formidable batteries, defended by large pieces of artillery.

\* A serjeant of the 1st regiment of guards, upon entering one of the redoubts, found planted there, a tricoloured Republican banner ; and a *French officer*, who was endeavouring to remove it, instantly delivered up his sword, demanding quarter. The serjeant returned it, attentive only to the colours, which, when he was preparing to secure, the Frenchman aiming a blow at his hand, struck off two fingers, and attempted to escape ; his flight was arrested, and he was punished by the bayonet of a British soldier, who had witnessed the transaction. Such instances of a total want of every generous sentiment were at that period remarkably conspicuous amongst even the *Gallic officers*, who are not, as before the Revolution, famed for courage and humanity, but with very few exceptions *treacherous* and sanguinary in the extreme ; being, for the most part, at once pushed on to tread the rugged path of war, without deriving those advantages from education, which would teach them, that the first duty of men, entrusted with command, is to alleviate, rather than to add to all its horrors.

+ When the Guards were forming in the *Bean Field* under a tremendous fire of grape-shot, the French had *fortunately elevated* their Guns, and they consequently did less execution than might naturally have been apprehended. In *that Field*, however, most of the men who fell, recei-

Sad tidings are these, for his newly made bride :  
 Scarce married when hurried away from her side,  
 At Honor's stern mandate he left her forlorn,  
 Little dreaming, alas! he must never return.  
 'Twas here too DEPIESTER's unfortunate lot,  
 When serving his guns, thro' the heart to be shot.  
 The second Brigade\* to relieve us was sent,  
 And to camp were our steps again joyfully bent.

ved their wounds; *Lieut. Col. Bosville*, whose Company suffered so severely, being the right of the Coldstream, in the *Wood* of St. Amand, was there fated to meet that death he had before so narrowly escaped. When forming his men in line, he was killed by a Grape-shot which struck him in the head. *Col. EVANS*, of the 1st. Regiment, there also had his thigh bone fractured, which in about six weeks deprived him of existence. At the same moment nearly, *Capt. CUNYNGHAME*, of the third, met with a very painful, tho' not as it has turned out, a dangerous wound. *Capt. WHERHAM*, of the first Regiment, an officer who had repeatedly distinguished himself during the memorable siege of Gibraltar, was shot in the ankle, which wound has since proved more serious than was at the time apprehended. The other officers were slightly wounded, viz. *Col. Doyley*, *Capt. Archer* and *Bristow* of the first Reg. *Lieut. Col. Gascoine*, and *Ensign Bayley*, of the Coldstream; *Lieut. De Piefter*, of the artillery, whose guns were attached to the 3d Regiment, was advanced to draw the attention of the French by his firing, while the works were stormed, and met his death from a cannon-ball, in the execution of his duty. He had seen much active service in America, was an officer of great professional merit, and fell deservedly regretted. The total loss of the British amounted to 3 officers, 2 sergeants, 1 drum major, and 35 rank and file, in killed; 8 officers, 6 sergeants, and 131 rank and file, in wounded. That of the Republicans could not possibly be ascertained, but was inconsiderable, as they retreated precipitately upon the first appearance of the guards, without attempting to withdraw their guns, or to make the least resistance, further than was necessary to cover their retreat. *Sir JAMES MURRAY's* dispatches state it, at between 2 and 300 men.

\* *Gen. LAKE* had dispatched an aid-de-camp to the head quarters of his royal highness the commander in chief at Menin, informing him of the flight of the Dutch, and of the perilous situation of the guards; the second brigade, as well as some battalions of Hessians, were consequently ordered to support them, but could not possibly arrive till the affair was terminated. The Dutch troops having been also ordered to re-oc-

But the works, which with so many lives had been gain'd,  
 Were prudently only till day-light maintain'd.  
*This honor*, my friend, as in general is thought,  
 Can never *by soldiers* too dearly be bought;  
 That's our Creed, or Lincelles would induce me to say,  
 'Twas a pity brave men should be lavish'd away,

copy their former position, the guards were permitted to march back to their camp; and the redoubts having been levelled with the ground, the post was early the next morning abandoned as *untenable*, being distant only two leagues and a half (about 7 miles and a half) from LILLE. The Dutch were so thoroughly ashamed of their behaviour, and so crest-fallen, that they slunk about, avoiding as much as possible the British soldiers; and the prince of *Waldeck*, who commanded the garrison of Menin, in a very noble manner, caught the first officer of the guards he met with the next day, by the hand, and after extolling the gallantry of the British soldiers (when surrounded by his own officers) exclaimed, "*Your glory is our shame.*"

According to every appearance the Dutch troops must have determined upon retreating, at the *very moment* they sent requesting reinforcements from the duke of YORK. A war of *Posts* should as much as possible at all times be avoided, as tending only to the effusion of human blood, without being of the least advantage to the general cause. Our enemies have in that instance offered us an excellent example, making it their constant rule never to *sacrifice a single man* by defending positions, which they at the same time allow to be untenable; and surely, for the loss of 185 British soldiers at *Lincelles*, we were but little compensated, by the artillery, ammunition, horses, and other articles, gained from the Republicans.

This attack might certainly have answered one good purpose, for the French were naturally induced to imagine that it was made preparatory to the investiture of *Lille*. Having on the 19th, paid the last sad tribute of respect to the memory of Col. BOSVILLE, Lieut. DE PIESTER, and the artillery men who had fallen belonging to his guns; for with a pious care too noble and praise worthy to pass from memory like to the *light transactions of the trivial day*, their comrades brought them from the field of battle, and prepared their graves close to the brave DE PIESTER's, so that they shared with him the funeral rites. The troops were once again in motion on the 20th, and passing through the town of Ypres, halted at *Boeslyngbe*.

The Austrians, under prince COBOURG, had, on the 17th of August, succeeded in their attacks upon the *Bois de Mormal*, and gaining possession

I've only just time left to scribble adieu,  
As the punctual Drum Major's already in view.

of the posts on the left banks of the *Sambre*, viz. *Jolimetz*, *Loquinol*, *Hecq*, and the other villages skirting the wood, constructed a most formidable *Abbatis*, and a long chain of batteries to protect them on the side of *Landrecies*, while they proceeded with the siege of *Le Quesnoi*; they carried their point with a very trifling loss, not exceeding 60 men, while the Republicans lost 500 at the least in killed and wounded; several of their officers of rank, and 200 of their men, were also taken prisoners.

Every thing remained quiet on the banks of the Rhine after the surrender of *Mayence*, the Republicans having *then* fallen back behind the lines of *Weissenbourg*.

THE END OF PART I.



A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

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PART II.

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IN A  
SERIES OF LETTERS,

FROM ONE OF

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE COMMANDER IN CHIEF'S  
AID-DE-CAMPS,

TO  
MISS LUCY LOVEGROVE,

IN  
ENGLAND.

DEDICATED TO THE OFFICERS

COMPOSING HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S FAMILY UPON THE CONTINENT.

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*"Arma virumque cano."*

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## DEDICATION.

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GENTLEMEN,

UPON the appearance of the first edition of the Campaign of 1793, the second part of which contained Letters from *Head Quarters*, I can call to mind your astonishment; nor was my own surprise inferior: to see the very name of the lady to whom in confidence I had written, and also, in some degree, the very lines I had composed, roused in my mind suspicions, for which, my dearest LUCY, I here publicly request your pardon. With infinite pains and assiduity, I however soon discovered, that the only friend to whom I had read those letters, had a memory sufficiently retentive to write them down in his own tent, nearly *verbatim*:—What could then be done—they had appeared in an imperfect state, and some of the best ideas were, I found, omitted; in short, upon discovering that my friend intended to publish a narrative of the proceedings on the continent, I at length agreed to furnish him with the original letters, convinced, that in my remarks, I had followed the advice of our immortal bard, when he bids us

“ ——— Nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice.”

TO you, GENTLEMEN, I therefore dedicate my portion of the work, as no men, save your noble selves, can judge whether I have described the pleasures of our situation with a faithful pen, or not.

TAKE them, therefore, under your protection, and be assured, that you will not find a line, a word, the offspring of ill-nature.

THE sprightly Muse may sometimes have induced her votary to relate the modes adopted to amuse our leisure hours; but she has not furnished him a single thought, he proudly boasts, that can reflect upon the soundness of his heart.

Believe me, GENTLEMEN,

With respect, regard, and every friendly sentiment,

Your faithful, and obedient

BROTHER ON THE STAFF.

A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
CAMPAIGN OF 1793.

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LETTER I.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FURNES, *August* 21, 1793.

*One of the Aid-de-Camps to his Royal Highness—Sooths the mind of his favorite Fair, and with a timid pencil traces the comforts of his situation.*

WHAT honour, your hero! your champion! will  
gain,

Sweetest girl! at the close of this brilliant campaign.

And be womanish fears to your bosom a stranger;

Our laurels are gather'd without any danger.

We're here at Head Quarters, as safe and as snug,

To use an old phrase, as a bug in a rug:

We breakfast, ride out, we return home to dine,

And drown all our sorrows in bumpers of wine.

When marching of course the best quarters we claim,

And our out-rider S-NT-G \* chalks up with each name

\* This gentleman, in various capacities, exerted himself with the most persevering activity in the service of his royal highness's family, (which term, it should be understood, comprises the staff and other officers, attached by good appointments to head quarters). He was, at the time these letters were first written, in the *Quarter Master General's* department, and his method of *chalking up* on the doors, the names of those officers who were to take possession of the best houses in the villages, through which the army passed, deserves to be recorded. The

S. A. R. which we know ev'ry comfort secures,  
 And hardships an Aid de Camp never endures.  
 Permit not your delicate spirits to droop,  
 Nor fancy we're starving on bouillie and soup ;\*  
 For the mules† are so loaded with victuals and drink,  
 That under their burdens thy're ready to sink :  
 While the *fags* scarce a morsel of bread can command,  
 We live at our ease on the fat of the land.  
 Each day like the former, fleets pleasantly by,  
 • Each night at our ease in good houses we lie ,  
*Tents* are voted no shelter to yield from the damp,  
 And a village is better by far than a camp.  
 The Cherub, whose pinions around me are spread,  
 Will guard from all harm, ev'ry hair of my head,  
 And to stifle your cares with a word, I'll be bold,  
 To *weather it thus* without fever or cold.  
 When *the guards* made that gallant attack on Lincelles,  
 With fury on beef and plumb pudding we fell,

particular flourish too with which he formed the *talismatic S A R* (son altesse royale) was frequently admired. He was afterwards *captain of guides*, then of the waggoners ; in short, it would have been impossible to have carried on the war without his friendly aid.

\* *Soup* and *bouillie* was the usual diet of the troops while under canvas, that is, when sufficiently settled to have time to cook it. The *camp kettle* was generally open to receive whatever chance threw, in the soldiers way, and frequently, in quiet times ; as for example, at *Soltain*, where the tent pins were for six weeks unmolested, beef, mutton, vegetables, game, and poultry, were jumbled there promiscuously together.

*Hodge podge* I've joy'd with pewter spoon to carve,  
 And thank'd my stars when suffer'd so to starve.

† A set of Hanoverian sumpter mules, employed to carry, on a march, cold meats, the service of plate, rich wines, and other necessary articles of refreshment for the family. The cooks, and servants (furnished also by Hanover) with the more cumbrous kitchen utensils, *preceded* these most useful animals, in *large covered waggons*.

And bumpers of burgundy jovially quaff'd,  
 While *the joke* was giv'n out, and *the family* laugh'd.  
 Undisturb'd by the cannons, which plough'd up the  
     ground,  
*Their roaring by ours*, most completely was drown'd.  
 When our wine *became hot*, we rode up to claim share  
 In the glory, and prove that *we all* had been there.  
 Remember, my charmer ! I charge you once more,,  
 Look well to these letters, keep lock'd your scrutore,  
 Nor read them aloud, lest some eve-dropper hears,  
 But bear in your mind ever, "*Walls have had ears*,"  
 In short, for the sake of your time-serving bard,  
 Adopt as your motto, the words *prenez garde*.  
 For to you, tho' thus frank, to the world we must brag,  
 So LUCY don't let "*the cat out of the bag*."  
 Were you here, dearest lass ! all these comforts to share,  
 My raptures would pass what a mortal could bear,  
 Exceed e'en the fabled enjoyments of JOVE !  
 But whither would fancy delusively rove ?  
 She'd lead me *at once* upon earth to a Heav'n,  
 Tho' here, for wise ends, perfect bliss can't be giv'n.  
 The mind is so form'd that we ever beseech  
 The Gods to grant blessings plac'd far from our reach.  
 Yet I swear, as I hate all thy tribe, O TENDUCI,  
 I nothing could wish for, if blest'd with my LUCY.  
 Hark ! I'm call'd for—adieu, for *a season*, adieu,  
 To your soldier prove ever love, constant and true.

## LETTER II.

HEAD QUARTERS, LEFFERINCKHOUCKE,  
NEAR DUNKIRK, Aug. 29, 1793.

*Plans for reducing Dunkirk.—Successful Attack upon the French Outposts.—Un-  
comfortable Situation of the Family, and of the besieging Army.*

AGAIN shall we live, dearest Lucy, in clover,  
For now the fatigue of long marching is over ;  
And lucky it is, for their backs are so fore,  
The mules would have dropp'd in a day or two more.  
Warriors stand at all hours of refreshment in need,  
And without them we plainly could never proceed.  
For Britons resembling the Lion and Bull,  
Wrestle best, you'll allow, when the stomach is full.  
Our quarters are worse than they were at Estreux,  
But our stay *will be short*, so we'll e'en make them do.  
For our bus'ness we mean to dispatch in a trice,  
And of Dunkirk's surrender you'll soon have advice.  
'Twill be difficult *all* in good humour to keep,  
For alas! *all* are forc'd under canvass to creep.  
Our chieftain's *own tent's* pitch'd, and scarcely a nook,  
Can the Aid de Camps meet with in Lefferinckhoucke.  
We've constructed a camp in the fields round the farm,  
And callicoe sheets keep us decently warm.  
But a truce to digressions, my story again  
I resume, and all plans for the siege will explain\*.

\* The allied forces under his Royal Highness the British commander in chief, were in motion on the 22d in the evening, and advancing in *three* columns, approached the French camp near *Gyvelde*. The Austrian regiment of Starhée, and O DONNEL's *fri corps*, forming the *avant garde*, met with considerable opposition, and lost, according to the Gazette returns, 50 men in killed and wounded. The Republicans were in the



For what's past, pray examine Sir J-M-IES last letter,  
 Nought on earth can be clearer, or understood better.  
 The army is fix'd where it's meant to remain,  
 Till Dunkirk is ours, *that*, he proves is quite plain.  
 And we mean to present this same town \* to John Bull,  
 Ere the horns of this moon shall completely be full.

and repulsed, and abandoned in the night, their camp; falling back upon their entrenchments (some orchards and gardens, where the fruit trees were so thickly planted, that the position has been called a *wood*) before the *walls of Dunkirk*. The British column, when proceeding slowly along the banks of the canal, were *benighted*, and forced to rest upon their arms near Gyvelde. It was not known by Gen. LAKE that they were intended to halt in that position, and the infantry expecting every moment to proceed, *dark as it was*, remained in a state of uncertainty, till the *batt horse*s lay down with their *loads* upon their backs, and *the men* dropped many of them fast asleep. The next morning the troops reached *Teteghem*, and upon being informed by the peasants, that, most probably, the governor of Dunkirk would inundate the village, they fell behind it, encamping in the adjacent fields.

The behaviour of the Hessians was, upon this march, scandalous, and, in the extreme, disgraceful; not content with pillaging the cottages they passed, they sallied forth upon the cattle in the fields, and, with fixed bayonets, charging and destroying them, each severed off his favourite piece, and bore it away in triumph, with the blood running down his sides in streams, as it trickled through the *canvass haversack*. Many of them attempted to pass the British line of march, driving *large pigs* before them; but though their own officers *encouraged them* in this, from *ours* they met with blows and treatment such as their conduct well deserved. Their *women* entered every hamlet on the road, and after loading themselves till they could scarcely move along, would wantonly throw butter, cheese, and bread into the ditches, and after *tapping* all the barrels that they found, would let the beer and wine run out, and overflow the cellars. Can we wonder then that upon *the retreat*, the peasants rose upon the army?

That their officers conceived all this was right and *justifiable*, was evident, for at *Teteghem*, a *subaltern* was, on the 22d of August, detected by the *Royal Highness the Duke of York*, in a house which he had entered and pillaged; at the head of a party of his men.

\* On the 23d, every thing was quiet, but on the 24th, an attack was made by the enemy upon the outposts on the downs, between the canal,

Such machines we expect, as surpass all belief,  
 Invented and prov'd once before by M——F.  
 Huge frames made of wood, but as light as a feather,  
 That take all to pieces, and then put together.  
 To be *knock'd up* in England and sent to us here,  
 For dispatch is the soul of our chief engineer.  
 When arriv'd, to erect them, one night will suffice,  
 The fight will the foe both annoy and surprise.  
 It only remains then to fill them with sand,  
 To mount our large guns, and the ramparts command.

leading from Furnes, and the sea, when the allies, forming the Duke's army, were under arms; and a corps of *Austrians*, the *flank battalions* of the British *guards* and *line*; with the *Hessian* grenadiers, forming the *reserve* under Lieut. Gen. DALTON, were ordered to advance, and drive them from their posts before the town. The event was brilliant and successful, as the French were driven from their batteries and entrenchments, under the very walls of Dunkirk, through a country, with which the troops engaged, were entirely unacquainted, intersected with wide ditches, and impenetrable hedge rows, composed of sturdy pollards. Gen. DALTON was unfortunately shot towards the close of the day. He was of an Irish family, but had long been in the service of the emperor, and braved, under the imperial banners, the dangers of many a siege, and many a long campaign. As he fell, co-operating with our *forces*, the Duke of York obtained for his widow a considerable pension from the British government. The command devolved upon his death to Gen. ABERCROMBIE, and exposed to a very heavy fire from the ramparts of the place, the troops suffered most severely; Lieut. Col. ELD, commanding the light company of the 1st regiment of guards, was the only British officer killed; struck in the breast by a cannon ball, he instantly expired. He constantly wore the portrait of a lady in miniature, and it has been noticed, as a very extraordinary circumstance, that, though it was driven into the wound, upon being extricated by a surgeon, the portrait itself remained uninjured, while the glass and setting were demolished. Capt. WILLIAMS of the same regiment, and Lieut. WILSON of the artillery, were slightly wounded. The Austrians lost 170 men in killed and wounded; the British 74. The Hessians had 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, and 13 rank and file killed; 1 lieutenant colonel, 2 lieutenants, and 36 men wounded. The advanced posts were then pushed on to within a short distance of the town, and batteries were constructed on each side of the canal.

Nay the musquetry, often M——F's been heard swear,  
 He'll bring on their works in a few days to bear.  
 We mean on all sieges in this to refine,  
 No lab'ring at trenches, no sapping, no mine.  
 And we'll carry our point, for the knowing ones say,  
 Ev'ry plan must succeed, being *quite à l'Anglois!*  
 No *Ferraris* can now to our projects object,  
 But each *brilliant thought* will be crown'd with effect;  
 And tho' there are fools\*, who our councils molest,  
 Declaring the place we should closely invest;

\* It had been generally supposed by the officers of the Duke's army that the troops would have remained near Furnes, till the heavy guns arrived from England, and till the fleet under Admiral MACBRIDE intended to co-operate with the besiegers, hove in sight. The enemy would *then* have been left in a state of uncertainty as to all future operations; but when they perceived, that after barely allowing them time to repose, the tents were ordered to be struck, and they were *at once* to advance upon the town, information was supposed to have arrived of such a nature, as would permit *no waste of time*; and that the governor had either agreed to throw open the gates, or that the garrison was in such a weak and defenceless state, as to render a *coup de main* not only practicable, but advisable. In both these suppositions, they too soon found they were deceived; for without any of the preparations in *England* being even in a degree of forwardness, without a *single gun* heavier than a field piece, they had rushed on, under the very walls of Dunkirk, and then halting, gave the troops in garrison four and twenty hours to consider, whether they would surrender up the place or not. The little army thus advanced, generally computed at about 10,000 effective men, not being sufficiently strong for the investiture of the fortress, the governor made the best use of the time thus granted to him. The garrison was augmented, heavy guns were mounted on the ramparts, and supplies of every kind thrown in. Of what avail was then the bravery of the troops? and what was their situation the short time they remained before the place? The inundations increasing daily, rendered the ground, on which the British were encamped, a perfect *swamp*; fresh water became scarce, and so bad, that it was hardly drinkable. The only method to procure the most trifling supply, was by digging very deep for it, and *then*, after hours of hard labour, it became, in a *few moments*, brackish, and impregnated with *salt water*, which flowed in with every tide, and was prevented from return-

Nor leave it thus open to Lille and Cassel ;  
 'Tis nonsense, believe me, all things must go well.  
 For FREYTAG\*, *choice troops* has forth carefully drawn,  
 The pride of his nation, not Hanover's spawn:  
 And those reptiles, scarce worthy an English spun halter,  
 Will fly before heroes from famous Gibraltar.  
 We're wond'rous *alerte* too, and gallop each night,  
 Till our steeds pant for breath, though their burthens are  
 light:

For we're *feather weights* all, saving C-LV-RT and  
 H-WG-LL,

And the latter's eye forming a *pen* from a new quill;

ing to the sea, by means of flood gates. The heavy guns came slowly *one* by *one*, up the canal from Ostend, there was no sign of the promised fleet, and the settled calm in the town, seemed only to portend a dreadful storm.

\* Field marshal FREYTAG commanded the *covering army*, consisting of the Hanoverians, and part of the Austrian quota furnished by Prince COBOURG, mustering in the whole about 12,000 men as was generally supposed, though some Hanoverian officers have computed it at only 9,000. He had succeeded in taking up his ground at *Hondschoote*, and thereby kept the garrison of Bergues pent up within their walls. On Mons Cassel the French, however, soon constructed a most formidable camp, sending thither daily fresh troops from *Lille*, communicating with the town of Dunkirk by *Grawelines*. The forts of St. André and St. Louis were also in their hands, and the besiegers had made their approaches on the Flemish side of the town where it was best defended.

An epidemical disorder very soon appeared amongst the troops, increasing daily, called the *Dunkirk fever*, which carried off the soldiers rapidly, though they suffered but little when on duty, from the shells aimed at their batteries, which were thrown with such force, that they generally buried themselves in the sand, and the fuses were extinguished ere they burst.

Prince COBOURG was at this period proceeding vigorously with the siege of *Le Quesnoi*; the allies had been successful in their various skirmishes on the left banks of the Rhine, and Gen. WURMSUR's head quarters were advanced to *Rhinxaberen*; on the 20th of August a severe engagement took place near the town of Lauterberg; no signal advantages were gained, though many lives were lost on both sides. The Republi-

While the country we scow'r, and the post reconnoitre,  
 Still B-NT-CK remains, for the dinner to *cater*.  
 Tir'd of padding the hoof in *the guards*, very soon  
 Against nature you'll grant, he became a dragoon.  
 For on horseback we find he 'as a tickelish seat,  
 Tho' fam'd as an excellent judge of good meat.  
 At croak of a raven, or chant of a linnet,  
 Should steed prick his ears, B-NT-CK's down in a minute.  
 The reason of this we can truly expound,  
 He's short in the fork, and his thigh's rather round.  
 None so active with us as Pr——ce J—N, and we're sure  
 From what he declares we are fully secure.  
 Just now, he's come down from a sycamore tree,  
 Where he's been for this hour with his friend the marquis;  
 And they plainly discover'd if fame reports true,  
 A man, *a la distance, habillie en bleu*,  
 A Frenchman of course, and I'll venture a bet,  
 A sentinel mounted, yclep'd a vidette.  
 That remains to be prov'd tho', but dinner I spy,  
 I scent *fricandeaus*, and must bid you good bye.

cans however abandoned several ammunition waggons, and 19 pieces of heavy artillery. The Duke of BRUNSWICK was at that time at *Homburg* in the duchy of *Deux Ponts*, and detaching Prince HOHENLOHE to keep the enemy posted at *Neu Hornbach* in check, made a successful attack upon the camp at *Feljenbrunn*, where a corps of between 6, and 7,000 of the French had pitched their tents.

A general attack was made upon the Dutch posts by a column of the enemy, drawn from the camp of *Madelaine*, under the walls of *Lille*. *Lamoi*, *Roubaix*, *Turcoin*, and *Rong*, were carried by the French, but soon retaken. Another corps advanced at the same moment upon *Werwicke*, where, experiencing a more formidable opposition than was expected, they precipitately retreated, unable to effect the passage of the *Lys*.

### LETTER III.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FURNES, 9, *Sept.* 1793.

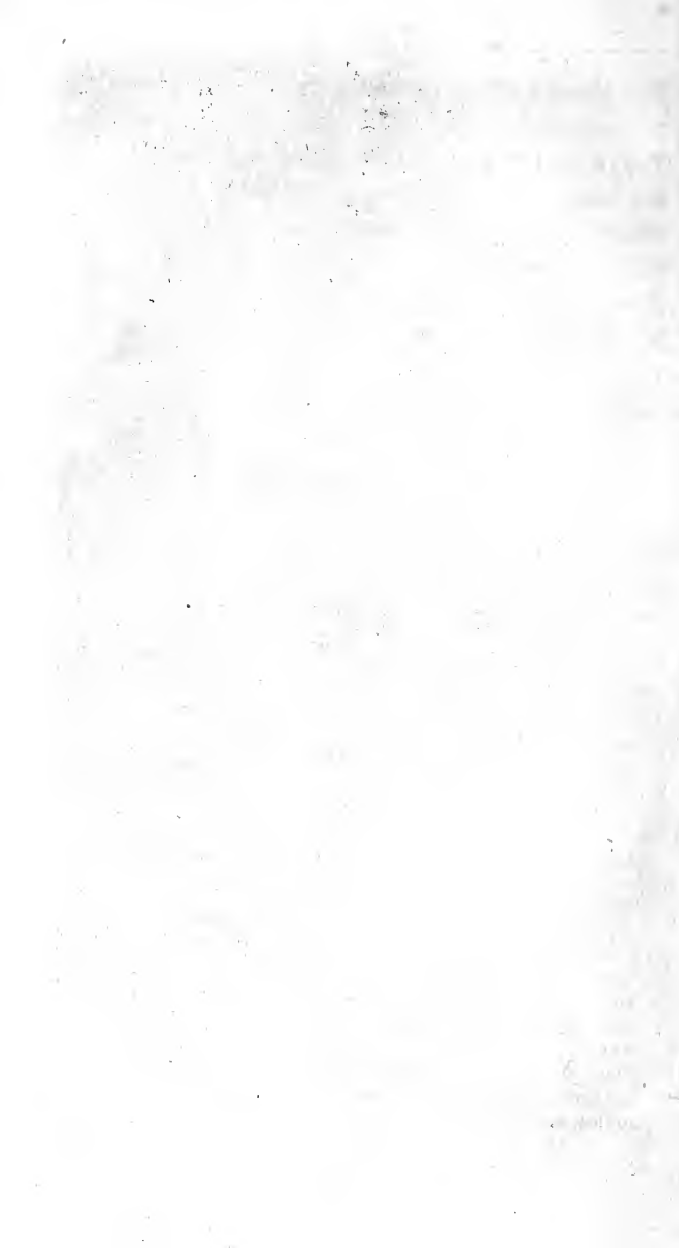
*Defeat of the Covering Army—Consequent Retreat from Dunkirk.*

ALAS, and alack ! all the fat's in the fire !  
From Dunkirk in haste, we've been forc'd to retire.  
The French from the place made a desp'rate fortie,  
Tho' we verily thought that it never could be,  
For so quiet those crafty Republicans seem'd,  
That of such a misfortune no mortal had dream'd.  
Nay, we fully expected each moment, dear LUCE !  
*O'Meara* would send out a *trumpet* and *truce*.  
But paddy kept snug till he found that HOUGHARD  
Was able to offer old FREYTAG *his card*.  
No language can paint all our grief and surprise,  
And sorrow at once open'd ev'ry man's eyes.  
E'en J-HN-T-NE, who all things can prove *upon paper*,  
Perceiv'd at wrong end we had lighted the taper,  
O thou ! who so well with thy pencil didst trace ;  
Each approach that we made to this d—mn--ble place !  
Tie crape round its top, as it marks our retreat,  
And shews where we made the best use of our feet.  
And no more shall *mock batteries*\* throw pellets of bread,  
Like cannister-shot at your nice powder'd head !

\* Great minds must at times unbend ; a *Prime Minister* has been known to chase a butterfly ; and it was a favorite amusement at head-quarters to *open batteries* with cherry-stones, or pellets of bread upon the D. Q. M. G. whose good nature was proverbial.



*Favourite Amusement at Head Quarters.*





Nor H—WG—LL, nor CL—NT—N, puff smoke in your  
eyes,

Till tir'd with their wit from the table you rise.

But let me my senses collect, to relate

What occasion'd this dreadful reverse in our fate.

Our ears were annoy'd by a brisk cannonade\*!

And FREYTAG in haste sent, imploring our aid !

So we order'd some horse and our premier brigade. }

But the French, ere their rout they'd pursu'd half a mile,

Sallied forth from the place in a spirited style!

\* Early in the morning, on the 5th of September, Field Marshal FREYTAG made a successful attack upon the French post of *Ernecke*, on the river *Pecne*, taking prisoners 5 officers, and 60 rank and file. On the 6th, the Republicans advancing from their camp on *Mons Coffe'*, and their troops in garrison at *Bergues*, at the same time sallying forth, assaulted the Hanoverians at *Wormhout* and *Esquelberg*; and pouring down with a superiority of numbers, which at length became irresistible, carried those posts, ultimately possessing themselves of *Bambecke*, *Poperinge*, and *Rousbrugge*. A heavy cannonade continued all that day, and an aid-de-camp, from FREYTAG, was dispatched to convey to his Royal Highness the unpropitious tidings. The troops in camp were accordingly ordered under arms; about two o'clock in the evening, the guards passing *Lefferinckboucke*, were proceeding, as they imagined, to support the covering army, but a brisk fire commencing from the batteries on the right banks of the canal, it was found that the troops in garrison, (aware of HOUGHARD's success) had sallied forth, and the brigade counter-marching, was ordered to its former ground. The Austrian regiments of *Collredo* and *Jordis*, with the 14th British infantry, were then engaged most briskly, and the firing continued without intermission for a moment, till it was nearly dark. The French, when they began to waver, were pressed with so much spirit and success, that they precipitately retreated towards the town, and were followed up so closely, that had not their pursuers been recalled, they must have enter'd *Dunkirk* with them, both parties having reached together, the crest of the glacis. Then was the want of the long-looked-for fleet severely felt, for the French gun boats swept off great numbers of the allies exposed upon the strand to their incessant fire.

Which oblig'd us to beckon the Guards back again,  
 And FREYTAG was left his own ground to maintain.  
 Disturb'd at *our dinner*, we hasten'd to see,  
 What the end of this popping was likely to be.  
 Like lions ! our troops fought, and soon made them fly,  
 Tho' not without loss to themselves by the bye.  
 MONCRIEF was the first who lay stretch'd on the sand ;  
 MONCRIEF, who for valour ! our praise must command.  
 Next MARCHAL, a soldier most highly esteem'd,  
 And justly a loss to the family deem'd,  
 But peace to the manes\* of those who are dead,  
 A tear for their fate we have sorrowing shed !

\* Colonel MONCRIEF was killed in his exertions to keep the gun boats in awe by the field pieces of the troops engaged ; and Captain MARCHAL, an Hanoverian aid-de-camp, was mortally wounded, when conveying orders from his Royal Highness. Ensign M'DONALD of the 37th lost his life by a chance-shot, when on duty in the batteries. Captain GARNIER, Lieut. M'KENSIE, and Ensigns ELRINGTON, SMITH, and WILLIAMS, with volunteers DAY and M'GRATH of the 14th regiment, were wounded. A serjeant, and 9 rank and file, were killed. A serjeant, drummer, and 36 wounded. The other regiments of General ABERCROMBIE's brigade were but little exposed, the 37th having only 3 privates wounded, and the 53d four. The Austrians suffered more severely, they lost, according to their own returns, 150 men in killed and wounded.

FREYTAG, crossing the river *Yser*, fell back that night upon *Hondschoote*, keeping the right flank of his army appuyé to a branch of the canal running from *Furnes* to *Bergues*, while his left extended to *Leysele*. His Royal Highness Prince ADOLPHUS, and the Hanoverian field marshal, were, during their retreat, *both* slightly wounded, and for a *few moments* in the hands of the Republicans ; supposing a patrol of their own cavalry was in their front, they had entered the village of *Rexpoede* *then* in the enemy's possession. They were soon, however, extricated from their perilous situation, by a detachment of the troops under the command of general WALMODEN. FREYTAG's wound, though not by any means *severe*, obliged him to retire from the scene of action. Very little firing was heard until the evening of the 7th, when the French advancing once again, were in their turn repulsed. On the 8th, HOUCHARD

We all were that day in a great consternation,  
 And each lost his wonted profound penetration !  
 Ye Gods, we exclaim'd, all our wishes are cross'd,  
 Our hopes at an end, and the town must be lost.  
 Then orders\* were giv'n that the siege should be rais'd,  
 And a measure so prudent, most highly was prais'd.

having received the last detachment of those reinforcements, which, by *coaches, waggons, cabriolets, and carts*, all put in requisition for the purpose, had been dispatched from *Lille, Cambray, Douay, Arras*, in short, from every fortrefs in the north, poured down *en masse*, and forcing the centre of WALMODEN's line, (that General, then commanding in the absence of field marshal FREYTAG,) obliged him, with a loss which never has been ascertained, to fall back upon *Bulscamp*. On the 6th, 7th, and 8th, the returns of killed, wounded, and missing, in the Covering Army, amounted nearly to 8,400 men. One regiment, which had been in the morning of the 8th complete in officers, returned from the field of battle, in the *evening*, commanded by a junior ensign. The late Sir WILLIAM ERSKINE, with a part of his brigade of *heavy* cavalry, was stationed near Hondschote. His troops, however, owing to the nature of the ground, were not engaged, though *dismounted*, and formed ready to act as infantry.

\* The moment that intelligence of the entire defeat of the covering army was received, orders were issued to the besieging army *to retreat*, and *those orders* were productive of more confusion than had *perhaps* before been ever witnessed. A very insufficient number of carts and horses were, with difficulty, procured to carry off the baggage. All the heavy pieces of ordnance that had been sent out from England, amounting in the whole to nearly 40 iron guns of a calibre, to carry balls of 24 pounds weight, with an immense quantity of amunition, were abandoned to the enemy; however great the necessity for this prompt retreat, Lieut. Col. CONGREVE, who commanded the artillery, gave it as his decided opinion, that, with perfect safety, it might have been deferred for four and twenty hours, in which time he would have undertaken the removal of *those guns*. The rulers of the French nation were, however, of a very different opinion; and HOUGHARD, notwithstanding his success, was *guillotined* for not pouring down upon the besiegers, and driving them *into the sea*, after he had handled so roughly the forces posted to protect them. About midnight, on the 8th of September, the Duke of YORK's army was in motion; and the creaking carts had been so over-loaded, that the horses could scarcely drag them from the camp: at a snail's pace they at length proceeded, halting so frequently, that it was long

Helter skelter the baggage was pack'd up in haste,  
On the backs of the mules quick their burdens were  
plac'd;

And all the fufs that ensued, to describe, would require  
The aid of the nine, and Apollo's own lyre.

How the French must have caper'd next day, when  
they found

All the guns, wine, and baggage, we left on the ground.

before the column could be said to have gained ground. Near *Lefferinchouke* the whole was some time detained, waiting for the third regiment of guards, which had been, as well as the loyal emigrants, on piquet at the village of *Teteghem*. Upon the arrival of that battalion, and the picquets on duty in the batteries, the troops renewed their tedious march. So much were they delayed by baggage-waggons overturning, and the various other circumstances, that they were the whole night traversing a distance of barely *eleven miles*. Had they been attacked in that situation, the result must have been unfortunate, though the Republicans might not have been able exactly to have driven them into the ocean, for they would have contended with men who would, at that moment, have fought them desperately. The rear-guard was conducted by the late Sir WILLIAM ERSKINE; and the loss of the baggage fell chiefly upon the cavalry under his command. That brave veteran exerted himself, on this trying occasion, to the utmost; and no man could have possessed, in a higher degree, the confidence and good opinion of his troops. He had, at that time, served in thirty-five campaigns, without ever receiving the slightest wound, though his person was upon every occasion as much exposed as that of the private foldier.

Between *Adinkercke* and Furnes, the army halted on the 9th of September. The baggage was then ordered to Ostend, and so much was dreaded the consequences of this unfortunate retreat, that the military chest had been carried on board a frigate in that port, and preparations were made to *embark* the stores there also. Several of the batt-men then proceeding with their carts and loaded horses, were overtaken by the tide, and lost their lives; and many, who themselves escaped, were unable to save, from the advancing waves, the property with which they were entrusted: while those who in safety reached Ostend, were, for some strange and unaccountable reason, refused admittance to the town.

It was at the time reported, and in general it is *now* believed, that the Duke's army, from the time his Royal Highness left Prince COUROC, to undertake that siege, for ever to be grievously lamented, lost, ere the retreat was made secure, by *fever*, the fire of the enemy, and other misfortunes, at least 10,000 men.

Not to mention the heaps of good powder and ball ;  
 But I ne'er should have done could I reckon up all.  
 Sir J-M-IE the pen will resume without fail,  
 So expect from that *wonderful scribe* the detail :  
 To him I refer you ; suffice it to add,  
 The family fav'd all the baggage they had.  
 Our motions entirely depend on the foe,  
 So none can divine where we're likely to go.  
 But quarters so snug and so much to my mind,  
 As those at Estreux, Where, alas ! shall we find ?  
 For the present, heart-broken, I bid you farewell,  
 But in hopes live, ere long, better tidings to tell.

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## LETTER IV.

HEAD QUARTERS, MENIN, Oct. 5, 1793.

*A Council of War.—Intrepid Determinations.—BEAULIEU seizes upon Menin.  
A settled Calm succeeds a threatened Storm.*

TO and fro' tofs'd,\* like waves by each opposite wind,  
We are settled at length, much to ev'ry man's mind.  
To be sure, we have had a most terrible dance,  
To escape from these *devils incarnate* of France;  
But the tables are turn'd, brighter prospects appear,  
As LUCY, well pleas'd shall, and presently, hear:  
At Thorout alarm'd by this dreadful narration,  
That Mynheer, foundly thrash'd, had abandoned his  
station†,

\* To add to every other unfortunate circumstance attending the retreat from Dunkirk, Admiral MACBRIDE arrived at *Furnes* the very day the Duke's army had encamped near that town, so that the fleet had appeared in sight exactly at the moment when *all was lost*, and it could not possibly have been of any service.

The army was in motion at four o'clock in the morning, on the 10th of September, and took up fresh ground. On the 11th, intelligence arrived of an attack having been made upon Ypres; and the troops proceeded to the relief of that fortress, but they had scarcely reached *Furnes*, when an aid-de-camp brought intelligence, that the French had abandoned their enterprize, in consequence of a successful attack which the Austrians, under General BEAULIEU, had made upon their posts near Lille. On the 12th, the Duke's army moved towards *Dixmude*; and late at night on the 14th, formed *en Beuvouac* near Thorout, having on the march been joined by the 19th, 57th, and a detachment from the 42d regiment from Ostend.

† A general attack was made upon the Prince of ORANGE's posts along the river Lys, on the 12th, and without making by any means a

Not conceiving it prudent or safe to remain,  
 From Menin he fled, scow'ring over the plain;  
 Which proves 'tis a false and ridiculous notion,  
 That a Dutchman resembles a *snail* in his motion.  
 'Twas thought, on this news, we should have a debate,  
 So a council was held in the Chamber of State;  
 Some voted to Bruges to march, or Ostend,  
 Thinking all we could hope, was those towns to defend;  
 But Sir WULLIE arose, with a steady grave face,  
 And said, " De ye ken this same Menin's a place  
 Of the utmost importance, and troth I advise,  
 That we march, and those d——n'd Sons of Licence  
 chastise.

Aw our laurels by this, we at once shall regain:  
 Having told ye my mind, lads, I'll sit down again."

proper resistance, the Dutch troops abandoning Menin, fell back upon *Bruges* and *Ghent*.

So greatly had the panic spread, that they took the horses from their guns, and galloped off in straggling parties, in a most irregular and unsoldier-like manner. Their flight through *Courtray* alarmed the inhabitants, and many of them naturally conceiving that the French were at the heels of their *defenders*, abandoned their property and fled to *Bruges*, where the commandant, finding the Dutch troops passing through the town, ordered the *Ghent* gate to be closed, and by that means detained them in his garrison. A cornet of their cavalry carrying the standard of his regiment, was met *alone on full gallop* along the *Chaussée*, leading from *Courtray* to *Bruges*, by a British aid-de-camp, who with difficulty prevailed upon him to check his speed, and relate the reason of his unaccountable appearance. " Venture not further," said the valiant standard bearer, " for we have been driven by a superior force from Menin; and the French must by this time be in possession of *Courtray*; for my part," he added, " I shall certainly proceed to *Sluys* in *Holland*, for all is lost, and there is now no nearer place of safety." It is also a notorious fact, for the narrator was a witness to it, that a Dutch officer, finding himself enclosed within the walls of *Bruges*, came pale and trembling to the quarters of the commandant,

The —— smil'd applause : and Sir J-M-IE demanded  
 Permission to speak, which was not countermanded.  
 “ 'Twas a pity,” he said, “ it appear'd to him plain,  
 Our Allies were unable their post to maintain :  
 But, we sure might *retake it*, or *let it alone*,  
 He was much at a loss which *was best* to be done ;  
 In short, what the——, might think proper to do,  
 Was surely the *propereſt* plan to purſue.”  
 And J-HN-T-NE, PR-CE J-HN, nay *we all*, to a man,  
 Declar'd he had ſtruck out a *wonderful* plan.  
 The ——, then triumphantly roſe from his ſeat,  
 And ſaid, “ 'tis reſolv'd—we'll the enemy meet.”  
 After which each man preſſing his couch for the night,  
 In dreams gather'd laurels and *ſhar'd* in the fight.  
 PR-CE J-HN, in a very great ſtyle, the next day,  
 The orders gave out, and the troops march'd away.\*  
 But we heard, when our line had to Rouſſelair drawn  
                     near,  
 The roaring of cannon, diſtinctly and clear.

and, *riſum teneatis*, falling on his knees before him, requeſted that the gates might be again thrown open, and himſelf be ſuffered to eſcape !

\* On the 15th, at day break, agreeable to the determination of the council held at *Thorout* ; the troops were under arms, and advanced towards *Rouſſelair*, in order to co-operate with General BEAULIEU to re-take Menin, and the different poſts abandoned by the Dutch. Lieutenant General *Erbach*, with 4 battalions of Auſtrian and Heſſian infantry, preceded by 4 ſquadrons of Britiſh cavalry, pushed on to *Ledegheim* ; and Prince COBOURG, by the fall of *Le Queſnoi*, which place ſurrendered at diſcretion on the 7th of September, after he had defeated the French with a loſs of 3000 men, and 11 pieces of cannon, near *Villiers en Couche*, being enabled to push on towards *Lille* with a large body of troops ; it was determined to attack the Republicans in every direction, *at once*, and force them to re-cross *the Lys*.



And found to our joy, my dear LUCY I own,  
From BEAULIEU,\* thy champions *equality*, flown.

\* Early in the Morning, on the 15th of September, the French, to the number of, from 12 to 14,000 men, advanced from *Wewelghem* to *Bisseghem*, attacking briskly the advanced posts on the left of BEAULIEU's army; that General, however, by dispatching speedy reinforcements, prevented the post of *Bisseghem* from being forced; when the Republicans had recourse to their numerous train of heavy artillery, endeavouring, by a tremendous cannonade, to dislodge the Austrians from their position behind the *Lauterberg*. At that moment their left flank was turned by a corps of Austrian infantry, led on by Captain MALKSHAM of the regiment of BEAULIEU, who immediately commenced a brisk discharge of cannon and of musquetry, with such effect, that they began to waver, and BEAULIEU, with the main body of his army, charging them in front, they fled precipitately. They were pursued to the very gates of Menin, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, the Austrians attacked the place with their heavy guns and howitzers, at the same time assaulting the ramparts at the gate of Rouffelaire: the enemy, without any further resistance, evacuating the town, re-passed the Lys, leaving behind them, at the bridge, a weak rear-guard. The Imperialists then entered Menin at the gate of Courtray, and General Erbbach arriving with his corps, they crossed the river, when two of the *British* squadrons joined the Austrian Hussars in pursuit of the Republicans towards Roneq. BEAULIEU lost in this affair about 100 men, great numbers of prisoners were taken from the French, with artillery and ammunition waggons, and in killed and wounded they must have suffered severely, while great numbers were drowned in their endeavours to repass the Lys.

On the 16th, the Duke of YORK's army was in motion, and passing through the town, encamped near Menin, when the picquets were again advanced to *Wervicke*.

Prince COBOURG wishing to close his operations for the year with the reduction of *Maubeuge*, succeeded on the 29th of September in passing the Sambre, and in driving into the entrenched camp, surrounding the walls of that fortress, all the advanced picquets of the enemy.

The different columns of his army were in motion at day-break; CLAIRFAIT's crossed the river at *Berlaimont*, and meeting with very little resistance, took up a position near *Ameries*, between *Aulnois* and *Bachamps*. General Count COLLEREDO's passed over at *Pont* and *Hauumont*; and surprising the French camp near *St. Remi Malbati*, took possession of their tents, baggage, and 9 pieces of artillery: unable to pursue them, owing to the nature of the ground, only a few men were taken prisoners, and not above 100 killed and wounded. The Austrians of that column encamped between *Hauumont* and the *Bois de Beaufort*.

In another direction, (above *Maubeuge*) General DE LA TOUR's column crossed the Sambre, between *Jeumont* and *Marbent*, taking also a

So we took up our ground without firing a shot,  
 And safely and snugly possession have got.  
 For a time, our good fortune I scarce could believe,  
 As appearances often the senses deceive :  
 But ye Gods ! we enjoy once again, it is true,  
 Those pleasures we heretofore knew at Estreux !  
 Good living, found port girl, and nothing to do. }  
 When retreating from Dunkirk, we felt very fore,  
 But our crests are erected as high as before.  
 At Head-Quarters a feldzeug appears in each hat,  
 Tho' faith we've but little pretensions to that ;  
 For a feldzeug was never retreating obtain'd,  
 But points out the champion who *conquests* has gain'd.

French camp by surprise, near *Requignies* ; the troops in their pursuit of the Republicans, killing 300 men, according to Lord ELGIN's statement. This column then took up a position near *Cerfontaine*, occupying also the Bois de *Bonpere*, near *Rousies* ; and its left flank extending beyond *Ferriere la petite*, communicated with the corps commanded by Count COLLEREDO. A fourth column advancing from *Charleroi*, under Colonel SECKENDORF, formed, without much opposition, near *Colleret*.

Thus, with a loss of only 50 men, in killed and wounded, the investiture of *Maubeuge* was happily effected.

On the 14th of September, an attack was made by the French upon the Duke of BRUNSWICK's position near *Pirmasens*. By a very judicious *manœuvre*, the Prussians surrounded their assailants, when 3000 men grounded their arms, and surrendered themselves as prisoners of war. The Duke then pushing forwards, surprised a French camp at *Bitche*, and burnt their tents and baggage found there. The attacks made by the enemy, were that day, as usual, general ; and they were in every direction defeated. The regiment called the *Sans Culottes*, was cut to pieces by a detachment of the corps commanded by General Count KALKRUTH.

The Spaniards had also obtained a decided victory, near *Truillas*, on the 22d. The Republicans having, at seven in the morning, commenced the attack with an army amounting to above 20,000 men, divided into five columns. They were repulsed and defeated by the Spanish cavalry, and the corps of infantry, commanded by Count de la Union, and Don Juan Courten, with a loss, estimated in the Madrid Gazettes, at between 5 and 6,000 men, including 1500 prisoners, with ten pieces of cannon, several cart loads of small arms, and a great quantity of baggage.

Thank my stars, 'tis now fix'd when we close this campaign ;

The family *all* visit England again.

Together, dear LUCY, we then shall enjoy

Those pleasures of *London* which never can cloy.

*En attendant* adieu, may dull hours pass away,

Quick as thought flies, for lovers but ill-brook delay.

P. S. " There are," I can scarcely believe, but am told

There are, " who *our secrets* pretend to unfold.

And Sir J-M-IE forgot, as they *daringly* say,

To order the transports *in harbour* to stay.

He directions, I own, had receiv'd to detain

The ships till he heard from St. James's again.

And tho' to be sure when arriv'd at Ostend,

His orders he did not *immediately* send.

From this *petite distraction* he rous'd on the road,

And sent off a post-boy to POPHAM's\* abode.

Nor was it his fault all the transports had fail'd,

Having *much* to remember, his memory fail'd."

\* Lieut. POPHAM, Agent of transports at Ostend,

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## LETTER. V.

HEAD-QUARTERS, ENGLEFONTAINE. *Off.* 21, 1793.

*An unexpected movement—Reiterated republican attacks en Masse, produce bad news from Clairfait—Consolation afforded by a good dinner—Retreat from Maubeuge—A Feu de joie.*

OUR hopes to rest tranquilly snug, were in vain.  
And faith *this* has proved a most bustling campaign,  
All places to us tho' are nearly the same,  
While the cooks can keep up and the mules fall not lame.  
Inur'd to gall'd *Withers*, no torment they feel  
*From use*, as fair Jane cry'd when skinning an Eel,  
And *warbles* and *swellings* 'twere folly to heed,  
As long as they're sturdily pleas'd to proceed.  
As to me, I feel happy *new worlds* to explore,  
And traverse those lands I may traverse no more.  
For trav'ling, we're told, gives new force to the mind,  
And pleasure as well as improvement we find.  
Variety too, is our chief's darling passion,  
So changing our Quarters *of course* is the fashion:  
While F——x we are certain will never be quiet,  
Till he gets a good chateau, if once he can spy it.  
A propos—he has join'd us, I think, since my last,  
And J-HN-NE's not pleas'd that he gallopp'd so fast.  
For he thought he was sure to succeed poor MONCRIEF,  
And F-x's appointment has fill'd him with grief.  
Nay he swears tho' he's on the best terms in the world,  
With the ———, he'll no longer have deputy hurl'd



*A Council of War interrupted?*

In his teaching, but his office is in the temple  
 Yet he'll keep it as a secret, and I shall have none  
 Too well does he know, and the strength of his love  
 To change and to be changed, and to be other than  
 Which none but the sage can understand  
 And with Gravity's design, and with the  
 Too well does he know, and the strength of his love  
 And he's a man, and he's a man, and he's a man  
 No more, and he's a man, and he's a man  
 What's the use of it, and he's a man

In his teeth; but his office is fix'd to resign:  
 Yet he'll keep it, as surely as I shall keep mine.  
 Too well does he know all the charms of this life,  
 To change and be rous'd by the four o'clock fife\*,  
 Which rouses the fags to parade till *broad day*,  
 And with Grinney's delight whistles Morpheus away,  
 Too well does he know *to the State* of what † use  
 Are his talents and pencil their aid to refuse,  
 No BOBBY your *fix'd resolution* revoke,  
 When you talk of *retiring*, you mean it in joke ‡.

\* At 4 o'clock in the morning, while the Duke's army was encamped at *Englefontain*, orders were issued for the line to be formed in front of the tents, and for the troops to remain under arms till dismissed by the commanding officers of corps. The guards were informed of the hour to turn out, by a solitary fifer, who marched, playing a dismal tune, along the streets of their encampment.

† A number of the Aid-de-camps, and officers on the staff, composing the family of His royal highness the commander in chief, voted the D. Q. M. G. to have been of great service to the army, and decreed him the honor of being *chaired*, to shew the *high sense* entertained of his abilities; accordingly, at the *Abbaye St. Martin a Tournay*, upon the British first advancing into Flanders, they carried him thro' a long suite of apartments, crossing their hands to form a seat.

The Cavalcade at length came to a door *found closed*, which pushing open, the Aid de camps advanced, ere they discovered their mistake, upon *Prince Cobourg*, *Prince Hohenlobe*—*General Mack*—, and other chieftains, forming with His royal highness a *council of war*; eager to retreat again as speedily as possible, they disengaged their hands, and left the *highly honored* Colonel to his fate, who, hurled from his lofty throne, was landed on the table round which the *warlike leaders* were assembled; who were thus alarmed and interrupted as the plate describes.

‡ This was the general opinion; but Col. JOHNSTONE, when the command of the 1st battalion of the 3d guards devolved upon him, by the promotion of Col. WATSON, to the rank of Major General, resigned his office on the staff, much to his credit. He had certainly been of great use to the brigade while in Holland, as he perfectly understood the language, having been formerly in the service of their High Mightinesses in the Scotch brigade. We have now to lament his death, which happened very suddenly, just as he was preparing to return to England on promotion.

As our lot was the posts on the Lys to defend,  
 We conceiv'd, as I hinted, our labours would end.  
 For the Carmagnols all, are more easily led,  
 Against *blue* and *orange*, than British spun *red*.  
 But our Horse were demanded by COBOURG the great!  
 As the fate of Maubeuge became doubtful of late.  
 So we forwarded kindly, our *infantry* too,  
 That the one might disperse, and the other pursue.  
 (The dragoons, by the bye, were the forces he wanted,  
 That the foot would be welcome, we took it for granted.)  
 And\* packing them off without further delay,  
 They halted at Camphain, to breathe by the way.  
 Then our route we pursuing, reach'd Englefontaine,  
 Where the news we receiv'd made each breast throb with  
     pain,  
 The dinner was ready *at four*, by the clocks,  
 And *six* at the least, by the stomach of F——x.  
 When tidings were brought that the knives, forks, and  
     plates  
 Were delay'd by some ill natur'd prank of the fates;  
 And a dust cover'd Kaifer reported † CLAIRFAIT,  
 Had been briskly attack'd, and was forc'd to give way,

\* The movement of the army from Menin, took place at day break on the 10th of October, the troops were that night cantoned at *Estabourg*, *Pecq*, and other villages towards *Tournay*; on the 11th they were encamp'd on the plains of *Cisaine* near *Camphain*, and halting till the 14th, marched and were cantoned *at St. Amand*; on the 15th they were encamp'd at *Soltain* near Valenciennes, and on the 16th they took up a position near Englefontaine, between *Le Quesnoi* and *Landrecies*, previously occupied by some Austrian Regiments which were advanced to reinforce CLAIRFAIT.

† The Austrians, composing CLAIRFAIT's column, had been incessantly engaged from the 15th, and though repulsed with great slaughter,



That the siege would most likely, e're morning, be rais'd!  
 At this you may fancy we all were amaz'd.  
 None can state what affliction had follow'd I'm sure ;  
 But the sound of a *waggon* effected a cure,  
 For the waggon contain'd the knives, forks, spoons, and  
     dishes,  
 And dinner soon follow'd to crown all our wishes.  
 Our places we took, and each man had his share  
 Of *ven'son*,\* *mock turtle*, *soups*, *turbot*, and *hare*.  
 No more did we think of Maubeuge or CLAIRFAIT,  
 But drank off our wine, and retir'd till next day.  
 Two boys on a plank you must often have seen,  
 This pois'd high in air, on the ground that has been :

and a loss of 12 pieces of cannon, the Republicans renewed their assaults with fresh troops, favoured by an impenetrable forest, (*La Haye d'Avesnes*) the skirts of which they had defended by numerous pieces of heavy artillery.

Against the left of Gen. CLAIRFAIT's corps, their efforts were directed, and after having been repeatedly driven from the village of *Wattigweis*, they ultimately pouring down *en Masse*, carried and maintained the post. All communication between this column, and that commanded by Gen. De la Tour, observing the entrenched Camp near Maubeuge, being thus cut off, Prince COBOURG thought it expedient to abandon totally his enterprise, and raise the siege; accordingly at night, on the 18th of October, the Austrians crossing the river, took up a position on the left banks of the Sambre. Twenty four pieces of heavy Cannon and two Howitzers were taken by the Austrians, in their several engagements; the system of *defending guns*, has, indeed, been long exploded by the French, for they at all times think themselves repaid for the loss of their Artillery by gaining a few additional shots at their opponents; continuing therefore to fire till the *last moment*, they frequently abandon their field pieces.

CLAIRFAIT lost at least 2000 men in killed and wounded—It was reported confidently at the time, that, when the different corps of Austrians were in motion, the French *dreading* the consequences of a general attack which they conceived Prince COBOURG to have meditated, abandoned their entrenched camp; if so, at the *same moment* both armies must have been retreating.

\* An exact *Bill of Fare*.

Quick as thought they've chang'd places and balanc'd so  
well,

No eyes could discover which rose or which fell.  
So, good news *on bad* flowing fast, left us here,  
Not knowing if *luck* or *misfortune* was near.  
We determin'd, at length, by a brisk feu de joie,  
The effects of Prince COBOURG's retreat to destroy,  
And prove the advantage we'd clearly obtain'd,  
As WURMSER the lines had at Weissenbourg gain'd \*.  
Thrice we fir'd in the air, thrice like heroes huzza'd!  
So loud it must surely the French have dismay'd.—  
O, winter with icicles crown'd come, to Ghent  
Drive the Fags, and let us, Gods! to England be sent;  
How I pant for the period when lock'd in your arms,  
I shall find a reward for these dreadful alarms!

\* At three o'clock in the morning, on the 13th of October, General WURMSER made his projected attack on the formidable lines extending from *Lauterbourg* on the left banks of the Rhine, to *Weissenbourg*, and the event, after an engagement of fourteen hours, was brilliant and successful. By assault, the *Austrians*, in six separate columns, carried the numerous redoubts which had been constructed in front of the Republican encampments. When the largest was taken the tents were all found standing, and the colours flying in the front, which, with 26 pieces of artillery of a *large Calibre*, and a great quantity of ammunition, fell into the hands of the Imperialists.—The town of *Lauterbourg* was abandoned by the enemy, and taken possession of about 4 o'clock in the evening. *Weissenbourg* held the assailants at bay for several hours; from the redoubts by which it was defended, the French kept up a heavy and incessant cannonade, and part of the town was burnt before it was evacuated, the Republicans set fire to all their Magazines both in the place and at Alstad.

The total loss sustained by Gen. WURMSER, was estimated at between 7, and 800 men in killed and wounded, while the Republicans were reported to have had above 3,000 killed, and near 600 prisoners were taken by the Austrians: intelligence of this event was forwarded to Prince COBOURG, and the Duke of YORK, at the very moment when the Imperialists, before Maubeuge, had received their orders to cross the river Sambre, and a feu de joie in consequence was fired just as the *siege* was raised, which might have been distinctly heard by the French garrison of *Landrecies*.

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## LETTER VI.

HEAD QUARTERS, ABBAYE, ST. MARTIN,  
TOURNAY, Oct. 26, 1793.

*The Aid-de-Camp enraged, informs Miss Lucy of the Insolence discernable in  
Camp.—High Treason defined.—Adieu to St. Martins, Adieu to Tournay.*

'TIS strange all the malcontents gather and join,  
To blame us for quitting the plains of Cifsoing\*.  
And say that the safety of Flanders depended,  
On having that frontier completely defended.  
'Tis a comfort however, this proves very plain,  
Their censures are groundless, and this I'll maintain.  
A soldier *on service* must hardships endure,  
And has no right to grumble, or mutter, I'm sure.  
Tho' forc'd in cold weather to sleep on the ground,  
The tents left behind, and no straw to be found;  
With scarcely a batt horse allow'd in the line,  
He came here to suffer, and wherefore repine?  
He rather should glory, to smart in a cause,  
That crowns his commanders with well earn'd applause.  
Who can judge by events too, when oft LUCE, mere chance  
Proves we're forc'd to *retire* where we meant to advance,  
The chapter of accidents, thus without doubt  
Alone, from Menin our confederates forc'd out.

\* The possession of the plains of *Cifsoing* was deemed of infinite consequence to the allies; they were particularly favourable to Cavalry and from their central situation as well as their proximity to Lille, (*the village being only 3 leagues and a quarter from that fortress*,) troops stationed there could, in a short time, advance to any point menaced by the enemy.

Else Hanover's heroes, bewhisk'ed and fierce,  
When the French push'd in *carte* would have answer'd in  
*tierce*.

Not a man would have shewn such a dastardly soul,  
As to dance like the Dutch when they pip'd *Carmagnol*\*.  
Apropos, list to what has been said of Mynheer,  
By these croakers illib'ral, and ever severe;

\* "We have made them dance the *carmagnol*" is an expression very commonly made use of by the Republicans, when boasting of their victories. The inhabitants of *Menin*, when the Duke of YORK's army had received orders to move from its position, covering that town, foretold, that the moment the French were acquainted with the departure of the British, they would pay them another *civic visit*, and many of them wisely removed their property. As they suspected, the advanced posts of the corps left in that position, composed of Hanoverian troops and Austrians, were, on the 21st of October, assaulted, and the chief efforts of the Republicans were directed against *Werwicke* and *Mount Hallum*; the latter overlooks *Menin*, and *once* possessed, renders the place in some degree untenable. Though repulsed in their first advances, renewing their attacks, they, on the 22d, carried *Werwicke*, when, without defending *Mount Hallum*, the allies took up a position to protect *Courtray*, once more abandoning *Menin*, notwithstanding its works had been repaired, and new ones constructed with great labour. *Ciessing* was at the same time menaced by detachments from the camp of *Madelaine*, and the posts of *Willem* and *Nomain* were forced, but on the 23d, retaken. Their unsuccessful efforts in that quarter cost the French at least 400 men, and the Iniskillings, with the 16th regiment of British light dragoons, assisted to repulse them. A column had also advanced from *Lille* upon *Orchies*, but was driven back by the Austrians under Gen. KRAY, with a loss of five pieces of artillery. These attacks were made in every direction *at once* by orders from the National Convention, and on the 22d, detachments from their camps near *Dunkirk*, possessed themselves of *Furnes*, advancing upon *Nieuport*, where they were checked in their career by inundations. *Fort la Knocke*, and *Dixmude*, were at the same time abandoned, and the troops protecting them, fell back to *Thoront*, covering the town of *Bruges*.

Intelligence of Flanders being thus seriously menaced, arriving on the 23d, the Duke of YORK's army quitted *Englefontaine*, and counter-marching, was again encamped near *Valenciennes*.

Who in council assembled, in *central tent*,  
 To their splenetic humours give snarlingly vent;  
 But let them beware tho' they're free with the Dutch,  
 Not to loosen the reins of their tongues over much;  
 For we've *mark'd them*, and LUCY, *promotion* is sweet,  
 So those free-spoken gentry had best be discreet.  
 They'd use ORANGE's men they declare, as smok'd cheese  
 Is by dairy maids us'd, who on mice wish to seize.  
 For the Dutch would as surely French armies entice  
 To a snare, as smok'd cheese would draw pilfering mice.  
 Their allusions are clear as the sun in full blaze;  
 They'd as well say at once our allies *run all ways*, }  
 And ergo receive *tant des visites Françoisse*. }  
 Such insolence raises, I own it, my passion,  
 And I can't for my life, forbear laying the lash on;  
 Till the ground was mark'd out, as we're told they  
 complain,  
 At having been drench'd\* a few hours in the rain.  
 As if we the elements rul'd, and with ease  
 Could call down fine weather whenever we please.  
 The fact was, to please the good folks à *Tournay*;  
 In the evening we loung'd to a box at the play,  
 And debating on measures to prosper the state,  
*Midnight oil* was consum'd, nor was *down* press'd, till late;  
 And thus, by a trifling indulgence in bed,  
 These unmerited censures—drew on his head.

\* On the 24th, the tents were pitched at the *camp of Maulde*, near *St. Amand*, and at 3 o'clock in the morning on the 25th, the troops were put once more in motion. The distance they had to march not exceeding 8 miles and a quarter, they reached their ground at *Eer*, near *Tournay*, much sooner than, according to all appearances had been expected, for halting on the *Chaussée*, they were for some time exposed to drenching rain, before the lines of the encampment were traced out.

To ev'ry department they'd lay down the law,  
 And canvas the bread, nay the forage and straw;  
 'Tis envy, sheer envy, that loud makes them cry,  
 And induc'd them an Aid-de-Camp's cart, by the bye,  
 To turn out by main force from their line, 'twas *high*  
*treason*,

And this was, forsooth, what they gave for a reason.  
 Their own were *by orders* forbade to be there,  
 And a *family man* in their hardships should share;  
 Yet nothing could equal his great condescension,  
 To his *ci devant reg'ment*; and wondrous attention,  
 As he pass'd by some officers chatting together,  
 He said " How d'ye do, and remark'd 'twas fine weather."  
 BR--K W-TS-N they tell us, his deputies too,  
 Has left all his intricate bus'ness to do,  
 And *hopp'd off* to Brussels, le cœur toujours gaîe,  
 While the horses look pitiously round them for hay.  
 So sharp are their ribs, and so rough are their coats,  
 You perceive that they've tasted more whipcord than oats\*,  
 But BROOKEY will tell them a *plausible* tale,  
 And make them believe that a flail's *not* a flail!  
 To Camphain† to morrow our rout we pursue,  
 And bid to the monks of St. Martin's adieu.  
 It grieves me to leave the good fathers I own,  
 Where such comfort and real enjoyment we've known,

\* When at the camp of Maulde no forage could be possibly procured for the worn-down and jaded horses, till the batt men with difficulty procured a very scanty portion from the *Austrian commissaries*!

† The plains of Cissoing were, it was apprehended, in possession of the French, who had established posts along the *marque* from Lille. To re-occupy those plains, and to retake *Menin*, the Duke's forces were, on the 27th, in motion, and advanced towards Camphain.

While Flanders was thus threatened with invasion, the accounts of General WURMSER's operations on the left banks of the Rhine were

This change, tho' unpleasant, I'll bear like a man,  
 And make myself happy as long as I can.  
 All the news, when we're settled, my charmer shall hear,  
 'Till when, I remain, her adorer sincere!

favourable. *Haguenau* was evacuated on the 17th of October, and the Republicans retreating took up a position behind the river *Zorn*, which runs through *Brumpt*. Perceiving *an interval* between the advanced corps (amounting to about 6 000 men, formed under *Gen. Mazaroe's*) and the main body of the Austrians, which had pushed on, upon the fall of *Haguenau*, the French passed the river, and with their whole force assaulted *Gen. Mazaroe's*, with a view, by gaining his flank, of cutting him off from the grand army. After an engagement of seven hours, upon *Gen. WURMSUR's* moving forwards, they recrossed the *Zorn*, with a loss of above 800 men in killed and wounded, evacuating the heights and town of *Brumpt*. *WURMSUR* in this affair sustained a loss of near 400 Austrians. The Prince of *Waldeck's* corps at the same time advancing from the post of *Setz*, along the Rhine, took *Drugenheim*, and driving in the outposts, effected the investiture of *Fort Louis*. The troops behind the *Zorn* retreated in the night under the very walls of *Strasbourg*, and *Gen. WURMSUR's* army encamped within 3 leagues of that strong fortress.

## LETTER VII.

HEAD-QUARTERS, CAMPHAIN, Nov. 8, 1793.

*Advance to Campbain.—Affair of Lannoi.—Recapture of Menin.—Spirited Defence of Nicuport.—Redemption of Flanders.—Close of the Campaign.*

“ ARMS and the man I sing,” whose Veteran bands,  
Redeem’d from Frenchmans’ gripe, fair Belgia’s lands!  
O! to describe the scenes, my muse descend,  
An humble votary for once befriend.  
Aid him to shew what valiant troops could do,  
And let his praise their glorious steps pursue.  
Say, how they drove the foe from Cissoing’s \* plain;  
Their speed impeded by the heaps of slain;

\* On the 27th of October, an advanced squadron of the 2d, or Queen’s regiment of dragoon guards, fell in at the village of Sanghin, with a picket of French infantry, formed of 6 officers, and 150 men, on their retreat across the plains towards *Lexernes*. They killed near 50 on the spot, and with their broad swords cut up the rest in such a manner (as they had formed a hollow square, and made a brave defence) that not above a dozen men escaped unhurt. In a most mangled state, nearly 100 miserable objects were brought as prisoners to the Duke’s head-quarters; another squadron of the Queen’s, and some Austrian Hussars, having joined in the pursuit. The latter troops, keeping back till their enemies were thrown into confusion by the British charge, were then guilty of most unpardonable cruelties, for after cutting with their sabres till they had tired both hands, by way of *respite* from their labours, they drew their pistols from their holsters, and fired into the heaps of wounded. Every possible assistance was given to the suffering Frenchmen at Camphain, all the surgeons in the camp were sent to dress their wounds, and his Royal Highness, the commander in chief, humanely ordered wine and food to be distributed amongst them, ere they were carried off to Tournay. Instances of ferocity, and more than savage barbarity, in the light cavalry of his Imperial Majesty, were very frequent: the following is one amongst a number that occurred during the Campaign of 1793. They were generally entrusted with the conveyance of prisoners, and one of



Till mercy bade the conquerors forbear,  
And as they knew to vanquish, know how to spare.

My heroics must charm you, dear LUCE, I contend,  
Yet I think to my old style again I'll descend.

The sublime to the Cheese Mongers passeth away,  
While CRAMBO like this, lives its year and a day.

Be it mine to compose then in durable lays,  
As I ne'er could the drooping survive of my bays ;

One sprig, midst my laurels will flourish I hope,  
Tho' I aim not with Anna Matilda to cope ;

Nor have I, like fair Laura, my Trumpet, to tell  
How my works are admir'd, by that *Oracle* BELL !

Permit not, dear LUCE, any blue stocking dame,  
To bandy about my unfortunate name ;

Where DELLA's triumphantly seated in state,  
Spare, spare me the curse, on his nod to await.

Rather into the sea let my letters be thrown,  
To NEPTUNE directed, and *pendant* a stone.

But I feel myself rous'd, 'tis a call from the Muse,  
And your time with digressions, no more I'll abuse.

Most wonderful feats \* since my last we've achiev'd,  
Have re-taken Menin, and Nieuport have reliev'd.

them having charge of a wounded officer, reined in his horse as he was conducting him, and presenting a pistol and ball cartridge, ordered the unfortunate Republican to load and then return it. His wishes were complied with, and the wretch, in cold blood, blew out the unprotected Frenchman's brains with the contents !

\* General WALMODEN had, on the 26th of October, advanced to Courtray, and placing himself at the head of the forces which had re-occupied the camp at *Menin*, an attack to re-occupy that town was, under his directions, intended to have taken place upon the 28th, in conjunction with the corps under General BUSHE, at *Warcein*, and that commanded by the Hessian General DE WURMB, near *Tborout*. The Republicans, however, crossing the canal of *Tpres*, and approaching *Nieu-*

Driv'n the French from Lannoi, in a style Brittanique,  
 And depriv'd of five guns *La Nouvelle Republique*.  
 But my friend, in whose temper is seen to unite  
 The lion and lamb lost his arm in my fight.  
 In the field, who on earth more courageous could be,  
 In camp who so mild, who so gentle as he?

*port*, General DE WURMB fell back upon *Ghistel*, to cover Bruges and Ostend; consequently the attack on *Menin* was delayed.

Nieuport was garrisoned by the 53d regiment of British infantry, mustering at the time about 4,000 men, and two weak battalions of Hessian infantry, under Colonel DE WURMB, *the commandant*. The first approaches to invest the fortress were made by two columns of the Republicans from *Dunkirk*, upon the 22d of October; and the Emigrants and Hessians occupying *Furnes*, were, after making a very steady resistance, driven back by a superior force. Under a heavy fire kept up upon them, till they reached the very gates of Nieuport, they retreated in the greatest order. A few shot and shells were then discharged against the town; the besiegers, however, without having done much damage, were driven back by the firing from the ramparts. In the night they constructed a temporary *banquette*, and mounting a few field pieces and howitzers, after an ineffectual summons, on the 23d, fired briskly on the place. Recourse was then had to the inundations, which obliged the Republicans to change their ground, and filing round by *Furnes* they took up a position on the coast side of *Nieuport*. Advancing to the number of about 2,000 men, upon the 25th, they carried several of the *out-works*, keeping up an incessant fire of musquetry from day-break till five o'clock in the evening, when darkness forced them to desist. The 53d lost on that day *Lieut. Latham*, and 12 rank and file in killed, and *Capt. Ferguson*, and 32 in wounded. Under cover of a farm house, and an extensive barn, the French constructed in the night, a formidable battery, and at day-break on the 26th, opening several heavy guns and mortars, commenced, and incessantly continued, the bombardment of the fortress, which was much destroyed, and many of the houses converted into heaps of ruins.

On the 28th, the firing was particularly brisk, and on the 29th, Sir CHARLES GREY having arrived with reinforcements at Ostend, dispatched Major General DUNDAS with the 42d regiment, and 4 light companies to support the garrison; ammunition and a supply of men were also forwarded by Admiral M'BRIDE. They arrived about noon, and in the night the troops discovered from the ramparts, that the farm house was in flames, as well as several barns and other buildings in the rear of the besiegers. This circumstance induced the commandant to think they had retreated, which was at day-light on the 30th, found to be the

My sketch, sure, most clearly, must THORNTON\* display,  
His name I insert, as it honours my Lay ;

case. They left behind them 4 of the British iron 24 pounders (abandoned on the retreat from *Dunkirk*) and 2 mortars.

In addition to the British killed and wounded on the 25th, the 42d had on the 29th, 1 serjeant killed, and 2 men wounded. The Hessians had 4 privates killed ; 4 officers, 1 surgeon, 5 serjeants, and 29 privates wounded. Captain WILSON of the British artillery, and about 30 men under his command were constantly employed, both day and night, and gained the highest credit.

From the extent of their encampment, the forces collected for this enterprize, could not have amounted, it was thought, to much less than 8,000 men. Had Nieuport fallen, the French would have immediately advanced upon Ostend, where, as it was the principal *depot* of the *British army*, they would in a *few hours* have burnt the stores and shipping in that port, which could not possibly have been removed. The spirited defence, therefore, made by the garrison of Nieuport, and the timely arrival of Sir CHARLES GREY's forces, saved *many millions* to this country.

\* The recapture of Menin being still determined upon, as a measure absolutely necessary ; reinforcements were sent to Lieut. Gen. BUSHE, who had regained the post of *Moucron* ; and Genl. WALMODEN was directed on the 29th to advance upon the town, while General BUSHE, with his corps, attacked *Mount Hallum*. To create a diversion, and draw the attention of the Republicans from the real object of the confederates, two battalions of Austrians, with two twelve-pounders and some howitzers, under the command of Major General *Werneck*, with the flank battalion, and that of the 3d regiment of British guards, a squadron of the 11th, and one of the 15th light dragoons, with also two 12-pounders and some howitzers, forming a detachment under the direction of General ABERCROMBIE, proceeded to attack *Lannoi*, which the French having defended by entrenchments, occupied with a force of 1,500 men. The twelve-pounders were brought up within a small distance of the town, and a brisk, and well directed fire commenced, which was answered by the French ; Captain SUTHERLAND acting as engineer in chief, was struck by a cannon ball, while riding in front of the 3d regiment of guards, he survived his wound but a few moments. Lieutenant THORNTON had the direction of one of the twelve-pounders, from which he had, with great effect, kept up an uninterrupted fire upon the enemy ; it was thought right to bring up to that point a howitzer, and the moment his gun was silenced *on that account*, he perceived the Frenchartil,

Yet tho' true to its aim, was the mischievous ball,  
 That he still may survive, is the wish of us all.  
 We've to mourn too the fall of our chief engineer,  
 Urg'd by zeal forth he sallied, a brave Volunteer !  
 Much merit accompanied *Sutherland's Shade*,  
 And dearly, alas, for his valour we've paid.  
 So alluring his manners, full many a tear,  
 When his fate is announced, will be dropp'd on his bier.  
 As Grimalkin prowls forth, when by shadows of night,  
 Conceal'd, timid mouse from thy far piercing sight ;  
 With caution draws near, of her prey making sure,  
 When most she had fancied the covert secure :  
 Or, as sportsmen in silence the thickets surround,  
 And spread their close nets, when the covey they've  
     found,

lery-men *traverse* the one opposed to him; and they took an aim so accurate, that his right arm was carried off upon the first discharge.

Upon the guns being advanced still nearer to the town, the French in garrison gave way, filing off in two divisions towards *Lille*, and towards *Roubaix*. The light dragoons were called for, and pursued them, charging over *trees* which had been cut down, forming a kind of abbatis before the place. Nearly 100 men were killed and wounded by the cavalry, and they returned with 59 made prisoners. The Austrians took also near 100 prisoners, and the Gazettes computed the total loss of the Republicans at between 2 and 300 men in killed. The Imperialists and British troops suffered but little in comparison, as the place was carried entirely by a *cannonade*; and the infantry, forming to protect the guns, were but little exposed; only 2 privates of the guards were wounded, 1 private of the light dragoons was killed, and 5 were wounded. Lieutenant RUTHERFORD of the engineers, advanced with the light cavalry, and, mistaken for a Frenchman, owing to his wearing at the time over his uniform a *plain blue* surtout, received a coup de sabre on the head from one of the *British* light dragoons, while humanely endeavouring to save the life of a wounded Republican officer.

As is not unfrequently the case, the *feint attack* was here more serious than that which it was alone intended to favour, for, the night preceding the affair of *Lannoi*, Menin had been evacuated, and the Republicans retired at the same time from before Ypres.

In vain fearful tremblers ! ye flutter and beat  
 Your breasts 'gainst the loop-holes, to force a retreat.  
 No more, for tight drawn, the circuitous snare  
 Shall your pinions resounding divide the light air :  
 So, the Austrians came pounce on the French at Mar-  
 chiennes,\*

Ere Luna had stole to Endymion again.  
 The double snak'd rod had been wav'd o'er each head,  
 Ev'ry man was surpriz'd, and was rous'd from his bed.  
 Their lives to secure, to a convent they flew,  
 Perceiving the Kaisers already in view.  
 At discretion surrender'd, and mercy was shewn,  
 For a foe once subdued, as a foe's no more known.

\* Marchiennes, a town within 3 leagues of St. Amand, was still in the possession of the Republicans, who had advanced from *Douai*. Eight battalions of Austrian infantry were therefore ordered, under General KRAY to march and dispossess them. This force, divided into 3 columns, each preceded by 2 officers and 60 volunteers, supported by 300 men, was put in motion, at midnight on the 29th, and at the same time, four columns were detached by General OTTO, from *Denain sur l'Escaut*, that the place might be assaulted on all sides at once. The latter troops were, however, discovered by the French picquets, and prevented from accomplishing their purpose. Those under General KRAY, one column keeping along the *Chaussée* leading from *Orchies*, and the others advancing upon their left, arrived, without being perceived, within a short distance of *Marchiennes*. The volunteers heading the first column, fell in with a picquet about 200 yards from the gate of *Orchies*, and, bayonetting the greater part of them, pursued those who fled so closely, that they entered the town before the alarm was given. The French assembled in confusion in the market-place, and afterwards took shelter in a convent, where they offered to capitulate, and surrendered prisoners of war to the number of 1629; upon their officers being permitted to wear their side-arms. Twelve pieces of cannon, and 22 tumbrils taken in the town, were the next morning brought to the British camp, near *Campbain*. General KRAY's corps lost between 70 and 80 men in killed and wounded: the French prisoners estimated the loss on their side at nearly 300.

Thus Flanders is clear'd;\* and thus gloriously ends  
This Campaign, and we visit *the Fathers*, our friends.

\* Thus was frustrated the menaced invasion of the low countries in every direction, and the late season of the year, as well as the heavy rains then prevalent, induced Prince COBOURG to determine upon placing the troops in winter quarters. Those with the Duke of YORK by continually *marching* and *counter-marching*, were much harrassed, though they had not, since the retreat from Dunkirk, been as much *in fire* as their allies.

Such was the wetness of the season, while they were encamped near Camphain, that the soldiers every morning might be seen *lading* the water from their tents by *bat-fulls*; they were but scantily provided with *straw*, and consequently fell rapidly sick; two or three men of the guards were so affected, that they dropped down and died, when formed on the parade *for picquet*! one in particular was a corporal of the 3d regiment, who, the preceeding day, appeared in perfect health. The general hospital at Tournay was filled with invalids, and the inattention to their comforts, which has since arisen to such a shameful height, was even at that early period of the war conspicuous in the *medical* deplacment. Two men were often placed in the same bed, the one complaining of a *dyfentery*, the other of a *putrid fever*; death to both patients usually ensued from such *ignorance*, added to other instances of inhuman treatment and neglect, and the mortality was consequently *great*. *Sour Burgundy*, which was substituted for *port wine*, as it could be purchased at the rate of about ten-pence a bottle, was the only liquor served out to the sick, heightening *in general* their disorders: and a *regimental surgeon* who had the *weakness* to feel for his suffering fellow creatures, passing through the hospital one day, when absent from the camp, to visit the patients of his own battalion, was called on to procure them *water* to moisten their parched lips, as they had not, they declared, for many hours, been furnished with a drop of any kind of liquid!

“*Quis talia fando, temperet a lachrymis?*”

The British army entered their winter cantonments on the 9th of Nov. the heavy cavalry, and *infantry* battalions, occupying *Tournay*, where there were extensive barracks.

The accounts of the operations on the left banks of the Rhine continued favourable; on the 25th of October, the right wing of the army before Straßbourg was completely routed by General WURMSER's corps, with a loss of 14 pieces of artillery, a great quantity of tents and military stores; the Austrians by this victory gained also an important position at *Wantzenau*, within two leagues of Straßbourg. WURMSER was in his turn attacked in various points upon the 27th, but repulsed his assailants, and the loss sustained by the Republicans, in both engagements,

To-morrow, in triumph, we enter Tournay,  
 The *cooks* and the *mules* are already away.  
 My laurels, sweet Girl, soon expect at your feet!  
 In the curricie, how we shall dash thro' each street!  
 Make ready the elegant neat vis-a-vis,  
 That holds so exactly my *Lucy* and me;  
 Trim—but halt, silly pen, nor presume to declare,  
 All the boundless delight I shall taste with my Fair!

was computed at not less, in killed, wounded, and missing, than 3,000 men.

Fort Louis was bombarded on the 10th of November, and, after sustaining a siege of four days, surrendered to the Austrians, who had 24 men killed before the place, and about 30 wounded; the garrison consisted of 4,000 men, they were made prisoners of war, and 112 pieces of artillery of different calibres; 15 caissons, and a large supply of live stock, fell also into the hands of the besiegers.

To return to the low countries, the French had collected in force at *Poperinge*; and Colonel *SALIS*, the commandant of Ypres, with a part of his garrison, sallied forth in order to dislodge them, on the 16th of November: without any loss on his side, he took possession of the post, making 4 officers, and 40 privates, prisoners of war; the main body having retreated upon the first appearance of his troops.

END OF VOL. I.





# DIRECTIONS TO THE BINDER FOR PLACING THE PLATES.

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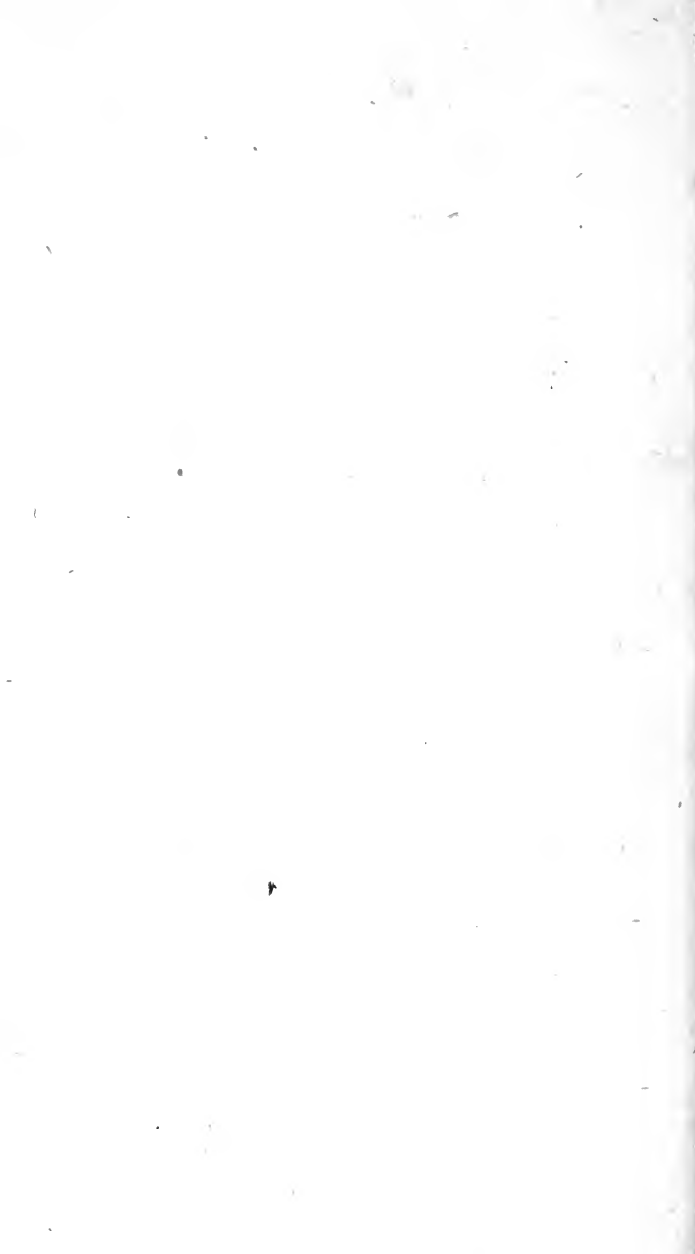
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## ERRATA IN VOL. I.

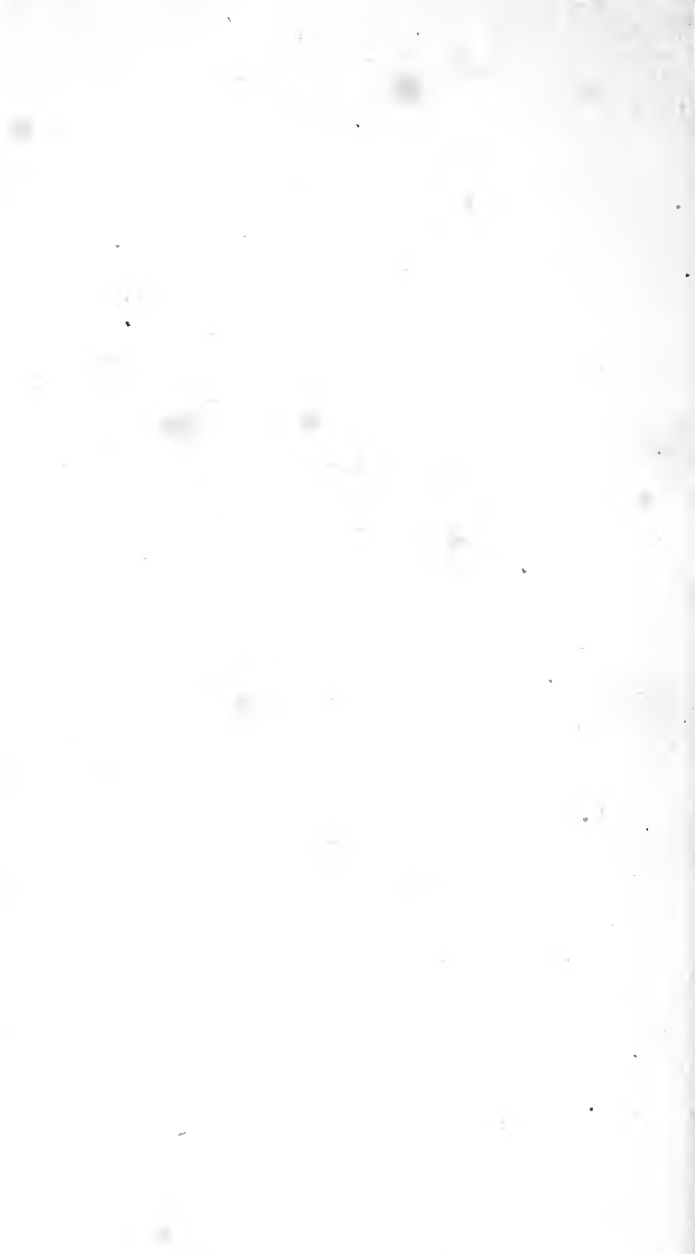
- Page 28, line 15, *for* Keyfers, *read* Kaisers.
- Page 37, line 4, *for* Keyferlicks, *read* Kaiferliche, and so throughout.















*Pub<sup>d</sup> by Cadell & Davies, Strand.*

*An Austrian Foot Soldier.*



*Prose Poem*

AN  
ACCURATE AND IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE!

OF

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BY AN OFFICER OF THE GUARDS.  
IN TWO VOLUMES.

CONTAINING  
THE SECOND EDITION

OF

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REVISED, CORRECTED, AND CONSIDERABLY ENLARGED,

WITH THE ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM HEAD-QUARTERS;

ALSO

A SIMILAR SKETCH OF THE

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TO WHICH IS ADDED,

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RETREAT OF 1795,

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WITH COPIOUS NOTES THROUGHOUT.

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From Drawings taken on the Spot, descriptive of the different Scenes  
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VOL. II.

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*"Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum."* VIRG.

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LONDON:

Printed for the Author.—Published by CADELL and DAVIES, Strand;  
And sold also by J. EDWARDS, Pall-Mall; T. EGERTON, at the Military Library, Whitehall; HOOKHAM and CARPENTER, and R. FAULDER, Bond-street; R. WHITE, Piccadilly; F. and C. RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church-Yard; and W. RICHARDSON, Royal-Exchange

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A  
S K E T C H  
OF THE  
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LETTER I.

*From Capt. JOHN ———, of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief's Family, to Capt. THOMAS ———, Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE's favourite Aid-de-Camp in England.*

*Containing an Account of the various Amusements in Winter Quarters, and a Description of the Ball given at Ghent, in Honour of her  
BRITANNIC MAJESTY's BIRTH DAY.*

HEAD QUARTERS, GHENT, Jan. 20, 1794.

IN England, alas ! I've no kind hearted fair  
To greet me with smiles, and a welcome prepare ;  
No LUCY to dazzle my sight with her charms,  
To meet me at Dover,\* and fly to my arms.  
Yet envy has never once enter'd my breast,  
And I truly rejoice that my friend is so blest'd ;  
Inferior our pleasures, yet still I'm content,  
With the trifling amusements afforded by Ghent.  
The reception† we met with, I needs must confess,  
Lack'd much of their wonted extoll'd politesse ;

\* Alluding to a letter, *suppressed*, from Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE's favourite Aid-de-Camp, to his friend, upon his landing at Dover.

† When the guards marched through Ghent on their way to join Prince COBOURG's army in April 1793, they were ushered into the town by bells ringing from every steeple, amidst the loudest acclamations of the inhabitants. The Noblesse were anxious to have officers quartered upon their houses, and overwhelmed them with civilities. The places of

Till finding JOHN BULL on his rights would insist,  
 The Ghentois agreed 'twas in vain to persist.  
 " Que faire ? ces Anglois sont des Gens entetés !"  
 And wide flew their doors without further delay,  
 Dripping wet our poor men obtain'd roofs o'er their heads,  
 And tasted once more the enjoyment of beds.  
 Good barracks \* and beef will their vigor restore,  
 And make them as stout as our Britons of yore ;  
 But let me, dear TOM, ere I finish my scrawl,  
 An outline attempt of our elegant ball.  
 For a fortnight preceding this grand celebration,  
 Our bustling denoted *superb* preparation :  
 What profusion of pheasants and woodcocks were seen,  
 That render'd their lives up, to honor the Queen ;  
 All the streets round Head Quarters with feathers were  
 And many a mother bewail'd her fond brood. [strew'd,  
 F——x anxious that all should be perfectly nice  
 Lent both his French Cook, and his friendly advice ;  
 But what guests should be bidden, and where draw the  
 Were delicate questions, and hard to define. [line,

public amusement were thrown open, and ridottos given to welcome the British troops, and pay a proper compliment to their Commander in Chief. It must however be recollected, they were *then* birds of passage; far different was the reception they met with when they entered the town to take up their settled winter quarters, the 16th of December, after a fatiguing march in rainy weather. Many of the officers might have passed the night in the open streets, had they not forcibly made their quarters good.

\* The barracks at Ghent were extremely commodious, and it was no little luxury to the poor soldiers to find themselves in such snug and comfortable births, after toiling through a severe and harrassing Campaign ; at the close of which, their tents had been pitched upon such marshy ground, that they were generally, owing to the frequent and heavy rains, half full of water. They had recovered surprizingly at Tournay, but at Ghent the sick list decreased daily.

At length 'twas decreed, \* Countess M—R—Y should fix  
 Who were worthy with so many Grandees to mix ;  
 And an Aid-de-Camp post was immediately sent  
 To crave her advice, *Supreme Ruler* of Ghent.  
 Without any distinction, she said that each friend  
 Of her own, and the Bishop's †, was fit to attend :  
 But the Bourgeois, mechanical filthy Cannaille,  
 Must all be excluded, to do things *in style*.  
 JACK M—R—Y was voted M. C. for the night,  
 As then we were certain that all would be right ;  
 What man for the station so proper could be ?  
 So active, well bred, or so graceful as he ?  
 A grand feu-de-joie in the morning, was fir'd  
 By horse and by foot, which was greatly admir'd ;  
 It smoothly went off, indeed how could we doubt it,  
 When Sir J—M—M—'s successor, *such pains* took about it.  
 He shew'd them the method to march, form, and wheel,  
 Till he blunted his pen ‡, though the point was of steel !

\* Countess M—R—Y gave very elegant weekly parties, and was regarded as the leader of fashion and etiquette at Ghent. Cards and dancing took their turns alternately, but upon a hint from the Duke, the tables were sent up stairs to the lumber garret, and the fiddlers were decreed a permanent sitting every Wednesday Evening. Her husband was an old general officer in the Emperor's service, and either Deputy Governor of the Town, or officiating in that capacity.

† The Bishop of Ghent commenced his career in life as a *Soldier*, and though he had exchanged the sword for the crozier, he still retained a natural partiality for the military, and contributed much to the amusement of the officers in garrison, by pleasant Sunday parties. A general invitation for the ball had been given to all those ladies and gentlemen of the town who were admitted to his house ; but as it was afterwards thought necessary to issue tickets, in the hurry of inserting names, many, who would have been included in the *general invitation*, were overlooked.

‡ The line marched through the Bruges-Gate, and was formed on the banks of the Canal, with the cavalry on the flanks. The orders given for this purpose by General C—c, were full as long as those issued by

The Ball-Room was crowded with fashion at night,  
 And the *coup d'œil* fill'd ev'ry one's heart with delight.  
 For there's something in women, when set off by dress,  
 More exquisite far than I've words to express;  
 And surely, that poet no judgement could boast,  
 Who said, unadorn'd beauty triumphs the most.  
 After all our precautions you'll scarcely believe  
 The Directress a little Bourgeoise\* should perceive;  
 Yet such was the fact, and upright stood each feather,  
 While she and her name-sake consulted together.  
 All the company shewing strong marks of surprize,  
 On the handsome intruder at once fix'd their eyes;  
 Some declar'd that the room, like her husband's own shop,  
 Smelt strong of the true *Alfa Fœtida* drop.  
 JACK M—R—Y at length though it gave him great pain,  
 As his duty requir'd, undertook to explain;  
 And advanc'd with a minuet step, to declare  
 He was sorry to say, she'd no right to be there.  
 This created a bustle and whisp'ring about,  
 And at length the poor Drug-seller's wife was turn'd out;  
 JACK made his report in due form, with a bow,  
 And a smile of delight smooth'd the Countess's brow.  
 The Deputy M. C. well pleas'd, undertook  
 Round the room with the utmost attention to look;  
 To smell out *Bourgeois*, and to keep the coast clear,  
 By the help of a strapping raw-bon'd Grenadier;

Prince COBOURG, to the different columns of the Austrians, advancing  
 to the attack of Famars, previous to the investiture of Valenciennes!

\* The wife of an Apothecary at Ghent, obtained a ticket from one  
 of the officers quartered upon her husband's house: but as the Noblesse  
 and the Bourgeois move in different spheres, her appearance was con-  
 sidered into an insult to the Aristocratic blood of all those, who related  
 in the most distant manner to a Count, or Marquis, enrolled themselves



And with perfect sang froid, bowing shew'd to the street,  
 An unfortunate stranger\* he happen'd to meet:  
 'Tis needless to say, who and who danc'd together,  
 How they glanc'd at the fashions and talk'd of the weather;  
 My partner list'd small talk, I heartily thank her,  
 As glibly as those at the Crown and the Anchor.  
 At Brighton, at Tunbridge, at Bath, or Almack's,  
 There was never a greater display of click clacks;  
 While *Cogremont* shew'd off her elegant paces,  
 Pr—ce J——N gaz'd, enraptur'd, on so many graces;  
 And many a fair one from Brussels was seen,  
 Overloaded with wishes of life to the Queen†.  
 Like Dervizes, all these fair *Flammandes* gain force,  
 In the *Valtz*‡, as they spin in their whirligig course:  
 So rapid their motions the sharp-sighted lover,  
 In vain tries his favourite's face to discover.  
 Tho' I mention it last, of our pleasures not least,  
 The supper§ at length was announc'd; such a feast!

under the banners of nobility. The dismissal of this little intruder, was attended with rather unpleasant consequences to the officers in garri-son, as they had previous to that *epoch*, been admitted to the Bourgeois assemblies, but were afterwards universally excluded, and deprived of many other pleasant parties.

\* This gentleman, (an Emigrant of some rank) was enquiring the way to the supper-room, when a door was pointed out leading to the street, which he was told would convey him to the place he was in search of, nor was it till he was fairly handed down stairs by the guard, that he discovered this was a tormenting piece of wit, intended to exclude him from the entertainment, as he was supposed to have intruded without a ticket of admission.

† Most of the ladies, in compliment to his Royal Highness, appeared in scarlet sashes, and ornaments streaming from their head dresses, with the motto of "*Vive la Reine*," embroidered upon them.

‡ A favourite German dance, usually introduced at the Balls and Ridottos in Flanders.

§ After supper the merry dance was renewed, and continued till the Matin bells were heard to toll; harsh sounds, which hurried the gay damsels

Grenadiers made their entré, with each a hot dish,  
 And seem'd for a taste most devoutly to wish:  
 'Midst pyramids, figures, and tropes emblematic,  
 Each dainty was serv'd up, land, air, and aquatic:  
 The wines of all sorts were acknowledg'd the best,  
 And gave to the whole a most excellent zest.  
 I wish'd from my heart you'd been here, but no doubt  
 While with LUCY in England such pleasures you scout;  
 And who can expect that she'll lengthen your chain,  
 Till Mars calls us forth to the bustling Campaign.  
 The — stays in Ghent but a few days at most, [roast;  
 And PR—C—E J—N\*, in his absence, of course rules the  
 I still shall remain, as we're certain to find  
 Winter Quarters delightful, his taste's so refin'd;  
 And now my dear Tom, I must hasten to dress,  
 Remaining your's truly as words can express.

bedizened as they were from the animating Ball-Room, to the gloomy Cloister, from their sprightly partners, to the rigid Monks.

\* His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief quitted Ghent Feb 6, and though PR—C—E J—N, in his absence did the honours at head-quarters, the late Sir William ERSKINE commanded the troops in garrison. and often entertained them with little sprightly dances, made up upon the spur of the moment. At one of these a ludicrous circumstance occurred. Not being able to procure partners for the ladies, an orderly serjeant was dispatched to tell all the officers he met with, that the Commandant wanted them immediately. The message being accidentally delivered to some of the *heavy cavalry*, they hastened to their quarters, and pulled on their Jack-boots and spurs:—Thus equipped, they were introduced to the ladies, to the great annoyance of silk gowns and Brussels lace.

Such were the innocent amusements of winter quarters; and happy would it have been, had they been the only ones adopted for destroying the cankering Tyrant, TIME; but it could hardly be expected, that the dice-box would remain totally neglected, when so many idle hours intruded; hazard tables were kept, Pharo and all his Host, marched into Ghent, in the rear of the army, and many a thoughtless youth, may rue the ravages they made.

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## LETTER II.

From Miss LUCY's favourite *Aid-de-Camp* in England, to Capt. JOHN —,  
at Ghent.

*A serious Alarm—A joyful Reprieve.*

PICCADILLY, Feb. 16, 1794.

AN idea was started, dear Jack, t'other night,  
Which put your poor friend in a terrible fright:  
\* I felt all my greatness and happiness flown,  
As you well may suppose, when the reason is known;  
'Twas with confidence stated our Chief would remain  
On this side the water th' ensuing Campaign.  
And PITT (*entres nous*) it was pointedly hinted,  
Tow'ards the Marquis† from India, had frequently squinted.  
All things put together, bets ran five to four,  
The ——— would return to the army no more;  
That a council was summoned to meet and determine,  
If again we should march to extirpate the vermin.  
My sufferings I will not pretend to relate,  
I flew out from BROOKES's, and curs'd my hard fate:  
Not LUCY herself could my anguish allay,  
Tho' she look'd most alluringly handsome that day!  
But neither her smiles nor the bottle, could cure  
The pangs of suspense I was doom'd to endure.  
All night long I toss'd to and fro in my bed,  
Those five cursed words never out of my head.

\* *Egotism*, as natural to an *Aid-de-Camp*, as *Epicurism*.

† It was generally thought that Lord C—RN—W—L—IS who returned from the East, about this period, would have been sent to the Army on the Continent as Commander in Chief, in case his Royal Highness had not returned.

“*The —\* stays at home,*” and you’ll readily think  
 Their magic prevented my sleeping a wink :  
 But joy, my dear Messmate, the die has been cast,  
 We’re firm in the saddle in spite of what’s past.  
 PITT harrangued, and declar’d should his Highness by  
 Fall into the hands of these Miscreants of France; [chance,  
 From the thoughts of what madness might urge them to do,  
 He shrunk, and the picture held up to his view,  
 Shew’d the K—G, and the Nation deploring the fate  
 Of the Champion now safe, and the cause of debate.  
 True, PITT, said our S—V—GN, but happen what may,  
 His laurels shall never be wrested away.  
 A noble example to Britons! again,  
 He shall lead them to glory—new conquests obtain.  
 The sound of *Reprieve*, never brought more relief,  
 At New Drop, to the foul of a hemp-collar’d thief,  
 More joy, not the bursts of applause could convey  
 To an author awaiting the fate of his play,  
 Than was felt by your friend when this news was related :  
 No Alderman could be more highly elated  
 At the thoughts of rich turtle, or snug ven’son feast,  
 Which he eats in idea, three days at the least.  
 To BROOKES’S I hasten’d in high exultation,  
 And triumphantly took a conspicuous station;  
 With raptures beheld all the knowing one’s pay  
 The odds they had vauntingly ventur’d to lay.

\* The Aid-de-Camp does not appear to have had the least idea of his Royal Highness being appointed Field Marshall on the Home Staff, or he must have been aware that all those enjoyments to which he appears so peculiarly attached, would have been kept up amidst the refinements of London, and enjoyed with a double relish.

You soon may expect us, as JOHN BULL again  
 Is panting to hear of our second Campaign :  
 By the bye can you give me a hint of MACK's\* plan,  
 The papers are full of that wonderful man,  
 It seems he's to sit at the helm in the spring,  
 And success to our arms by his talents must bring.  
 Well, something most brilliant, I trust will be done,  
 And ourselves have a share in the glory that's won,  
 But not in the danger : we know better things,  
 Adieu for the present—the dinner-bell rings.

\* General MACK had been about this period appointed Quarter-Master General to the Austrian Army, under the command of Prince COBOURG. His plan for penetrating into the interior of France, it was generally thought would have been successful, had a sufficient force been left to *mask* Lille, and protect West-Flanders from invasion. Fatal experience has shewn, that while that fortress is in the hands of the enemy, such schemes are chimerical in the extreme.

General MACK had been dispatched to consult with the Cabinet of St. James's, and the British Commander in Chief, on the feasibility of his proposals; and much was naturally expected from his well-known abilities as an Engineer.

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### LETTER III.

*From Capt. JOHN ———, Aid-de-Camp, at Ghent, &c. &c. to Capt. THO-  
MAS ———, Miss LUCY's favourite Aid-de-Camp in England.*

*Adieu to Ghent!—March towards the Frontiers.*

HEAD QUARTERS, GHENT, Feb. 22, 1794.

FULL long in the scabbard hath rusted the blade;  
To the terror of Frenchmen it now is display'd;  
Our banners triumphantly wave in the air,  
And fill ev'ry Carmagnol's heart with despair.  
The trumpet re-echoes its warlike alarms,  
The fife shrilly sounds, and the drum beats to arms.  
To morrow\* we leave all the good folks of Ghent,  
With whom so much time we have pleasantly spent;  
The Bishop's snug parties will ne'er be forgot,  
Wherever we ramble, whatever our lot,

\*In consequence of a report that the French were collecting in force on the Frontiers, the 1st detachment from the Brigade of Guards, amounting to 800 men under the command of Col. DRUMMOND, marched from Ghent to Courtray, Feb. 16; and on the 22d, a second detachment of 200 marched to St. Eloi Vive, and proceeded the next day to join them. The whole Brigade assembled at Courtray on the 24th. Those regiments of cavalry which had been in winter quarters with them, were cantoned in the villages of Desselgem, Beveren, Roasbeke, Wartegem, Sweveghem, and others in the neighbourhood. The Second Brigade had been in winter quarters only one month, at Oudenarde; from whence they also advanced by detachments.

The most formidable preparations appeared to have been made by the French. The army of the North received a reinforcement of 15,000 men from that of the Moselle; a still greater number from the army of La Vendé, and 20,000 recruits from the Requisitions, enabling PICHEGRU to muster 220,000 men. Those of the Rhine, Alps, and Pyrenhees, were also reorganized, making a grand

Poor F—x! your French Cook must be now turn'd away;  
 You give up nice dishes, he gives up good pay :  
 As to part with your Louis, you never yet griev'd,  
 Provided your stomach said—" *value receiv'd.*"

Pr—c—e J—N, lucky fellow, remains in the town;  
 Lest the barracks, should after our march, be pull'd down,  
 For the Ghentois, you know, are a riotous set,  
 And its well if safe out of their clutches we get.  
 In a squabble last night, a First Guardsman\* was slain,  
 And we still apprehend they may rise up again.  
 Each Aid de Camp soon may expect some snug place,  
 To comfort his age, and to keep him *in case* ;  
 No matter if forc'd like his — — to toil,  
 In a *dung hill* his delicate fingers to soil?  
 He'll soon get them sweet, as — — justly supposes,  
 With essence of vi'lets, and otto of roses.

Now C—G in the room of Sir J—M—IE we see,  
 While CR—W—F—RD signs thus with a *dash*; D.A.G. }  
 And H—R—Y appears *Deputy's, Deputy.* }

total of French Citizens in arms, according to the returns given in by the War Minister, of 780,000 men, exclusive of those in the neighbourhood of Paris: The following laconic *Epistle* was forwarded to Prince COBOURG, from the French Commander in Chief on his taking the Field ———

" General,

I summon you, in the name of the French Republic, to give up *immediately* Le Quesnoi, Condé, and Valenciennes; or be assured I shall attack and vanquish you.

(Sign'd)

PICHEGRU.

\* Some butchers accused the soldiers of having stolen meat from their shops, and a riot ensued, in which a Private of the First Guards was mortally wounded.

With so noble a staff to despond is absurd,  
 We shall drive all before us, rely on my word :  
 On the throne of poor Bourbon shall soon place a King,  
 And the Democrats down on their marrow-bones bring :  
 Vive le Roi will resound thro' each Rue de Paris,  
 And the grand monarque greater than ever shall be.  
 For as PITT has agreed for the Prussians\* to pay,  
 Thirty thousand at least are to join us they say,  
 And the Keyfers receive reinforcements each day. }  
 Adieu—to fair LUCE, my best wishes present,  
 And those of her num'rous acquaintance at Ghent.

\* In the month of February, several skirmishes had taken place in the neighbourhood of Mannheim and Oggersheim, and the King of Prussia made an offer of augmenting his army on the Rhine, to 80,000 men, upon condition that the Empire would maintain that army, and furnish the troops with daily rations of bread and forage; threatening at the same time, to withdraw all his forces in case of refusal excepting his contingent of 20,000 men, which, as a *German Prince*, he was obliged to furnish. The French, upon these preparations, fell back upon the Duchy of *Deux-Ponts*; and the Imperialists, Saxons, and Hesse Darmstadt troops protected the Banks of the Rhine from the lines of Weissenberg to Mentz.

The centre of the grand army under Prince COBOURG, covered Condé, Valenciennes, and Le Quesnoi. The right, under CLAIRFAIT, was protected by Tournay, Orchies, and Marchiennes, the left covering Mons and Charleroi. The British occupied Courtray and the neighbourhood—Hanoverians and Hessians, Furnes, Ypres, Menin, and Nieuport, and a strong Cordon commanded by the Austrian General BEAULIEU, extended from the Banks of the *Meuse* to Luxemburg.



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## LETTER IV.

*From Capt. THOMAS ———, to Miss LUCY LOVEGROVE\*.  
A sorrowful Voyage—Return to the Continent.*

HEAD QUARTERS, COURTRAY,  
March 5, 1794.

AH! why did ambition take post in my breast,  
Why dazzle my eyes with her tinselly charms?  
Belov'd by my Fair I supremely was blest, [arms.  
Till the smiles of a Prince lur'd me, Fool! from her  
Thus musing, I dwelt with a Hermit's devotion,  
On the rapturous pleasures so lately we knew, [ocean,  
While the ship plough'd its course o'er the turbulent  
And Lucy's fair image was torn from my view.  
Ah then, how I long'd for a pipe and a crook!  
Some lambs, and my charmer to penn them at night:  
The pomps of this world in my thoughts I forfook,  
And fancied a shepherd's a life of delight.  
My pencil I snatch'd, and compos'd such a Sonnet!  
A Sonnet on Absence, address'd to my Fair;  
When ÆOLUS gave at one puff—fie upon it,  
My wonderful effort of genius to air.  
And perhaps 'tis as well, for so moving a strain,  
Must have clearly brought on your hysterics again.  
Perchance, by some Mermaid remov'd to their palace,  
'Twas serv'd up to Neptune and fair Amphithrite,  
And must fure, if conn'd over without spleen or malice,  
Have giv'n to their Majesties wond'rous delight.

\* The subsequent letters are invariably from the Aid-de-Camp, to Miss Lovegrove.

Such AHS!—and such OHS! so pathetic, sublime!  
 (Tho' bordering a little, I own on the whine;)  
 Great CRUSCA himself would have worship'd the rhyme,  
 And YENDA in raptures, have hail'd it divine:  
 Mild YENDA! in Sonnets allow'd to excell,  
 As APOLLO's declar'd, thro' his High Priest JOHN BELL.

By the cry of Ostend I was rous'd from my trance,  
 And the frigate beheld to the shore drawing near;  
 The Duke gave his orders post haste to advance,  
 And in safety a very few hours brought us here.

At sight of old *messmates*, forgive the sensation,  
 I felt ev'ry sorrow and care hush'd to rest,  
 Away to the winds went each sigh of vexation,  
 And the HERO conspicuous again flood confess'd.

To my favourite mules I paid won'rous attention,  
 Rejoic'd to behold them recover'd once more;  
 When we parted, you've often with grief heard me mention  
 The state of their backs, gall'd and terribly fore.

Advance when we may, you perceive we're prepar'd,  
 Ammunition de bouche, ammunition de guerre:  
 The fatigues of the battle are soonest repair'd,  
 By the aid of good liquors and excellent fare.  
 On that head they'll give us no cause to complain,  
 Nay, we mean to improve on our former\* Campaign.

\* Experimentum docet—and now that we are upon the subject, there were many valuable improvements made upon the last Campaign; the first and most essential was the *Spring Waggon*, for the conveyance of the

Cheer up then, my girl, hang repining and forrow,  
 We soldiers in love to a proverb are true,  
 Should my heart be assail'd by new beauties to morrow,  
 T'would brave all attacks, for it yielded to you.

Still Venus, dear Goddefs! I bow at thy shrine,  
 Still dwell on thy joys tho' the drums loudly rattle,  
 Stern Mars, I can never entirely be thine,  
 But on LUCY shall think in the heat of the battle.

sick and wounded. How many poor wretches in 1793, were dragged for miles in miserable Flemish carts, constructed upon the most awkward principles; placed in one of which, a man even in high health, would feel every joint nearly dislocated, as he was jolted over the *paved roads*. What must then have been the sufferings of our fellow creatures, smarting under the excruciating torments of gun-shot wounds! A further improvement might be made upon these inestimable Waggons, by constructing them so as to let down at the sides, and by taking a hint from *our enemies*. The French have in the line of march, with every corps, *flying Hospitals*, (Hopitaux Ambulants) where the surgeons have their medicine-chests and instruments arranged. Small hammocks are flung one above another along the sides, forming births something similar to those on board the English Packet Boats, no matter how close, provided the patients do not touch. In these large *covered Waggons* a certain number of wounded men can be comfortably accommodated, and the surgeons perform the nicest operations if necessary, the body of the carriage being suspended upon well-constructed springs, so that little or no inconvenience arises from motion.

In 1793, the soldier was loaded like a batt-horse, carrying on a march, his tent-poles, camp-kettle, and canteens, as well as the knapsack, haversack, and blanket. We took a useful lesson from the Austrians, and removed the kettles and poles to the backs of the beasts of burthen. The luxury of the Austrian Great Coat had also been attended to in 1794, and that useful addition to the appointments of the British Soldier, was adopted.

The month of March was passed in preparations to commence hostilities, and of course as the Allies advanced, some trivial skirmishes took place. On the 26th, a party of Major RAMSAY's Corps, (called the York Chasseurs,) were attacked at the out-posts near Courtray, by 250 of the enemy: only 80 of the Rangers were engaged. The French were

repulsed with considerable slaughter, and 40 prisoners taken. On the 26th, the British marched from Courtray, and were cantoned at Hannon, St. Amand, and the neighbourhood. The Austrians at the same time, had advanced to Le Cateau. On the 27th, their out-posts were attacked in force, and on the first onset obliged to fall back; when two Battalions from the main body moving forwards, supported by a squadron of cavalry, the French were repulsed with considerable loss, stated at 584 killed, 60 prisoners, and 5 pieces of cannon. The King of Prussia at this period, to the astonishment of all Europe, issued orders to his army to retreat, leaving only 20,000 men (his contingent) at the Emperor's disposal, and the van of his army had actually filed off towards *Cologne*. This manœuvre had the desired effect, upon the British Cabinet as they immediately closed with the demand this wily Monarch made upon them for an enormous subsidy (£.1,200,000.) In return for which, he faithfully promised to send into the field against the common Enemy, 90,000 effective men, 32,000 to co-operate with the army under his Royal Highness the Duke of York: 20,000 to be in the pay of the Emperor, and the remaining 38,000 to act with the rest of the Prussians on the Upper Rhine.

On the 8th of April, accounts were received from Count Walmoden, that the enemy having surprized the Hessians, between Wervicke and Ypres, got behind the Hanoverian Picquets, and cut off their retreat; but a reinforcement arriving from *Menin*, they were driven back, and forced to recross the Lys. The Hanoverians lost 3 officers, and 143 men, who were swept off from their out-posts.

On the 9th, the British approached *Valenciennes*, and the guards were cantoned in a village within two miles and a half of that fortress, called *St. Leger*: on the 10th, they moved to Vendegies sur l'Escaillon, between Quesnoi and Le Cateau Cambresis.

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## LETTER V.

HEAD QUARTERS, CATEAU, *April 20, 1794.*

*Imperial Review—Opening the Campaign—Successful Attacks—Head Quarter  
in Flames—Investiture of Landrecies.*

DEAR LUCY! how much 'twill rejoice you to hear,  
With a victory, girl, we've commenc'd our career,  
The Emperor himself, the great Carmagnole teaser,  
The conquering descendant of Conqueror Cæsar!  
Whose presence we're told makes his enemies \* tremble,  
Came post to behold the invaders assemble.  
His intention expressing the truncheon to wield,  
And lead his brave Veterans forth to the field;  
Announcing his wish all the troops to review,  
And to brush up *our men*, gave us something to do.  
Believe me, was even a BARRY to paint  
The scene that ensued, his rich tints would seem feint.  
And the pen of a COWPER could scarcely convey  
An idea of such a refulgent display, }  
As the different nations in battle array.  
A COWPER! I sigh as my pen forms a name,  
By his merits advanc'd in the annals of fame;  
Whose mind richly stor'd to perfection arriv'd,  
And then, weep *ye nine*, was of judgment depriv'd!

\* When the Emperor arrived on the 9th of April at Brussels, the Municipality presented the keys of the City to his Majesty, at the Gate of Louvain, on which had been previously affixed in large characters, this inscription, "Cæsar adest, fremet Galli."

The British were form'd near the town of Cateau\*,  
 Contributing fully their share to the shew.  
 Near Valenciennes the right of *our cavalry*† join'd  
 The Keyfirlicks under Prince COBOURG combin'd;  
 Who thence bearing down by the Scheldt for Condé,  
 Completed the Cordon tow'nds Lille and Cambray,  
 While *Zaunwitz* from Bavais extended his line,  
 With intention the French in Maubeuge to confine.  
 So numerous a force was fure never beheld,  
 As appear'd on the banks of the Sambre‡ and Scheldt.

\* On the 16th of April, the British moving from Vandegies and its vicinity, towards Le Cateau Cambresis to take the field, halted, and forming about four in the afternoon, were reviewed by the Emperor: after which they advanced to the ground which had been previously marked out for their encampment, on the heights beyond Le Cateau, pitching their tents about midnight. The cavalry were without their due allowance of tents the two or three first days, and were ordered this Campaign to carry two days forage instead of one, as they had done in 1793, the hay, made up after the manner of the Austrians, balanced on each side of the horse, instead of being packed up neatly behind. This might perhaps save the Commissaries trouble and expence; but it certainly was extremely inconvenient to the rider, and the horses being at all times *overloaded*, by no means relished this additional burthen imposed upon them.

† Consisting of the following regiments of heavy Cavalry; Royal Horse Guards or Blues; 1st, or King's Dragoon Guards; 2d ditto; 3d ditto; 5th ditto; 6th ditto, or Carabineers; 1st Dragoons or Royals; 2d ditto or Scotch Greys; 6th ditto or Iniskillings; and of light regiments; the 7th or Queen's own; 11th; 15th or Kings; and 16th or Queens; augmented afterwards by the 8th and 14th, on the Irish Establishment.

‡ At the commencement of this Campaign, the total strength of the grand army under his Imperial Majesty, was computed at 187,000 men; viz. 15,000 Dutch, and as many Austrians, under the command of the Hereditary Prince of Orange and General La Tour, intended to form the besieging army of Landrecies, 30,000 British and Austrians, under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to act as a covering army to the Besiegers towards Cambray. The Emperor was at the head of the main body of the Austrians, mustering 60,000; 12,000 Hessians and Austrians, under the command of General

At length from the left approach'd Francis the Second,  
 His attendants so numerous they scarce could be reckon'd;  
 With great condescension, as points of swords droop'd;  
 His head to his saddle tree frequently stoop'd.  
 But let me endeavour before you to bring  
 This double-crown'd hero, this Emp'ror and King.  
 Whose subjects all eager to crouch at his feet,  
 Worship veins with rich blood of the Romans replete.  
 Of diminutive stature, eyes sunk in his head,  
 Resembling a Mercury's moulded in lead.  
 With swarthy complexion and pitiful mien;  
 Judge beside him to how much advantage was seen,  
 With the form of a hero, and strength of roast-beef,  
 Great FREDERICK! our noble Commander in Chief!  
 At Windfor our deeds will I hear be express'd  
 By the flaming historical pencil of W——T,  
 While a horse for the ——, he'll carve out white as snow,  
 We shall find ourselves rang'd in the rear in a row;  
 And each Connoisseur must evince signs of wonder,  
 When BENJAMIN's canvass expresses war's thunder!  
 Curling volumes of smoak he'll good humourly spread,  
 Half concealing the battle and veiling the dead,  
 Lest the gaping admirers should tremble or faint,  
 If such horrible scenes he *minutely* should paint.

DE WURMB, were destined to act as an army of observation upon Douai and Bouchain. Count ZAUNWITZ, with 15,000 Austrians, extended towards Bavais, along the Sambre, keeping an eye upon Maubeuge; while a force of 40,000 men was left to protect Maritime Flanders, from Tournay to the Sea Coast, under General CLAIRFAIT; exclusive of this calculation, was BEAULIEU's army in the Duchy of Luxemburg; and WURMSER's on the Rhine.

Poor VERRIO, who long held unlimited sway  
 In the Chapel, must now to the fav'rite\* give way.  
 'Tis true that his colours harmoniously blend,  
 But who can to daubs so insipid attend?  
 The President's style is much more to my taste,  
 And I long I confess, in *the hall* to be plac'd.  
 Eight columns† were form'd on the following day,  
 The Emp'ror and King, himself leading the way;

\* The Aid-de-Camp was certainly well informed relative to the intended removal of the Altar-piece in the King's Chapel at Windsor, representing the Last Supper, capitally executed by the *chaste* pencil of VERRIO. The other paintings *condemned*, are our Saviour's Miracles, esteemed Master-pieces of that admirable Artist. The *Altar-Piece* now hangs in *Jeopardy*, considered as not worth repairing, W—T being busily employed in finishing an equal number of Scripture Pieces, to replace the whole set.

EDWARD the BLACK PRINCE however will most probably retain his triumphal situation in St. George's-Hall.

+ The first, composed of Austrians and Dutch troops, under the command of the Prince of Hesse Darmstadt, advancing upon the village of *Catillon*, which was carried and four pieces of cannon taken in it, crossed the Sambre and took up a position at *Favril*, between that river and the lesser *Eppe*, investing Landrecies on that side. The second commanded by Lieut. General Alvintzée, consisting of the reserve of the Austrian army, forced the entrenchments at *Mazingham* and *Croisè*, taking possession of the *Bois du Toillon* and the *Forêt de Nouvion*. The Third, (the main body of the Austrians) led on by the Emperor and Prince COBOURG, proceeded along the *Chausée*, leading from Le Cateau to Guise.

After forcing the villages of *Ribouville* and *Wassigné*, his Imperial Majesty detached his avant Garde, to take possession of the heights of *Blocus*. The Fourth and Fifth were formed from the army commanded by the Duke of York, of the former his Royal Highness took himself the direction, and the latter commanded by the late Sir Wm. ERSKINE, when proceeding to gain the *Bois de Bobain*, met with some resistance at the village of *Premont*, where the French were strongly posted. Sir Wm. detached the 2d Brigade of British Infantry and the Austrian *Curassiers*, with four Squadrons of Cavalry, under the command of Gen. HARCOURT, to turn their flank; while three Battalions of the Regiment De Kaunitz, supported by a well directed fire from the Artillery of the Reserve, under the orders of Lieut. Col. CONGREVE, charged the enemy in front. By



You'll of course, my dear girl, be most anxious to know  
 The fate of the Duke's, which bore down upon Vaux,  
 While I hasten its valorous prowess to tell,  
 Suffice it the others succeeded as well;  
 And sure, might we judge by the firing and smoke,  
 They experienc'd that fighting was more than a joke.  
 Tho' our progress was check'd by defiles, deep ravines,  
 And ruts, which we fill'd up with boughs and fascines,  
 When our foes caught the glimpse of a British Brigade,  
 They commenc'd in a fury a brisk cannonade;  
 Screen'd from which by the regular slopes of the ground,  
 But little annoyance we luckily found,  
 Yet the fly dogs had clearly smelt out where we lay,  
 As they told us by several shots ricochét\*.  
 The Guards were directed to storm the redoubt, [rout;  
 Turn the flank of the French, charge, and put them to  
 Our thanks to the flankers alone was awarded,  
 Tho' danger alike all the troops disregarded;  
 And no doubt we shall find out, or sooner, or late,  
 This distinction† was owing to reasons of state:

this manœuvre Sir William gained the redoubts which held him at bay, and accomplished his purpose. The Sixth, commanded by the Austrian Major General Count *Haddick*, advanced to the village of *Crevecœur*. The Seventh, under the Hereditary Prince of Orange, moved forwards upon the *Chaussée*, leading from *Le Cateau*, to *Cambray*, taking up a position beyond *Beauvois*; while the Eighth, under the Dutch General *Geusau*, pushed on to *St. Hilaire*, protecting the Prince of Orange's right flank.

\* By one of which, a Corporal of the Third Regiment of Guards was killed, and two Privates wounded: the same shot broke the Colour-Staff short in Ensign STEPHENS's hand.

† On the 17th, when the Brigade of Guards approached the village of Vaux, they were formed in a hollow way, in four lines, the flank battalion in front. To avoid as much as possible the heavy fire kept up

But be this *entre nous*, snug, quite under the rose,  
 For I'm ruin'd if ever my hints you disclose,  
 Tho' trifling our loss yet how fatal one ball,  
 And CARLETON\*, humanity mourns for thy fall.  
 Humanity! solace, and boast of the brave!  
 Who whispers, less noble to vanquish than save,  
 Thy dictates obeying, was brought to an end,  
 A soldier who shew'd himself ever thy friend.  
 Night approaching, her mantle spread over our heads,  
 When our eyes turn'd to Vaux, and our thoughts to good  
 But, alas! who can ever of comforts make sure, [beds.  
 Who foresees half the hardships he's doom'd to endure!  
 No language can paint how sincerely we griev'd,  
 When before us in flames we the village perceiv'd.  
 Curling smoke tow'rd the clouds in thick columns arose,  
 And full on our minds burst the weight of our woes,

from the star redoubt, the battalions were ordered to wheel round by divisions, and make the attack upon the *Rear*, when the Right Company of Grenadiers, was *certainly* the first to advance, but the whole Brigade were formed close enough behind to have come in for their full share of glory, had the French maintained their position. The works had however been evacuated; and, instead of *STORMING*, the Guards took possession without the smallest opposition.

\* Capt. CARLETON was heir to Lord Dorchester's title and estate, his elder brother an Ensign in the Third Regiment of Guards, having been carried off a few months before by a lingering fever on the brain. The unfortunate young man whose fall we have now to lament, had been just appointed Brigade Major to Col. VYSE, and owing to that circumstance was with Sir WILLIAM ERSKINE's column, (his own Regiment, composing a part of the Duke's.) He was shot, whilst humanely endeavouring to assist his orderly dragoon, whose horse was alarmed by the incessant firing. The enemy lost in their various attacks, 30 pieces of cannon, and must have suffered most severely; while only three Privates of the British were killed, and an inconsiderable number wounded; nor did the other columns return many men short of the force they brought into the field.

Gushing forth in huge torrents descended the rain,  
 Which appear'd to rebound as it swept o'er the plain.  
 Did I ever attempt a fly dash at sublime,  
 This sure would appear a most excellent time,  
 'Twas beautiful, striking, superb! add to these  
 Any other choice Epithets, Lucy, you please;  
 But the night, my dear girl, I shall never forget,  
 Tho' uncommonly grand, was most drenchingly wet.  
 And curse on the Monster \* whose desperate hand,  
 Dar'd place to head quarters the fire spreading brand,  
 Compelling us, little consulting our will,  
 For refuge to fly to a neighbouring mill.  
 O, lucky the man! who a shelter could find  
 From the pitiless rage of the rain and the wind;  
 As that was a comfort to many denied,  
 Who the pelting were forc'd of the storm to abine,  
 They had leisure, however, and scope to admire  
 The awful, tremendous effects of the fire.  
 Next morning a view of our present Chateau,  
 Made ample amends for the windmill at Vaux;  
 Nor can I express half the pleasure I found,  
 When told I was treading on classical ground,

\* Some of the pandours or other soldiers of the *Free Corps*, which infest the Imperial Army, ever intent upon pillage and barbarity, amused themselves by firing the village of Vaux in several places, driving the miserable inhabitants into the open fields, exposed to the inclemency of the storm, and doomed to behold their dwellings reduced to ashes after they had seen them ransacked by the ruthless and sanguinary incendiaries. His Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, was himself obliged to apply to a windmill for shelter from the inclemency of the night, and was little better accommodated than his troops, who were *en Bévouas*, exposed to the rain without tents or baggage. They however were in excellent spirits, and consoled themselves with what their haversacks afforded, drawing close round the fires which they had kindled.

That Cambray's boast, in whom Gallia prided,  
 The great FENELON \* in this mansion resided.  
 Ye Gods, if inspir'd, I could here catch a snack  
 Of his genius, to rival his own TELEMAQUE,  
 The Critics would trumpet me forth to the town,  
 And CADELL acknowledge my works would go down.  
 To proceed with my narrative. Forward we press'd,  
 And the Dutch are enabled † the place to invest.  
 We cover the siege, and no doubt you will find  
 In a post or two, articles drawn up and sign'd.  
 Maubeuge taken next, masking Lille we'll advance,  
 And our standards unfurl in the centre of France.  
 But, alas ! not a bracelet, a watch, or etwée,  
 Will be found, my dear Lucy, I fear a *Paris*.  
 So sharp the conventional Myrmidons seek  
 To ferret out *gold* as a *Don Patriotique*,

\* FENELON, the Author of Telemachus, was Arch-Bishop of Cambray and frequently resided at Le Cateau, though his favourite retreat was situated in the mountains of Auvernia, watered by the River Dordogne, which he has celebrated in his beautiful Ode, " Montagnes de qui l'audace."

† The enemy in great force on the 19th of April, attacked Lieutenant General De WURMB who commanded a detached corps at Denain, obliging him to retire, and thereby gaining possession of Abbecon and a redoubt in front. Upon a reinforcement coming up, they were however driven back with great slaughter. The Hessians had 5 officers, and 70 men killed and wounded.

On Sunday the 20th, the hereditary Prince of Orange made a general attack upon all the posts which the French occupied in front of Landre-cies, and took possession of a strong redoubt thrown up at the village of *Eloques* within 600 yards of the place, of which he immediately availed himself to cover the left flank of the trenches, opened that evening. The positions of the encampments were then changed, and the Duke's army took up the ground it was intended to occupy during the siege, which had been previously marked out near *Inchi*, a village on the Chaussée, between Le Cateau and Cambray, and as advanced a situation as the

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## LETTER VI.

CAMP AT INCHI, \* April 26, 1794.

*Description of the Aid de Camp's stud.—General Attack on the covering Armies.  
Noble behaviour of the British Cavalry.—General Mansel's fall.—  
Clairfait's first check.*

FROM the *Champ de Bataille* I've the pleasure to write,  
To announce a fresh victory. Gods, what a fight!  
From the heights of Cateau, snug and safe we beheld  
Whole myriads were slain, by our cavalry fell'd.  
The dogs we have maul'd and have pepper'd them well,  
As the hacks and the stains on our sabres will tell.  
And you'll own that the laurel my temples should crown,  
When I tell you five steeds I completely tir'd down.  
For orders conveying, we gallop'd so fast,  
The balls whistled by us, and harmlessly past;  
Unlucky, alas! should a charger fall lame,  
As the Carmagnols then at their leisure might aim.

British troops had ever been in; notwithstanding which, they soon made themselves perfectly at home, formed excellent kitchens, ovens, &c. and lived remarkably well, being plentifully supplied with provisions by the markets of *Le Cateau*. The main body of the Imperialists were encamped so as to cover the besiegers on the side of *Picardie*.

\* The troops were in this position (as might naturally from their advanced situation, have been expected), kept constantly on the *Alerte*. An attack was made upon two detachments of Prince COBOURG's army, at the out posts, on the 21st; the Austrians repulsed their enemies with great slaughter, and bore off 3 pieces of cannon and a howitzer. On the same day an attempt was also made to reinforce the garrison of Landrecies, which produced a slight skirmish in front of the camp at Inchi, where the French were likewise defeated, and driven back upon Cambray.

Each steed of the warriors of yore had its bard ;  
 Then say, shall the Muses my nags disregard ?  
 Greeks and Trojans were sung to a lyre most divine,  
 And sure of a *stanza* as worthy, are mine.  
 Imprimis, there's DUNKIRK, at Tatterfall's bought  
 For *twenty*, surpassingly beautiful thought,  
 Who for sixty, dirt cheap as I'm worthy belief,  
 Was sold to oblige the commander in chief. [CORDÉT,  
 Next FERRARIS, LINCELLES, and fam'd CHARLOTTE  
 With BRUNSWICK renown'd for his scampering away.  
 A horse in his movements surpassingly fleet,  
 Whom I've mark'd for my saddle on ev'ry retreat.  
 ADOLPHUS, and ERNEST, PRINCE JOHN, and the rest,  
 So excellent all, none can point out the best :  
 And the poet their fame who attempts to recount,  
 Should in Helicon dive, and on Pegasus mount.  
 Nay then, would his numbers fall short of their merit,  
 They shew so much blood, animation, and spirit !  
 But their pedigrees *all* I intend shall be seen  
 At full length in a certain admir'd magazine.\*  
 But softly, I've started too soon from the post,  
 And must instant return, or the race will be lost.  
 That historian in fact from his purpose steers wide,  
 Who fails to make method and order his guide :  
 And I've time at command, as the ——'s gone to snatch  
 A Sandwich, before he begins his dispatch.  
 For we write them ourselves, my dear Lucy remark,  
 As they frequently laugh'd at our ci-devant † clerk.

\* See the European Magazines from June 1795.

† Sir J——s M———y.

No fat'rist will therefore be found such an afs,  
 As to carp at the letters we send to Dundas.  
 Nor shall I, though desirous, be able to sing,  
 The feather *the Bantom* had pluck'd from his wing;  
 Which, though shap'd to an elegant pen, must remain  
 Unfullied with ink, free from blemish or stain; high,  
 'Twas scrap'd, nicely form'd, nibb'd, and brandish'd on  
 Then grounded for ever, alas! with a sigh.  
 By our firing disturb'd in the midst of his nap,  
 Apollo had risen from fair Thetis's lap;  
 And instantly darting a piercing bright ray,  
 Discover'd our foes in full march, on their way  
 To our camp; all the pickets were soon driven back,  
 And in silence we form'd to await the attack.  
 At one glance their weak side by our chieftain \* was seen,  
 As they drew tow'rds the heights thro' a narrow ravine;  
 Which a battery commanded, conceal'd from their view.  
 Whence *Ricochét* shot we incessantly threw;  
 While our cavalry flanking them, charg'd front and rear,  
 And the slaughter that follow'd would shock you to hear;  
 For that writer but common politeness observes,  
 Who spares his *fair* reader's too delicate nerves.  
 Full swift from the bow as the arrow departing, [ing;  
 Our men through their ranks were seen desp'rately dart-  
 Yet with pride as a *Briton* the trait I make known,  
 'Midst the havoc was quarter and clemency shewn,

\* The Duke of York had, on the morning of the 26th, observed the left flank of the enemy to be unprotected, and, by ordering the cavalry to wheel round and attack on that side, afforded them an opportunity of gaining the highest credit by defeating the French army, so much superior to them in point of numbers.

Though meeting a base and perfidious\* return,  
 Such demands on their mercy compels them to spurn.  
 Unequal my lyre is, too feeble my lays,  
 Their prowess to paint, far surpassing all praise!  
 And alas! we too harshly had spoke, I'm afraid,  
 Of the former delay† of our heavy brigade,  
 Which Mansel this morning so gloriously led,  
 Brave Mansel! whose spirit indignantly fled.

\* An advanced battalion of the enemy upon the approach of the British cavalry, threw down their arms, and demanded quarter, which was instantly granted. No sooner had the squadrons left them to attack the main body, than they loaded their pieces, and fired upon their generous conquerors. This sort of treachery has ever been conspicuous in the gallic heroes, though the hall of the National Convention so frequently resounds with bombastic accounts of their good faith and humanity.

† As the enemy were known to have assembled in great force at the *Camp de Cæsar*, near Cambray, Prince Cobourg requested the Duke of York would make a *Reconnoissance* in that direction; accordingly on the evening of the 23d, Major General MANSSEL's brigade of heavy cavalry was ordered about a league in front of their camp, where they lay that night at a farm house, forming *part* of a detachment under GENERAL OTTO. Early the next morning, an attack was made on the French, drawn up in front of the village of Villers en Couchée (between Le Cateau and Bouchain) by the 15th regiment of Light Dragoons, and two squadrons of Austrian hussars; they charged the enemy with such velocity and force, that, darting through their cavalry, they dispersed a line of infantry formed in their rear, forcing them also to retreat precipitately and in great confusion, under cover of the ramparts of Cambray, with a loss of 1,200 men, and 3 pieces of cannon. The only British officer wounded, was Captain AYLETT, 60 privates fell, and about 20 were wounded.

Though the heavy brigade was formed at a distance under a brisk cannonade, while the light dragoons had so glorious an opportunity of distinguishing themselves, there are none who can attach with propriety any blame on account of their unfortunate delay, for which General OTTO was surely, as having the command, alone accountable, and not General MANSSEL, who acted at all times, there is no doubt, according to the best of his judgment, for the good of the service.



Urg'd on by reproaches, all dangers he brav'd,  
 No hero of Homer's more nobly behav'd :  
 And I blush as the direful conclusion I tell,  
 To feeling a martyr ! our countryman \* fell.  
 His death to revenge, hordes of French bit the dust,  
 While Fame in her temple, with Pride rear'd his bust.  
 And ah, if his spirit still hovers in air,  
 May the praises of Britons his sorrows repair !  
 Our opponents afraid to attempt the Chaussée,  
 Made a circling detour to re-enter † Cambray :  
 Thus, *Messieurs les Patriotes* suffer'd severely,  
 And paid for their troublesome visit most dearly.  
 The British, to Inchi triumphantly led  
 Near four hundred prisoners, CHAPUY at their head ;  
 And by Congreve's report, the good folks were so kind,  
 As to leave their whole park of artillery ‡ behind ;

\* General MANSEL rushing into the thickest of the enemy, devoted himself to death, and animated by his example, that *very* brigade performed such prodigies of valor, as must have convinced the world, that Britons, once informed *how to act*, justify the highest opinion that can possibly be entertained of their native courage. Could such men have *ever* been willingly *backward* ? Certainly not.

† General MANSEL's son, a captain in the 3d Dragoon Guards, anxious to save his father's life, had darted forwards, was taken prisoner, and carried into Cambray. Since his exchange, he has declared that there was not, on the 26th, *a single French soldier* left in the town, as Chapuy had drawn out the whole garrison to augment the army destined to attack the camp of Inchi. Had that circumstance been fortunately known at the time, a detachment of the British army might easily have marched along the Chaussée, and taken possession of the place, ere the Republicans could possibly have returned, as they had in their retreat described a circuitous detour of some miles.

‡ A large quantity of ammunition, and 35 pieces of cannon.

Amongst them several of the new constructed tumbrills belonging to their flying artillery, on the top of which were leather seats for the can-

An attack the same moment the emp'ror sustain'd,  
 But firm on his perch the spread eagle \* remain'd.  
 While *Bellegarde* and *Kinsky* both daringly fell  
 On their line, which, dispersing made off to *Capelle*.  
 On their haunches the Keyfers kept close, till pursuit,  
 Was arrested by night with her aspect of foot.  
 While on this side our vict'ry was brilliant, complete! }  
 In *whispers* we heard of *Clairfait* † and defeat; }  
 Two founts which I grieve should be suffer'd to meet. }  
 For surely, if ever a soldier was born,  
 His country intended by fate to adorn,  
 With truth and with pride we may venture to say,  
 That hero was found in field-marshal *Clairfait*;  
 All their efforts no doubt, he'll contemptuously spurn,  
 And the blows they have dealt him, with int'rest return.  
 On such trifling mishaps we've no time to reflect,  
 So adieu, I must hasten our spoils to inspect.  
 Would that dinner was serv'd, I shall sharply fall to 't,  
 And with dainties and bumpers my spirits recruit.

noneers, that they might be at all times up with, and ready to serve  
 their guns. Is this invention likely to prove as useful to the French, as  
 the Duke of Richmond's *horse-artillery* to the British?

\* They were repulsed with considerable slaughter near *Priches*, and  
 pursued by General *Bellegarde*, as far as day-light would permit, in the  
 neighbourhood of *La Capelle*, having abandoned 22 pieces of cannon.

The British lost 2 officers, 1 quarter-master, 52 rank and file, and 153  
 horses killed. 3 officers, 1 quarter-master, 8 sergeants, 87 rank and file,  
 and 91 horses wounded, 67 horses missing, Major General *Mansel*, and  
 Lieutenant *Fellows* were killed, Captain *Pigot*, Lieutenant *Moore*, and  
 Lieutenant *Froome* wounded, and Captain *Mansel* was taken prisoner.

† The Republican visits on the 26th were general along the whole  
 frontier, from the electorate of *Treves* to the sea. They succeeded in  
 forcing the post of *Moucron*, and took possession of *Menin*, pushing for-  
 wards towards *Courtray*.

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## LETTER VII.

HEAD QUARTERS, TOURNAY, May 4, 1794.

*Surrender of Landrecies—A retrograde Movement—Absurd German Etiquette—  
A Thunder Storm—Its Effects.*

'TIS my lot by this post in a varying verse,  
At once both good fortune and bad to rehearse,  
On this side our prospects are gloriously bright,  
On that, there is seen scarce a glimm'ring of light.  
Dark threatening clouds the wide landscape pervade,  
The front richly glowing, the background in shade:  
We must speedily ward off the gathering storm,  
Or that Sombre appearance the whole will deform.  
Landrecie's our own, and I hop'd to have stated  
The fall of Maubeuge; *en avant* to have dated.  
But, alas! when our plans were arrang'd to push on,  
Fresh tidings unwelcome arriv'd from Moucron\*,  
And the subsequent letters from CLAIRFAIT receiv'd,  
Delay'd the great deeds we should else have achiev'd.

\* On April 30, intelligence arrived of CLAIRFAIT's having experienced a check at Moucron on the 29th, which post had been retaken by a corps of Hanoverians under Count Oyenhausen. The French having poured down upon it a third time *en masse*, CLAIRFAIT, who had joined the Hanoverians, was obliged to retreat, and take up a position covering the *Chaussée* from Tournay to Courtray; a retrograde movement was consequently expected, as no time was to be lost before Landrecies. The garrison of Menin under the command of Major General Hammerstein, consisting of 4 battalions of Hanoverian infantry, and four companies of loyal emigrants, behaved nobly. They were summoned to surrender and *give up the emigrants*, which they peremptorily refused, and finding themselves completely surrounded, sallied forth, and cut their way sword in hand through the enemy's ranks, with fortunately but little loss.

A plague on that fortress detestable vile,  
 That nest of marauders ! a plague upon Lille ;  
 For a thorn in our sides we at all times have found it,  
 Forth vomiting fiends on the country around it.  
 To plunder, lay waste, and to slacken their thirst  
 With blood overgorg'd\* till quite ready to burst.  
 And then when their measure of crimes is replete,  
 Weigh'd down with their spoils to their dam they retreat.  
 Who like Sin on the confines of Pluto's domain,  
 Receives in her womb her fell offspring again ;  
 And as yet little good has aris'n it appears,  
 From arming the rabble we style Volunteers†,  
 We conceiv'd they'd unite their own lands to defend,  
 And be able with starv'd Carmagnoles to contend,  
 Who, no longer with pillaging Menin content,  
 Towards Courtray in swarms their steps daringly bent.

\* The French in many of these predatory excursions, were guilty of the most horrid excesses, especially when they suspected the inhabitants of having concealed any part of their property. *Priests* being marked objects of their resentment, were frequently butchered in cold blood. Ever guided by caprice and whim, they at times would content themselves with collecting their booty, and retire without having committed any of those atrocities which would probably mark their next visit.

† The Emperor had determined towards the close of the last Campaign, to arm the Peasantry, that they might be induced under the idea of protecting their own property, to assist in covering his Frontiers from invasion.

As West Flanders is extremely populous, great numbers of these *volunteers* enrolled themselves ; and the small arms taken at Valenciennes, Condé, and Le Quesnoi, were sufficient to equip them for the field. But, when the grand army advanced upon Landrecies, and the French came thundering down en masse upon CLAIRFAIT's handful of men, they were of little or no use. The inhabitants of the Low Countries, having upon all occasions, shewn themselves disaffected to the Imperial Government, it was a dangerous experiment [to put offensive weapons into their hands, though *perhaps* a want of men justified it. Many of them there is no doubt in the end turned upon the Allies, and assisted the French to overrun the country.

Where, fly dogs, they well knew there was booty in store,  
 They might riot for months \*, and returning find more.  
 Thank the stars, Cousin Orange his point gain'd so soon,  
 Had Landrecies held out next day but till noon,  
 However some folks might have low'r'd and cry'd fie on't,  
 We all had decamp'd, my dear Lucy, rely on't. [scroll,  
 Then the French might have lengthen'd their favorite  
 And giv'n Coz. a place in their Chant Carmagnole†.  
 At midnight the mules were led forth, and the plate  
 Made them crouch tow'rds the ground with its ponderous  
 For Francis requested ‡ we'd hasten to join [weight.  
 CLAIRFAIT, and our force with the Mareshall's combine;  
 Who fatigued with fresh foes pouring down without end,  
 Was at length to his safety obliged to attend.

\* Courtray was famous for a manufactory of very fine linen cloth, brought to such perfection, that samples could be produced nearly as delicately woven, and as even as cambric. The merchants had not time to remove their stock in hand, and the quantities carried off by the Republican free booters were immense, and valuable in the extreme; the prime pieces producing eighteen shillings per yard.

† The French recorded every advantage they gained over the Allies, in the Song called *La Carmagnol*. Upon the retreat from Dunkirk; they did his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief the honour of introducing him as follows :

Le D—E de Y—K s'étoit promis,  
 Que Dunkirk seroit bientôt pris,  
 Mais son coup a Manqué,  
 Grace a nos Cannoniers.

CHO :

Dançons la Carmagnole,  
 Vive le son,  
 Dançons la Carmagnole,  
 Vive le son, du Canon.

‡ Landrecies had been summoned on the 22d of April, but the Governor refusing to surrender, the bombardment recommenced, and was con-

By the sound of *retreat* \*, sad experience has shewn;  
 The steadiest troops in disorder are thrown :  
 It conveys such a chill to the Veteran's soul,  
 As instantly makes him unfit for controul.  
 After eight hours hard fighting the bravest will mind it,  
 However, by turns soften'd down, he may find it,  
 For 'tis fix'd in our minds ever since the creation,  
 That the first law of nature is self-preservation.  
 With conciseness, dear Girl, my narration to sweeten,  
 Suffice it CLAIRFAIT was confoundedly beaten ;

tinued for three days with unabating severity. On the 30th the garrison demanded a cessation of hostilities for 48 hours, to draw up articles of capitulation, but on account of the intelligence received from CLAIRFAIT, only one hour was granted.—8000 men surrendered themselves as prisoners of war; about 1000 of the garrison, and nearly 200 of the inhabitants lost their lives during the bombardment, which commenced on the 25th. The houses had been much damaged by shells thrown into the town, though scarce any impression had been made upon the fortifications. At eleven o'clock *that same night*, the Duke of YORK's army was in motion.

\* CLAIRFAIT had determined to attack the enemy, upon the arrival of six battalions of Austrian Infantry he daily expected from the Emperor's army. PICHEGRU aware that after the fall of Landrecies, CLAIRFAIT would receive considerable reinforcements, was however beforehand with him, and advanced upon Moucron, at eight o'clock in the morning of the 29th. The Austrians behaved with great courage and their usual firmness till four in the afternoon, when the orders to retreat were given, and they fell back in such confusion, that it became impossible to rally them.

At this period Gen. BEAULIEU gained some considerable advantages in the neighbourhood of Arlons, situated in the Duchy of Luxemburg. Having carried several important posts, he attacked the French Camp at Wolfberg, where they had 20,000 men, forming a part of their grand army of 52,000.—Ascending the mountains the Republicans fled in every direction, upon the approach of the Austrian columns. BEAULIEU returned 4 officers, and 300 privates killed and wounded, and computed the loss sustained by his adversaries at upwards of 800, 6 guns, a howitzer, with several horses, ammunition waggons, and 72 prisoners.

And his enemies, conquerous in ev'ry attack,  
 Our army on Flanders was forc'd to fall back ;  
 But the EMP'ROR and COBOURG both daringly prefs'd  
*En avant*, still determin'd *Maubeuge* to invest,  
 By ambition much more than by prudence possess'd. }  
 Our staff unaccustom'd fatigues to endure,  
 Gallop'd muttering forwards snug births to secure.  
 Desirous for once to abide by the rough of it,  
 I march'd with the Guards and experienc'd enough of it.  
 The first night I brav'd, and, befriended by weather,  
 Its weight on my mind might be pois'd by a feather.  
 At Famars\* were we halted three hours, where all woes  
 Were steep'd in oblivion by balmy repose.  
 When rous'd from our slumbers refreshing and sweet,  
 With sorrow we heard the harsh *Generale* beat.  
 'Twas long ere our column was form'd, for you know  
 From time immemorial great bodies move slow.  
 Tho' jaded enough, as I needs must confess,  
 That they gave us a five miles detour you'll scarce guess,  
 At Valenciennes against us was barr'd ev'ry gate ;  
 So will'd Etiquette† and high Keyfirlick state.

\* The army arrived at Famars, about two o'clock in the afternoon, on the 1st of May.

† The Austrians never upon any occasion permitted foreign troops to pass through their garrisoned towns, and their own co-operating with the British, were looked upon *in that* light ; frequently in the last Campaign, when the route lay in the direction of Valenciennes and Le Quesnoi : the British army has on that account been obliged to make long and fatiguing detours ; but keeping up that nonsensical form at a time when troops were upon a forced march, hastening to co-operate with one of their own generals, for the defence of their Sovereign's territories threatened with a formidable invasion, was surely inexcusable, and impolitic in the extreme. Though liable to be called into action for any thing *they* knew to the contrary the very next day, was the Duke of York's army driven

Thus breaking thro' all hospitality's laws,  
*Nos amis* for complaint you'll allow gave us cause.  
 Our troops were compell'd the *Chaussée* to forsake,  
*Malgrez eux*, to a miry deep road to betake,  
 Where the cannon so frequently stuck in the mud,  
 That night having harness'd her ebony stud,  
 O'ertook us, and frowning at this our intrusion,  
 Determin'd to throw us in horrid confusion.  
 From her clutches in future, good heavens defend us,  
 For ne'er was the Hag so completely tremendous.  
 Could I gain to my cause an Hexameter Muse,  
 A subject more proper, what poet could chuse  
 Than her terrors! but vainly I batter my brains,  
 My pen glances off into titupping strains.  
 More proper I own to hand over 'twould seem,  
 To heroic describers so glorious a theme;  
 Yet I hope as the trifle escapes from my hand,  
 That my tropes unaffected you'll still *understand*.  
 Each fiend had apparently flown from his shade,  
 O'er a kingdom unpeopled the sceptre was sway'd  
 By Hell's grisly Monarch—the elements raged,  
 And fancy depicted the furies engaged.  
 So jet black an atmosphere round us was spread, [head.  
 That I scarce could discover e'en BRUNSWICK'S\* white;  
 Save at times when loud peals of harsh thunder between  
 Broad flashes of light'ning illumin'd the scene. [view'd  
 Then the heavens seem'd to open, and awe struck we  
 The splendid refulgence which instant ensued.

from the paved road, into heavy clayey ground, through which the horses were scarcely able to drag the artillery and ammunition waggons; and, owing to the frequent and unavoidable halts, it was pitch dark before the troops reached Raismes.

\* His horse so named.—See Letter VI. Campaign of 1794.



— deplorable state, which before was conceal'd  
 From our knowledge, at intervals thus was reveal'd.  
 Here, a batt horse was seen in the mud holes to flounder,  
 There, with all its etceteras a prostrate nine pounder.  
 With foldiers and waggons the ditches were cramm'd,  
 With long tail Troupes, all the waters were dam'd.  
 And, alas! we had nearly to mourn an event,  
 That with sorrow the hearts of the army had rent.  
 LAKE foremost at all times their labours to share,  
 To their comforts attending with *fatherly* care,  
 Had nearly a sacrifice fall'n to that night,  
 But pleas'd, his escape with his perils I write.  
 His spirited charger hung back, and dismay'd,  
 By the fork'd flakes of fire darting round him that play'd,  
 Contemning controul foam'd, and plunging with force,  
 From side to side madly directed his course,  
 Till headlong he rushed in the treach'rous fossée :  
 His rider fore bruised long in agony lay,  
 Few able assistance to lend, so pitch dark  
 Was the night, very few could his danger remark.  
 Once discover'd, I've scarcely occasion to tell,  
 All flew to his aid, for they thought on LINCELLES.  
 Perceiving it totally fruitless and vain  
 To proceed 'midst the storm and the deluge of rain,  
 Thro' the scatter'd mix'd ranks it was soon understood,  
 Each dispersing, should shift for himself\*, as he could.

\* Into such confusion was the army thrown, that Austrians and British, cavalry and infantry, were all jumbled together; scarce ten men per company would be brought up the next morning to the Abbaye Viscoine, by the guards, or as many per troop by the cavalry; when the stragglers were collected, the whole proceeded to St. Amand, halted till the 3d of May, and then were marched to their Camp near Marquin, a village about a league from Tournay, a little to the right of the Chaussée leading to Lille.

O! LUCY, what raptures I felt the next day,  
 When I saw at a distance the spires of Tournay!  
 My extatic sensations no words can explain,  
 When hail'd by the rosy gill'd fathers again.  
 Thus lucky, if ever a mad volunteer,  
 I fall forth more—may, O wish most severe!  
 May LUCY refuse all the joys she can give,  
 And banish'd from beauty a wretch may I live!

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## LETTER VIII.

HEAD QUARTERS, TOURNAY, May 19, 1794.

*Attacks—Victories—Defeats—Wonderful Perils—Miraculous Escapes.*

OH, LUCY ! we've been in a terrible scrape,  
And truly miraculous, Girl, our escape.  
Conceive all that's bad, then you'll half understand  
Our perils *by sea*, and our perils by land ;  
And had it not been for the fleetest of steeds,  
You must weeping have mounted the bombazeen weeds ;  
And, O shocking to think of the mournful parade !  
The nation at large been in fables array'd :  
In fables array'd, for near popp'd from the hooks  
Were the —— and your hero, and cast to the rooks.  
But let me my fluttering goose quill restrain  
In a style chronologic, events to explain.  
Yet that cursed eight pounder so near struck me dead,  
That order and method have flown from my head.  
Before me still dances the Stygian Ferry,  
And grim-visag'd Charon appears in his wherry,  
With his iron-shod boat-hook repulsing my ghost,  
As unburied my corse on the turf had been tofs'd.  
Begone silly phantoms, I'm found as a roach,  
My dangers are past, and my pleasures approach ;  
And now to my hist'ry ; intent to combine  
Our force with CLAIRFAIT's, on the enemy's line  
An attack was thought proper, and ergo decreed,  
Ere with safety we could tow'rds the Keysirs proceed.

This plan was no sooner arrang'd than prevented,  
 And as matters turn'd out, we were fully contented;  
 For a favorite maxim it seems with our foe,  
 That the battle's half his who obtains the first blow.  
 To be brief, my sweet Girl, ces Messieurs Patriotes,  
 Advancing drove in our Tirolians \* and Croats;  
 Then menaced our left, where in ambush hard by,  
 Old KAUNITZ was plac'd in a wood, snug and sly;  
 Like a tyger half-starv'd, he sprung forth on his prey,  
 And forced them to croud all their sails, and away.  
 But they speedily rallied, and little dismay'd,  
 Push'd on in the face of a brisk cannonade,  
 Again they attack'd us, again were subdued,  
 And slaughter and carnage most horrid, ensued.  
 To our Chieftain their right unprotected appear'd,  
 And their course tow' rds that flank our brave cavalry steer'd.  
 Their valour to sing, what presumption is mine!  
 It calls for a lyre strung by fingers divine;  
 For should fulsome bombast the pure paper deface,  
 The poet would find himself plung'd in disgrace;  
 And tho' Fortune that whimsical jade with a frown,  
 In shadow *en masse* † throws our former renown,

\* On the 10th of May, at day-break, the Republicans commenced their attack upon the Duke of YORK's army, and having driven in the out posts, attempted to gain the left flank, which was however protected by a thick wood, where the Austrian regiment of KAUNITZ was posted.

† However successful the system adopted by the French nation, of forming themselves like the ancient Romans into one immense *military Republic*, has unfortunately proved in the end, the British have upon every occasion been victorious, when engaged separately with their enemies. Their little successful skirmishes must afford subjects of pleasing contemplation to their countrymen, as they prove that English soldiers have done their duty, and will in some degree console them for the failure of every effect yet made use of to subdue our Hydra-headed enemy by land.

She kindly determines the British should reap  
 Such laurels as ever their verdure must keep.  
 All the retrograde motions of ninety and four,  
 We perhaps in the end may have cause to deplore ;  
 Yet let JOHN BULL reflect should he growl and complain,  
 To our cavalry this was a glorious Campaign ;  
 Which nothing more clearly can bring to his view,  
 Than the honour they gain'd on the plains of Baifieu\*.  
 The French at one glimpse our intentions perceiv'd,  
 And with wonderful firmness the charge was receiv'd.  
 Our squadrons pour'd down with such spirit and force,  
 That they quickly dispers'd all the Carmagnol horse ;  
 Still the infantry made a more steady resistance,  
 And their musquetry kept our brave troops at a distance.  
 Thrice they charg'd, tho' apparently death they embrac'd,  
 Against them so firmly the bayonets † were plac'd.

\* Lieut. Gen. HARCOURT was detached to turn the right flank of the enemy with sixteen squadrons of British Cavalry, and two of Austrian Hussars : between them and the enemy's column of Infantry, the ground had been planted *with rape*, to prepare for which the Farmer digs deep narrow trenches, resembling those formed where celery is planted. Not aware of this circumstance, our dragoons charged, and many of their horses fell, (as the ground where rape is planted, is hardly passable by Infantry,) which occasioned some degree of confusion, and they were obliged to retreat, and make their attack upon another quarter, where they found the French drawn up to receive them in a close compact column.

† Infantry, if firm and steady, must at all times keep cavalry at bay. The front ranks kneel, and placing the butts of their firelocks firmly on the ground, oppose the points of their bayonets to the breasts of the advancing horses, while the rear ranks keep up an incessant fire upon the riders. Nine times out of ten, Infantry after sustaining one or two charges begin to waver, and then the weight and rapidity of cavalry must prevail. In this instance the French were steady till some pieces of artillery were brought to bear upon them, and the dragoons were thereby enabled to penetrate their column.

At length when our *amuzettes* order'd to play  
 •Midst the thick crouded ranks of Messieurs les François }  
 Took the wish'd-for effect, on all sides they gave way.  
 Then our wary dragoons with a heart piercing shout,  
 Thund'ring down, broke the line and completed the rout.  
 Right, left, front, and rear, fell promiscuously hew'd,  
 And the field was with limbs and lopp'd carcases strew'd.  
 More trifling the loss by the Victors sustain'd,  
 Than usual when ground *so disputed*, is gain'd.  
 You'll exclaim that this business I enter too large in,  
 And wish that I stated our loss as *per margin* \*.  
 By a wearied out bullet Prince ERNEST was bruise'd,  
 But some herbs, N—TH assures us, in brandy infus'd,  
 With a *ditto repeated*, and bleeding, he's sure  
 Will soon bring about a most excellent cure;  
 And N—TH† is a man of such judgment profess'd,  
 That on that head our minds are entirely at rest.  
 HAL CL-NT-N, that noisy that venturesome boy,  
 Whose sprightliness tends cank'ring care to destroy;

\* The British lost on the 10th, only 1 serjeant, 30 rank and file, and 90 horses killed.—6 officers, 4 serjeants, 73 rank and file, and 188 horses wounded, with 32 missing. The Hanoverians on the right were attacked with equal vigour, but maintained their post. Prince ERNEST received a contusion on the elbow by a spent ball. Major CLINTON, Aid-de-Camp to his Royal Highness, Capt. HAWKER, and Lieut. ARCHER of the Sixteenth Light Dragoons; Lieut. JONES, Second Dragoons; Cornet SMITH of the Royal Horse Guards Blue; and Cornet BOND of the Sixth Dragoon Guards, were wounded. The several attacks were made upon the posts of Sailli, *Baifieu*, *Campbin*, Bachi, &c. extending from Lannoi towards Orchies.—18 pieces of cannon, and 700 prisoners were taken during the day, and the enemy's loss was computed at 2000, killed and wounded.

† Surgeon to the family of his Royal Highness, and of course a constant resident at head-quarters.

Manag'd matters so ill he near got a quietus,  
 But again with his wit he'll be able to treat us,  
 Yes again he the table shall set in a roar,  
 And *quiz* ev'ry fellow we reckon a boar; [doubt  
 For his wound is a flesh wound, and NORTH there's no  
 By his satisfied nod, will soon bring him about.  
 And if we may judge by his skill at a goose,  
 N—TH's lancet of late has been often in use,  
 For I'm told your *nice Surgeons* will carve to a hair,  
 And he carves as he eats, till the visitors stare.  
 But when HAL is recover'd I'll then be his tutor,  
 And teach him to take better care for the future.  
 The French owed to *Kaunitz* a terrible grudge,  
 And determin'd to make the old Veteran trudge,  
 For they knew that he put the first spoke in the wheel,  
 When they thought on our camp undiscover'd to steal.  
 So resolving in force to push over the Sambre,  
 Were seen in such clusters on pontoons to clamber,  
 That KAUNITZ fell back to take up a strong station,  
 Well covering Mons, then in great trepidation.  
 And the Carmagnols, just as he wish'd and suspected,  
 Pursued, where by works and entrenchments protected,  
 He was able to give them so handsome a dressing\*,  
 That in future they'll scarce be so forward and pressing;  
 Yet these frequent attacks on his sev'ral commanders,  
 Made the Emperor quake for the safety of Flanders.

\* The enemy having succeeded in forcing the passage of the *Sambre*, obliged Gen. KAUNITZ to fall back upon Mons, in which position he was attacked on the 14th of May. His army proving victorious, he

So great Cæsar came post \* with his whisker-lipp'd train,  
 In wrath that they dar'd to besiege his domain;  
 Determin'd at once to pour down in such force  
 On his foes, as should soon make them alter their course,  
 And swore if with CLAIRFAIT we mingled our banners,  
 He'd very soon mend Monsieur PICHEGRU's manners.  
 Again on Menin and on Courtray would seize,  
 When both armies join'd on this side of the Lys.  
 To accomplish this purpose once more we were rous'd,  
 Ere we'd felt ourselves settled and quietly hous'd;  
 Feus de joie, and the recent Te deum we found,  
 Still strike on our ears with a low buzzing sound.  
 The kind-hearted Monks blest'd our arms, sprinkled water,  
 And pray'd we might hosts of our enemies slaughter,  
 While FERRARIS his bit champing, spurning controul,  
 His eyes darting forth all the fire of his soul,  
 Seem'd impatient till slow preparation should end,  
 And enable your champion his back to ascend.

pursued the Republicans, and obliged them to repass the river with a loss, the Gazette states, of 5000 men, and 3 pieces of cannon. That account must however have been greatly exaggerated, as the returns of the enemy's killed and wounded generally are, being at all times matters of mere conjecture.

\* CLAIRFAIT was attacked and driven back upon Thielt, (between Courtray and Bruges,) the 11th, which determined the Emperor to give up all thoughts of penetrating into the heart of France, till he had driven the invaders from his own Frontiers: to accomplish which purpose it was necessary, not only for CLAIRFAIT's army, and that under the Duke of YORK's command, to form a junction, but for the whole force to be consolidated. His Imperial Majesty accordingly leaving his Brother to conduct his army near Orchies, sent considerable reinforcements to the Corps of Austrians with the Duke, and arrived at Tournay, to put himself at their head, resolving to attack the enemy between CLAIRFAIT's army and his own, separated by the River Lys.



Forth we instantly fallied, as blythe and as gay,  
 As the silver-ton'd thrush in the middle of May.  
 I first by the bye, took a peep at the yard,  
 And deliver'd the mules up in charge to the guard \*;  
 Our column the fifth† of the army comprized,  
 Which was thus with a march unexpected surpriz'd,  
 You'd been dazzled, my love, with such myriads in arms,  
 Who in Hyde Park Reviews find such exquisite charms.

\* The officer on his Royal Highness's guard, had usually the honour of being intrusted with the care of the sumpter mules and baggage, when any movement took place.

† On the 16th of May, the grand army advanced in five columns, the two on the left were destined to carry the passage of the River *Marque*, and by driving back the French, posted on the opposite banks, to cover the operations of the 3 remaining columns, ordered to force the enemy in possession of *Roubaix*, *Watreloos*, and *Moucron*, thereby favouring *CLAIRFAIT*'s manœuvres to pass over the River *Lys*. By the intended junction of the two armies, all communication between *Lille* and *Courtray* would have been cut off. On the 17th the passage of the River *Marque* was forced so late, and the troops were so fatigued that they did not accomplish the remainder of the proposed plan, and the column on the right under Gen. *BUSCHE*, finding the enemy at *Moucron* too strongly posted to risque an attack, fell back upon *Waercois sur l'Escaut*. Lieut. Gen. *OTTO*'s column advancing through *Liers*, drove the enemy from *Watreloos*, pushing on to *Tourcois*, between *Menin* and *Roubaix*, while that under the command of his Royal Highness the Duke of *YORK*, consisting of seven battalions of British Infantry, (the Guards, and Second Brigade) 5 of Austrians, and 2 of Hessians, with 6 squadrons of Light Dragoons, and 4 of Austrian Hussars, moved forwards from *Templeuve*, forcing the enemy to evacuate *Lannoi*, after a short cannonade. There Major *WRIGHT* of the Artillery was unfortunately killed on nearly the same spot where Capt. *SUTHERLAND* fell, and Capt. *THORNTON* lost an arm the former Campaign. Major *WRIGHT* was an officer of great professional merit, and universally regretted by the army at large. His thigh was smashed by a cannon-ball, in such a manner, that no surgical assistance could be of the least service. Lieut. Col. *LUDLOW*, of the Flank Battalion Guards, received a severe wound in the left arm by a grape-shot, which rendered immediate amputation necessary.

The French, as we march'd tow'rds Roubaix from Tem-  
 pleuve,  
 Were speedily destin'd our prowess to prove.  
 We treated their posts with a few shot and shell,  
 And aw'd by our presence they rapidly fell.  
 Here the — would as prudence\* commanded have stay'd,  
 Since the Austrians their destin'd attacks had delay'd;  
 But great Cæsar, puff'd up by apparent success,  
 Still anxious tow'rds CLAIRFAIT'S position to press,  
 Insisted we straight should advance on the foe,  
 And suddenly seize on the post of Mouvaux.

\* The Duke of YORK not having received any intelligence from the columns on his right and left, after having carried the post of Roubaix, did not think it prudent to advance any further, but meant to have taken a position on the heights behind Lannoi, leaving the advanced guard under Gen. ABERCROMBIE at *Roubaix*. The orders for this purpose were actually given, when the Emperor directed his Royal Highness to proceed to the attack of *Mouvaux*. Thus the blame of having advanced this column so near to the fortrefs of Lille, was certainly removed from the British Commander in Chief, and the subsequent misfortunes sustained by the troops, were entirely owing to the rashness and indiscretion of his Imperial Majesty. The attack was however instantly made by the 4 battalions of guards, forming the advanced corps, led on by General ABERCROMBIE. After a short but lively cannonade, the grenadiers and light infantry dashed into the village, and in taking possession of it, Lieut. Col. MANNERS, who commanded the Light Infantry, was slightly wounded. The Republicans retired, leaving 3 pieces of cannon behind them, and were pursued by the Light Dragoons as far as *Bondues*, a village on the *Chaussée*, about one league and three quarters from Lille, and Lieut. Col. CHURCHILL reported great numbers that his men had sabred. Lieut. Gen. ABERCROMBIE remained with the guards at *Mouvaux* :— 4 Austrian Battalions were posted to cover Roubaix, and the Second Brigade was detached to the left, under the command of Major Gen. Fox, to take up a position on the *Chaussée*, leading from Roubaix to Lille, (near Croix.) The advanced posts communicating with Gen. OTTO, on the heights towards Turcoin.

ABERCROMBIE was destin'd to lead on the van,  
 That steady, that brave, cool, deliberate man !  
 In whom ev'ry talent is seen to combine,  
 By which we the Soldier, the General define.  
 His deep-mouth'd artillery ceasing to roar,  
 We knew by that token resistance was o'er.  
 In a very few moments the fall we could see  
 Of that dry naked Pole y'clep'd Liberty's Tree,  
 Which if we're permitted to judge by the fruit,  
 Has never in Gallia found means to take root.  
 The *tri-colour'd* banner was hurl'd to its base,  
 And the union triumphantly wav'd in its place.  
 Now, LUCY, prepare, I'm about to disclose,  
 A tale from your cheeks that must pilfer the rose ;  
 Must make all your beautiful hairs stand on end,  
 As to perils unheard of before you attend.  
 Ere Aurora had sipp'd up the dews from the meads,  
 Or Apollo had harra's'd his fire breathing steeds ;  
 Lille's ponderous gates on their hinges creek'd loud,  
 And the Frenchmen came issuing forth in a croud,  
 While sily another strong column drew near,  
 Which, WATRELOO forcing thro', menaced our rear.  
 One single battalion, the whole that remained  
 With us, as DEVAY\* both the others obtain'd ;

\* The next morning at day-break, the enemy attacked Turcoin, where Gen. DEVAY was posted, and two Battalions were detached by the Duke of YORK, to make a diversion in his favour, with express orders to fall back if hard pressed : they however joined the Austrians, and thus, an opening was left on his Royal Highness's right. At this moment, Lille poured forth its numerous garrison in every direction ; while the Republicans from Moucron forced their way through Gen. OTTOS position by *Watreloo*. The British column was thus completely surrounded, and in their endeavours to retreat, the troops were thrown into the greatest confusion. The guards had fallen back through Roubaix, and had passed

Unable the smallest resistance to make,  
 Dispersing were seen to their heels to betake.  
 Thus abandon'd on all sides in vain we essay'd  
 To smell out the First or the Second Brigade;

the gates of the town, when the batt horses alarmed by the firing, which was incessant, broke in upon their ranks, kicking and plunging with their loads turned under their bellies; thus annoyed, the Brigade formed as regularly as circumstances would permit, moving with the reserve artillery in front towards *Lannoi*, supposing that town in possession of the Allies. The Hessians however had been driven from it with considerable loss, and Lieut. Col. CONGREVE was first convinced of their retreat by some French Cavalry, (who were mistaken for Hessians,) riding up to cut the traces of the horses drawing the guns, which he endeavoured to turn upon the French, the moment he perceived they were in possession of the town; but owing to the narrowness of the road, and the *clayey soil* which clogged the wheels, could not effect his purpose, before the Republican Hussars accomplished theirs. The troops then faced about, and escaped with difficulty, but the whole of the artillery fell into the hands of the enemy, consisting fortunately of only light field pieces and howitzers. The Battalions finding their retreat cut off were forced to cross the country towards Templeuve, and scrambled as well as they could to their camp at Marquain, with a loss of near 300 men, killed, wounded, and missing. Capt. DRUMMOND of the Flank Battalions, was slightly wounded. The Austrian Hussars increased the confusion, by riding over the infantry in every direction. These Corps are *certainly* of *great use*, and, thoroughly convinced of that, are at all times anxious to take the best care of themselves, possessing very little of that true steady courage for which their countrymen are generally noted, however *valiantly* they may charge and pursue a dispersed, and beaten enemy.

One of the colours belonging to the Third Regiment of Guards was unfortunately lost, but not taken by the enemy as has been *mis-stated*. A Serjeant was carrying it *casé*, as is usual on a march; when a party of British Cavalry pressing on their rear, the Battalion was ordered to open and let them pass, in a very narrow road, with deep muddy ditches on each side; into one of those the Serjeant with the colours was thrown, and stunned by the fall; upon his recovery in his hurry to overtake his Battalion, he forgot the colours. As we have seen no detail in the papers, of any pompous Conventional harrangue, upon the Republican General's having found the British Colours in a ditch, we may reasonably conclude its remains are mouldering there at this moment.

The Second Brigade did not escape so well as the First, being unable from their situation to make as speedy a retreat. Cut off from the

Tho' we thought we had luckily found the right scent,  
 When to Roubaix in chafe of the Second we went,  
 For we winded a delicate kick'd-up ragout,  
 Which whisper'd friend F--x we should soon have in view.  
 But, alas! 'twas our dreadful misfortune to find  
 F—x was off, tho' the scent remain'd strongly behind,  
 And judge, as a corner we gallop'd sharp round,  
 Our surprize, when *the French* in the village we found,  
 Yet our horses produc'd with their feet such a clatter,  
 That, little conceiving the truth of the matter,  
 They thought we against them were cavalry leading,  
 And were taking their leave with the utmost good breeding;  
 But they gave us a volley of musquetry first,  
 And General de *Post Haster's* teeth cranch'd the dust.  
 We wheel'd on a pivot, no time to be lost,  
 And push'd tow'rds a river, *or ditch*, which we cross'd.  
 In the ——'s horse strong symptoms of madness appear'd,  
 For at sight of the water he snorted and rear'd;

Guards, and finding Lannoi in the hands of the enemy, they fell back upon Gen. OTTO's column, at the village of Liers; cleared their way through their surrounding opponents repeatedly, and charged with such fury, that they even took a momentary possession of some French guns. No troops ever behaved with greater gallantry, and their escape was truly miraculous. The Fifty-third Regiment lost 200 men. The Thirty-seventh 180; and the Fourteenth 150. Major BROWN of the Fourteenth, was wounded and taken prisoner. Capt. COOK, Lieut. MURRAY, and Lieut. CUNYNGHAME of the Thirty-seventh, fell also into the hands of the enemy; Capt. BRISBANE, and Ensign PIERCE, of the Fifty-third, were wounded. Lieuts. M'KENSIE, of the Thirty-seventh, and RYAND, of the Fifty-third, were missing. The Light Dragoons sustained a considerable loss of men and horses. Mr. BRADLEY, surgeon to the Fifteenth, was killed, and his Mate wounded.—47 horses were also killed, 32 wounded, and 117 missing, including the horses belonging to the Artillery, but exclusive of the officers' saddle and batt horses, many of which were taken by the enemy. Lieut. ROGERS of the Artillery was wounded; and Lieut. DOWNMAN missing.

And kick'd at the rowels, tho' often applied  
 Till the spurs disappear'd, buried deep in each side, }  
 So his rider dismounted and plung'd in the tide.  
 Like a second Leander he beat back the billows,  
 And at length gain'd dry land by the help of the willows.  
 The Carmagnols judging pursuit was in vain,  
 Like Hell hounds still eager our lives to obtain,  
 An eight pounder planted, and levelling well,  
 Each ball they dispatch'd from it, close to us fell;  
 For the beautiful star they would fain have possess'd,  
 Which dazzled their eyes on his Highness's breast.  
 But, LUCE, tho' my legs to their mercy I yielded,  
 BRUNSWICK's finewy shoulders my head fully shielded,  
 For it rush'd on my mind, that at Norwood a witch  
 Had declar'd like a dog I should die in a ditch;  
 And tho' all superstition as nonsense I treat,  
 I fear'd her prediction, those dogs would complete.  
 A horse\* at a distance I spied on the shore,  
 And his Highness was mounted as well as before.  
 Our fears lent us wings, and we quickly gain'd sight  
 Of OTTO, and halted with him for the night.

\* This was generally supposed to have been a led horse, belonging to one of his Royal Highness's Aid-de-Camps; but that gentleman gives the following account of the circumstance. He was riding, attended by an orderly Dragoon, leading a horse loaded with body cloths; and finding the girths of his own saddle loose, dismounted to buckle them up tighter, when his charger alarm'd by the firing galloped off. Not conceiving the batt horse properly comparisond for an Aid-de-Camp, to the Commander in Chief, he mounted the Dragoon's, leaving him with the other; which must have been the one on which his Royal Highness so fortunately escaped, unless the Soldier caught Capt. ———'s original run-away steed, as indeed appears highly probable, the only historical account which has transpired, informing us the horse was led.



Printed by Cadell & Davies, Strand.

Perils by Sea.





Sure LUCY must own provocation enough,  
 Made us mention Friend FRANCIS in terms rather rough;  
 For his obstinate folly, take notice, my fair,  
 Near consign'd this poor body to birds of the air.  
 Had he not mighty FREDERICK's advice rashly spurn'd,  
 Much better accounts I no doubt had return'd.  
 Now, alas! he may bluster and talk wond'rous loud,  
 But his Sun of Prosperity's set in a cloud.  
 We sneak'd back to Tournay crest fall'n and disgrac'd,  
 And you'll sigh as our loss in the papers is trac'd;  
 But we've seen some sharp fire, and we're here to relate it,  
 And we'll soon into every language translate it.  
 For in nothing on earth we more pleasure discover,  
 Than in boasting of danger when once it is over;  
 And therefore, my Charmer, e'en chatter your fill,  
 Talk as much of our hair-breadth escapes as you will;  
 But in danger, in confidence, or consternation,  
 Believe me your's, truly, without variation.

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## LETTER IX.

HEAD QUARTERS, TOURNAY, May 23, 1794.

*Pichegru's unsuccessful Attempts to invest Tournay—The Aid-de-Camp a better General than the Emperor—The Second Brigade of British Infantry dispossess the French of the Village of Pontachin, by Storm, and change the Fortune of the Day.*

VICTORIA, victoria! still high shall thy name  
Britannia, be placed in the annals of fame;  
We've paid back our foes the late drubbing they gave us,  
And thank'd them *in kind*, for their wish to enslave us.  
Ere Sol\* thro' our curtains had ventur'd to peep,  
Whilst Luna yet ting'd the still waves of the deep,  
We were rous'd from our slumbers by distant alarms,  
And the found of harsh drums beating loudly to arms.  
To the camp half awake then we instantly flew,  
Our forces in order of battle to view,  
When *the Van* under BUSCHE, driven back from Espierres,  
To the main body fast we perceiv'd drawing near;  
For PICH'GRU declar'd the first lesson he got  
By rote, was to strike while the iron was hot;

\* On the 19th of May, the position of the Duke's army was changed, the reserve forming in line nearly parallel to the Chaussée, leading from Tournay to Orchies; the rest *en potence* towards Pontachin, occupying as out posts, the villages of Blandin, La Main, Camphin, &c.

The French advanced to the attack at day-break, on the morning of the 22d; and about nine o'clock their whole force, computed at 100,000 men, poured down upon the right wing of the Emperor's army; with intention if possible of pushing over the Scheldt, to invest Tournay. A column from Courtray bore down at the same time upon the village of Picq, and one from Menin upon Templeuve, en Desselmez.

And true to his maxim drew yesterday nigh us  
 With an overgrown force, meant to awe and defy us.  
 Thus the first opportunity flew to embrace,  
 Having long cast a leering sheep's eye on this place,  
 For he'd heard of its wealth with a shrug of amaze,  
 And wish'd to turn out a few red caps to graze ;  
 So following the blows up he'd recently dealt us,  
 Again brought his thirty-two pounders\* to pelt us,  
 And the fire he kept up, ev'ry moment encreasing,  
 Form'd a thundering concert sublime and unceasing ;  
 Our right wing long masters remain'd of the plain,  
 Retreating at intervals force to regain.  
 When the French, by the hopes of rich plunder† impell'd,  
 Pour'd down with intention of crossing the Scheldt,

\* The French at all times bring much heavier guns into the field than the Allies, ever since that system was introduced by DUMOURIEZ, at the battle of Jemappe. Before that period, pieces of ordnance of a calibre, to carry balls of 32 pounds weight, were never known to have been used as field pieces.

† And what is it but the hopes of plunder that keeps the French armies united ? The troops it is evident have no regard for their leaders, as they suffer them to be dragged daily from before their eyes to the Guillotine ; and they repose a trust in the Rulers of the Convention, merely because they find their wants supplied. Though torn from their cheerful hearths, from the bosom of their families, they are clothed and regularly paid ; and while the war continues riot in luxuries in the conquered countries, at a time, when the citizens unaffected by the Requisitions, are starving in the interior. Can it be expected, that 780,000 men, regularly trained to the use of arms, will ever return peaceably to trim their vines, and pass their leisure hours in thoughtless gaiety, as heretofore ? certainly not. The soldiers will either seize upon the reins of government, and dictate laws to the *soi disant* Republique, or, dividing into separate bands of free-booters, devour their own country, when no longer permitted to prey upon their neighbours.—Peace to Europe—must give a death blow to the Convention, or to the existing Government of the Republic by whatever name distinguished ; and should PICHGRU's head retain its position on his shoulders, though his temples may not be encircled by the diadem, we may perhaps see him reign *for a period*, as Military Dictator, with all the unbounded power of the XIVth Louis.

But our twenty-four pounders drawn up on the shore,  
 Indignant redoubled their bellowing roar :  
 From their horrible jaws the dire messengers fled,  
 And their course might be mark'd by the myriads of dead ;  
 From the clouds overloaded, concuss'd\* by the sound,  
 Issued torrents that *flooded* the country around,  
 And tho' lull'd was the fire by the weight of the rain,  
 Encreas'd by suspension, it burst forth again.  
 Far too feeble my powers are, dear Girl, I assure ye,  
 To paint the tremendous effects of its fury.  
 From the ramparts of Tournay the fray was perceiv'd,  
 And the hearts of the Natives all piteously heav'd ;  
 But the prayers of our Monks at St. Martin's were heard,  
 And the fate of poor Tournay, at least was deferr'd ;  
 Tho' could I have popp'd in a sly word of advice,  
 Believe me the day had been won in a trice ;  
 Just by planting some cannon à l'autre coté,  
 De l'Escaut†, pres d'la Montagne dite la Trinité,  
 Which wonderful slaughter and havoc had made,  
 By treating our foes with a fire *enfilade* :

\* It is by no means uncommon to find rain brought *down* by a heavy cannonade ; and the most experienced Veterans in the combined armies declared, that a more incessant fire was never heard than was kept up on the 22d of May. The inhabitants of *Tournay* described the effects of the artillery, to have been like uninterrupted peals of thunder, succeeding each other so rapidly, that they became united, and formed one tremendous *roar*.

† Sir ROBERT LAWRIE when reconnoitering with some Light Dragoons on the right banks of the Scheldt, near the village of Kain, immediately opposite to Pontachin, (which it must be observed is marked *Ramegnies*, on the maps of the country,) could plainly perceive many of the enemy's troops that were not brought into action, laying down upon the grass, as the French Generals usually keep great numbers in reserve. Had a few guns been planted there, they must have taken the Republicans in flank, and probably would have obliged them to retreat very early in the day.

However my counsel was never demanded;  
 As Imperial Cæsar in person commanded,  
 So had matters turn'd out, LUCY, better or worse,  
 We all must have lauded his judgment of course.  
 Bright Phœbus had finish'd his task, and to rest,  
 After all his fatigues turn'd his eyes to the West;  
 When our wearied-out troops were perceiv'd to remove  
 From Pontachin, (previously driv'n from Templeuve,)  
 And we very much fear'd if allow'd to remain  
 In the former, the French would their object obtain.  
 To Britons 'twas left to recover the day,  
 The Saviours to prove of their fav'rite Tournay.  
 Fox again was conspicuously seen at their head,  
 And his brave band of *Vet'rans* he gloriously led!  
 For if *Vet'rans*, dear LUCY! by practice are made,  
 What troops have had more than our Second Brigade!  
 Yet the laurels they've reap'd they have paid for I fear,  
 For their ranks have been thin'd\* with a vengeance this  
 year.

Could I now their behaviour, surpassing all praise,  
 Paint in language befitting, a chaplet of bays,  
 Apollo would place on my head, with a smile,  
 But so humble my muse, un aspiring my style,  
 Not a sprig will be destin'd these temples to grace,  
 While on Crusca's, whole brooms find a durable place.  
 For a metaphor, he to the heav'ns will ascend,  
 None can equal his flights, and *but few* comprehend,  
 Yet accept of such verse as is mine to bestow,  
 And suffice it, brave fellows! your countrymen know

\* The Fourteenth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-third Regiments, could only muster 7,000 men on the 22d of May, having since they took the field in 1794, lost 836 men, killed, wounded, and missing.

Ev'ry foldier on service, has merited well,  
 Whether scarlet, buff, yellow, or blue his lappelle;  
 Not more rapid the hawk on the sparrow descends,  
 Ere his talons the timorous prisoner rends,  
 Less impatient the huntsman, fly reynard in fight,  
 Springs forth to the chace, than they sprang to the fight.  
 Not a shot from their pieces allow'd to escape,  
 And braving the volleys of bullets and grape,  
 With the bayonet they Pontachin forc'd, and pursu'd  
 Their foes, who with wonderful fleetness endued;  
 Tow'rd's PICH'GRU their road were impatient to find,  
 Leaving guns, ammunition\*, and wounded behind;  
 Thus their end was defeated, we're still where we were,  
 But, alas! I confess all our boasting ends there;  
 For in spite of resistance, this Champion of France,  
 When defeated on this side, on that will advance;  
 And scarce do our ears sounds of victory greet,  
 Than they're follow'd by orders that whisper retreat;  
 And MACK has declar'd that unless inundation †  
 Ensues, and drowns half the good folks of the nation,

\* Five hundred prisoners, and 7 pieces of cannon were taken by the Allies, in the course of the day. In storming the village of Pontachin, the Second Brigade lost 123 men, killed, wounded, and missing. Major of Brigade COCKRANE, and Lieut. McLEAN of the Thirty-seventh died of their wounds. The other officers wounded were, Capt. SPEED, and Lieut. MITCHELL of the Thirty-seventh; Lieutenants ROBINSON, ROCCERS, and Ensign PIERCE, of the Fifty-third. The enemy's loss must have been more than doubled in the official dispatches; it was there computed at 12,000, and including killed and wounded, could not *certainly* amount to 5,000: For we know that the effects of artillery, when troops are not, generally speaking, within sight of each other, is by no means so dreadful as is commonly imagined.

† At this time it was evident that Flanders would ultimately fall into the hands of the Republicans, as there was no appearance of the stipu-

These brigands, these ragged detestable bands,  
 Fair Belgium will wrest from the Emperor's hands.  
 For matters are brought to so desp'rate a pass  
 By the would-be Republicans, rising en masse,  
 That they talk of a serious and early debate,  
 Whether *now* we should leave it, or not, to its fate;  
 If ——, but hark, the loud ratt'ling of footsteps I hear,  
 Dinner's serv'd, and unless I this moment appear,  
 The *fallad* will vanish, ere TOM gets a snack,  
 So excuse me, dear Girl—I must march to attack.

lated reinforcement of Prussians, intended to co-operate with his Imperial Majesty. General MACK gave it as his decided opinion, that the sluices should be opened, and Maritime Flanders laid under water: This would have ruined the country, destroying not only the lands, but the cattle, and probably many of the inhabitants; it was therefore rejected.

Good accounts had been received from Gen. BEAULIEU, in the Duchy of Luxemburg. Having advanced upon *Bouillon*, on the 18th of May, he defeated a considerable body of French troops, covering that Canton, killed 1,200; took above 200 prisoners, and 6 pieces of cannon, gaining possession of the town. The coalesced army on the Upper Rhine, had remained unmolested by the Republicans, and perfectly idle till the 18th, when a general attack was made upon Ogersheim, Frankenthal, and the neighbouring country. On the 21st, a Pontoon Bridge was thrown over the Rhine, and on the 22d, the Prussian Van crossed under the command of Prince HOHENLOHE, proceeding towards the Duchy of Deux Ponts, and driving the enemy back upon Turkheim, and Kaiserslautern.

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## LETTER X.

HEAD-QUARTERS, RENAIX, *June 7, 1794.*

*Timely evacuation of Tournay.—Clairfait's defeats, productive of general retrograde movements.—Good Faith and Moderation of our Allies.*

OF thy turrets, poor Tournay ! we've had a last view,  
To the fathers have figh'd an eternal adieu;  
Disasters have followed disasters so fast,  
We've been forc'd to abandon St. Martin's at last.  
Now their linen, their laces, their silver and gold,  
Must be all without mercy, flap dash carmagnot'd;  
And those monkeys \* and tygers will wallow in grain,  
Reap sufficient to last them another campaign,  
And plump up their hollow lean faces again. }  
What though ORANGE had purpled the Sambret† with blood,  
Though CLAIRFAIT their repeated attacks had withstood,

\* The monkey's SKIN, the tyger's HEART.

When the Republicans over-ran the fertile provinces of Flanders, the peasants were preparing to put the sickle to the grain;—and rich as the harvest is *at all times* in that delightful country, it was in 1794 peculiarly abundant.

† At this period the French were besieging Charleroi, and, crossing the Sambre, had taken up a position near Josselie (between Mons and Namur) to cover the siege. The hereditary Prince of ORANGE on the 16th June attacked and defeated them. They were driven back, and forced to repass the river with a loss, as it was stated, of 7,000 men, 22 pieces of cannon, and 35 ammunition waggons. The enemy, however, a few days after, again crossed the river in greater force, and were enabled completely to invest the place.

CLAIRFAIT had been forced to fall back from *Thielt* upon *Deynse*, and on the 23d, after an obstinate engagement, in which he sustained a considerable loss of men, was forced to retreat to Ghent.



By numbers oppress'd, he gave way in the end,  
 Unable with odds so immense to contend;  
 And by retrograde motions his forces were sent  
 From pillar to post, till they shelter'd in GHENT.  
 You remember when last at keen appetite's call,  
 I hasten'd to dinner, and shorten'd my scrawl;  
 That I told you in council our gen'als would meet,  
 And determine if fitting or not to retreat;  
 But little we thought to have found, to his shame,  
 Prince COBOURG was playing a fly double game:  
 That though of fam'd chieftains he'd form'd a fierce quorum,  
 The matter was fix'd ere he brought it before 'em.  
 Ypres \* gone,—CHARLEROI a bombardment sustaining,  
 Not a faint ray to brighten, our prospects remaining;  
 Bag and baggage we mov'd without further delay,  
 And fought out new stalls for the mules at RENAIX:  
 Yet had we attended to COBOURG, † I ween,  
 We now in the gripe of those devils had been;

\* Ypres surrendered to the French on the 17th June, and the garrison marched out on the 19th as prisoners of war. The Governor might certainly have held out much longer than he did, as it was one of the *very few* towns in Flanders where the works had been in some degree repaired. The plea for capitulating was a want of ammunition. The emigrants forming a great part of the garrison were given up, *as usual*, to be shot *en masse*. Intelligence had about this period been received that, on the 26th of May, ROBESPIERE's motion had been passed into a decree, ordering the French troops to give no quarter to the British and Hanoverian soldiers: and, on the 7th June, the Duke of YORK gave out a very just, spirited, and humane address to his army on the occasion; well calculated to restrain them from butchering the prisoners who might accidentally fall into their hands, under the supposition that the orders from the convention would be attended to by their armies.

† The emperor had, at this period, there is no doubt, determined to give up the provinces of Flanders, and the council of war, invoked to consider what troops should remain to garrison Tournay, (as a part were to be detached to augment the army of the Sambre,) was a meer farce, for the Duke of YORK perceived the Austrians filing through the town the

Like rats in a trap, 'tis as clear as noon day,  
 They'd have held up to view nos fiers guerriers Anglois.  
 While the Keyfirs, fly dogs! knew they'd no time to lose,  
 And in time flipp'd their own brawny necks from the noose.  
 More and more ev'ry moment we're led to despise  
 Our valiant, our good, and our faithful allies;  
 And simple JOHN BULL far too nobly behaves  
 To a tribe of such pilfering, pitiful, knaves.  
 There's *Fred'rick*\* would pick out his money, heart, soul and  
 Life, to obtain a few acres of Poland:  
 And lately we hear that the pious she-bear,  
 A few hundred thousands expects as her share,  
 For having growl'd forth for us many a pray'r. }  
 But alas! in this instance, old adages fail,  
 Or the pray'rs of the righteous would surely prevail.  
 Great Cæsar talks loud of a want of supplies,  
 And repeats in his slumbers the word "subsidize:"  
 And PITT says no reason on earth can be shewn,  
 Why he should 'nt have *snacks* in the shape of a loan;  
 Reserving the power in his own courts to sue him,  
 And in failure of int'rest to smash and undo him.  
 Egad, now I think on't again, he had better  
 Beware swinging costs, and the Councillor's letter.

very moment the matter was debating, and, justly incensed at this instance of treachery on the part of the imperialists, refused to permit the British to remain in garrison as *had been proposed* by COBOURG. They accordingly marched from Tournay on the 25th, and encamped near Renaix.

\* Though FREDERICK had received his subsidy, "*and placed it to account*," not a single Prussian joined the allies to co-operate in the protection of Flanders. By the treaty it was stipulated that the extra contingent should have taken the field with CLAIRFAIT, in the beginning of May.

For once, I remember, at suit of my taylor,  
 Though I manag'd to keep from the fangs of a jailor ;  
 The matter came on in the court, Banco Regis,  
 When 'twas prov'd by a chattering Filius Legis,  
 That SWEITZER had sent me cloth, buckram, stay tape,  
 And encreas'd not a little my elegant shape ;  
 That his charges, all honest, and fair were, and yet  
 Defendant disputed so legal a debt !  
 And thus 'twas my fate to find out in the sequel,  
 Sergeant SHUFFLE's demand, and my taylor's, were equal ;  
 So I'd better have paid Snip without any fufs,  
 And ergo *great Cæsar* had better pay us.  
 The Burgeois à *Bruge* \* sent a welcome in form,  
 Determin'd with compliments PICH'GRU to storm ;  
 More sincere and more hearty, perhaps they may be,  
 Than those they hail'd us with in ninety and three.  
 The intention is now to defend Oudenarde,  
 Which the French at this moment like furies bombard.  
 And alas ! my dear girl, I no longer can send  
 Intelligence straight by the way of Ostend.  
 Tormenting delays we are doom'd to endure,  
 The messengers take such a swinging detour †.

\* Upon CLAIRFAIT's retreating to Ghent, General Count WALMODEN fell back with the Hanoverians, upon the right flank of the Austrians, abandoning Bruges on the 26th, when the municipality sent a deputation to the French, to invite them to the town, and to assure them of a cordial reception ; dwelling much upon the known good faith and generosity of their conquerors. The arrival of Lord MOIRA's army, which, having landed suddenly at Ostend, proceeded to *Maele*, a village within four miles of Bruges on the *Chaussée*, leading to Ghent, induced the Republicans, however, to postpone their triumphal entry for a season.

† The evacuation of Ostend having been determined upon, the messengers were obliged to go round by Flushing ; it was therefore at times very long before accounts could be received from England.

Moira's army is daily expected, and then  
 We must make up our minds to see Brabant again ;  
 For arrive when they will, 'tis too late I'm afraid,  
 To recover the lands which these miscreants invade.  
 In the height of his phrenzy, since JOSEPH \* kick'd down  
 The works of each ci-devant fortified town.  
 Scarce a bastion or counterscarp Belgium can boast,  
 To stop the advances of PICHEGRU's host.  
 Hence we ever have found, and shall still find her yield  
 To the leader who marches en masse to the field ;  
 For though myriads of gen'als deny what I say,  
 Perseverance and numbers must carry the day.  
 This COBOURG discover'd when Charleroi † fell,  
 And he march'd sadly maul'd to encamp at Nivelles.

\* In the reign of the Emperor Joseph, all the fortifications in Flanders were indiscriminately levelled with the ground, as he found the inhabitants prone to insurrections, and ready, upon every trifling pretext, to revolt against his jurisdiction. His successors, and especially FRANCIS the Second, had to lament the mistaken policy which induced him to destroy some of the most complete works that art had ever constructed.

† Although there was every reason to fear that Charleroi had fallen into the hands of the enemy, yet as no certain intelligence had been received of its surrender, the attack which had been determined upon for its relief was carried into effect. Prince COBOURG's army accordingly marched in five columns on the 25th of June, and, on the 26th, advanced on the enemy's entrenchments, extending from *Fleurus* to *Fontaine l'Evêque* : protected by the natural declivity of the ground, and rendered still more formidable by an extensive line of redoubts, in which were placed an immense number of heavy guns.

Notwithstanding these advantages, the advanced corps of JOURDAN's army was driven back by COBOURG's right wing, while his *left* pushing on, gained the principal heights in front of the fortrefs, endeavouring to force the enemy's position at the end of the bayonet, and naturally expecting the garrison, (supposing the place still in the possession of their own troops,) would fall forth upon the rear of the Republican army. The gates of the fortrefs had however been unfortunately thrown open to the besiegers on the preceding evening, (the 25th) and the left wing of the Imperialists was thus left exposed to the brunt of the battle; when the

Farewell ; it will grieve me the pen to resume,  
As I fear we've no chance of dispersing this gloom.

*French garrison* joining the army that had been employed to cover the siege, turned the fortune of the day completely: COBOURG then retreated to Marbaix, having sustained a loss of 1,500 men, and the next morning fell back forming a line between Braine le Comte, and Nivelles, protecting Namur, and *Brussels*. The French at the same time made an incursion with an army of 40,000 men, into the duchy of Luxembourg, and taking possession of *Arlons*, obliged Gen. BEAULIEU to retire from *Bouillon*, and fall back upon *Marche*, to cover *Namur*.

The evacuation of Flanders has generally been regarded as a matter of policy on the part of his imperial majesty, who, irritated by the want of energy and disaffection of the turbulent inhabitants, was determined they should experience the difference between his mild government, and the despotic sway of the French disciples of ROBESPIERRE's faction. Surely had this been the case, Field Marshal CLAIRFAIT would have received a hint of his Sovereign's intention ; as a prodigious number of lives might then have been easily spared, that were sacrificed, while that unfortunate General was disputing the ground, inch by inch with the invaders. If, however, it afforded the emperor any consolation in the midst of his misfortunes, to know that the natives of the Netherlands smarted severely under the Republican gripe, his feelings must have been gratified in a peculiar manner. Every young man capable of bearing arms, found himself in requisition. The coin of the country was called in, and exchanged for, assignats, *at parr*. Merchandize, and private property were indiscriminately seized upon, and the Revolutionary Tribunal was kept in constant employ by the commissioners sent to *fraternize* and unite Belgium with the French nation. Amongst the numerous victims to their insatiable barbarity, were two beautiful young women, *Marechandes de modes à Tournay*.

Britannia's sons are ever tremblingly alive to the charms of the fair sex, it is no wonder therefore, that the angelic sisters of the *grand place* found many admirers in the Duke of YORK's army, which had been so long, and so frequently encamped in the neighbourhood. The young women selected their favourites, an *attachment du cœur* subsided between them and two English officers, and after the evacuation of the town letters from their absent lovers were found in their possession. Accused of having corresponded with the enemy, they were instantly hurried to the *fatal cart*, conveyed to Lille, and never did the merciless blade of the guillotine descend upon more lovely and innocent martyrs.

Ghent was taxed to the amount of 7 millions of livres. The convent of nobles in one million ; that of Bodeloo in 800,000 ; and the mercantile

houses in proportion; where no specie was to be had, the goods were seized upon. All carriages were considered in a state of requisition, and the owners ordered, under pain of death, to send them to the Abbey St. Pierre, which was converted into a repository.

Bruges was taxed in 4 millions, of which the clergy were to pay *two*, the noblesse one, and the citizens living upon their incomes the other.

Ostend was also taxed in two millions, and the numerous warehouses, &c. put in requisition. Every other town and even village shared the same fate in proportion to its size. Lille and Dunkirk were fixed upon as the grand *depots* for the plunder thus rapaciously seized upon.

In order to expedite the transportation of which, and of the harvest, all young men from 15 to 30 years of age, were forced to work on the canal leading from Nieuport to Dunkirk; no alternative was allowed; their only choice was *submission* or the *guillotine*!

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## LETTER XI.

HEAD-QUARTERS, GROESBEKE, *Sept. 22, 1794.*

*Evacuation of Flanders.—Of Brabant.—Junction of Lord Moira's Army.—  
Visit from his Serene Highness, and the Orange Family.—Soporific  
Effects of a good Dinner.—Affairs of Boxtel.—Consequent  
Retreat across the Maes.*

WE breathe for a time ; our late dangers are past ;  
And we've fairly outrun our pursuers at last.  
In our hurry however it grieves me to find,  
We left our poor brethren at Nieuport \* behind ;  
For we never intended that place to defend,  
After Ypres had fall'n and we'd giv'n up Ostend :  
But, LUCY, I own it, our memories fail'd,  
And humanity forely their treach'ry bewail'd.  
What oceans of blood, say, have fatten'd thy foil,  
Fair Belgium ! How bitter the fruits of our toil !

\* Ostend was evacuated on the 1st July ; Col. VYSE having previously, with the greatest activity, embarked the garrison, and the 8th, 33d, and 44th regiments of British infantry, with the artillery, stores, and ammunition. Owing to the exertions of Lieut. POPHAM of the navy, (agent of transports in that port,) the ships were all cleared out, excepting an old Indiaman, and a prison ship, which, the wind blowing strong into the harbour, could not possibly be removed. The troops in garrison at Nieuport *ought certainly, and might easily,* have been withdrawn at the same time ; but, as they were overlooked in the hurry of removing the stores from other places, 500 emigrants, who were found in the town after its surrender, fell into the hands of their enraged countrymen, and were drawn up in the dry ditch, exposed to the fire of artillery, loaded with grape shot. Capt. WILSON who had so bravely defended Nieuport when it was besieged the latter end of October, 1793, and a few British artillery men were made prisoners of war, with the rest of the garrison ; though assured, previous to their capitulation, that they should be enlarged, upon passing their parole not to serve against the French nation, during the war.

Ev'ry moment brings in fresh accounts \* of retiring,  
 And Hope, at her last gasp, lies pale and expiring.  
 Prussians, Keyfirs, and Hessians all share the same fate,  
 And the Dutch must experience their's sooner or late.  
 But ORANGE has publish'd a long proclamation,  
 On the wonderful use of the grand inundation,  
 Which Mynheer has receiv'd with a wo-be-gone face,  
 And will scarcely permit it, we fear, to take place.  
 For I verily think from the depth of his soul,  
 He'd give up Nassau for the Chant Carmagnol.  
 MOIRA's † force, after wonderful toiling has join'd;  
 But his lordship at Southton you'll presently find;  
 For we could not adjudge him a sep'rate command,  
 And a truncheon inferior he hurl'd from his hand.

\* The brigade which had been with CLAIRFAIT's army consisting of the 12th, 38th, and 55th regiments of British infantry, with part of the 8th and 14th Light Dragoons, fell back upon the British army, July 3d, when on its march from Renaix to the heights of Grammont. On the 4th the whole proceeded to Wambeke, 5th to Asche, between Dendermonde and Brussels. A violent cannonade was then heard *towards Brussels*, and his Royal Highness the Duke of York sent to offer his assistance to Prince COBOURG, wishing to unite the two armies, and make a general attack upon the enemy, in hopes of preserving Brabant, though Flanders was irretrievably lost. The Austrian commander in chief was however of opinion, that it was not worth while to risque another engagement, and accordingly fell back upon Louvain and Tirelemont; so that the French were enabled to enter Brussels on the 8th. The Duke of YORK's army marched through Mallines to Conticq on the 9th, and Clairfait's filed off towards COBOURG's position, encamping in a direction to cover Namur.

† Lord MOIRA's army from Ghent, consisting of the 19th, 27th, 28th, 40th, 42d, 54th, 57th, 59th, 87th, and 89th regiments, fell in with the Duke of YORK's at Mallines. They were in a miserable plight, without either tents or baggage, and kept at first as a separate body.

Aware that it was of the utmost consequence to bring up *speedily* the reinforcements with which he was entrusted, his Lordship had advanced by forced marches through a country nearly over-run at that *critical period* by the victorious republicans, in a manner that must ever reflect upon him the highest credit.



His troops with alertness he led to our aid,  
 And laurels his brows must in consequence shade.  
*The heroes* \* at once were convinc'd, Doyle may boast  
 Of the diff'rence 'twixt Hessians and French at Olost.  
 When at Antwerp we deemed ourselves settled and quiet,  
 But they drove in our picquets, and rais'd such a riot,  
 That we pack'd up our tatters; and greys, blacks, and bays  
 Very prudently drew tow'rd's the banks of the Maest;

\* On the 6th, an advanced picquet of his Lordship's army stationed at Olost, deceived by the similarity of the uniform of a French corps of hussars, to that of a Hessian regiment of dragoons, (supposed to have been in their front,) permitted the former to gallop into the town, and they had actually reached the market place before the mistake was discovered; a skirmish ensued, in which Lieut. Cols. DOYLE and VAN DELEUR were wounded; Mr. GRAHAM, the Adjutant to the 8th light dragoons, was killed; and Lieut. KITSON missing. The 87th, (Lieut. Col. DOYLE's Irish heroes) suffer'd a loss of 3 rank and file killed, 2 officers, 2 sergeants, 2 quarter masters, 19 rank and file wounded, 1 officer, and 8 rank and file were missing. The French hussars retired as rapidly as they had advanced. This skirmish was followed up by a general attack upon the outposts in front of the canal running from Brussels to Antwerp, they were all driven back upon Mallines; but, upon the appearance of a reinforcement detached by Lord MOIRA, the enemy retired, and the posts were reoccupied. On the 15th of July the attacks were renewed, and the enemy succeeded in obliging the troops on the left of Mallines to abandon the canal, and retreat from the Dyle; Lieut. Gen. DALWIG immediately fell back upon Welhem, taking up a position to cover that pass of the river. Lord MOIRA was then detached towards Duffel, and Gen. WALMODEN with the Hanoverians occupied Lierre. The Hanoverians being attacked the same day, and accounts arriving of further retrograde movements on the left, where the Austrians were posted towards Tirlemont, the Duke's army retreated through Wynegham to Khamshoot, leaving Brabant entirely open to the Republicans

† The army marched towards Roefendaal in Holland on the 25th of July, and the different corps were then encamped according to the order of battle, forming two lines and a reserve. British on the right; Hanoverians on the left; and Hessians in the centre. Hearing that the French were advancing from Antwerp, which place they took possession of on the 24th; the brigade of guards and some light cavalry forming the re-

On our way, for a time, taking up our abode  
 At a neat little village yclep'd Ousterhode.  
 But Mynheer was extremely indignant we saw,  
 At our foiling his streets with our boots at Breda.  
 Half asleep to our quarters the Stadtholder crawl'd,  
 And forth, wondrous effort! some compliments drawl'd;  
 So we begg'd him to fix on a day to take share  
 Of our porter, our port, and our family fare.  
 Thus, LUCY, we soon had the honor to treat  
 The whole tribe of oranges, seville and sweet:  
 And we vow'd to exhibit a splendid review,  
 Ere we feasted the Prince with our smoaking ragout;  
 Then our men were drawn up with their arms rubb'd so  
                   bright,  
 That eyes yet more strong might have shrunk \* from the  
                   light.

Behind the young hero his son, made approach  
 A cheval, while *les dames* fill'd a splendid state coach:

serve under Gen. ABERCROMBIE, were ordered to reconnoitre on the 30th in that direction, but the country considerably beyond the out posts was found clear, and no movement took place till the 4th, when they marched through Breda to Ousterhode. We have hitherto called the original three regiments employed with the guards the second brigade. Lord MOIRA's army was now incorporated with the Duke's, and the whole of the infantry brigaded afresh. In addition to the regiments brought over by his lordship, were the 8th, 33d, and 44th, intended to have been under the orders of Lord Cornwallis, but detained with the troops in Holland. Another detachment joined at Roefendaal consisting of the 3d, 63d, and 88th, which was left in garrison at Bergenop-zoom, till the British passed the Waal. The whole force under his Royal Highness, including the Hanoverians and Hessians, amounting, at that period, to about 33,000 effective men.

\* And such was his serene Highness's great condescension, that he rode slowly down the whole line, covering at least two leagues of ground, with his hat off, braving the frequent showers of rain, as well as the glare proceeding from the high-polish'd firelocks of the British soldiers.

And the beautiful Prussian\* an angel was seen,  
 While dignity mark'd the mama in law's mien.  
 Much struck with his dress, to the Duke's Serjeant Major  
 (Don't hint it to PHILLIS or fore 'twill enrage her ;)  
 The Stadtholder's hat was pull'd off with an air,  
 While the fellow amaz'd rear'd his head with a stare,  
 By the two Epaulets Dutch respect † was increas'd,  
 And he fancied him Marechal de Camp at the least.  
 We'd before hand invited, well knowing his trade is  
 Soft poison to pour in the ears of the ladies ;  
 The pearly teeth'd peer, yclep'd CHESTERFIELD second,  
 Who the very best bred man in Europe is reckon'd ;  
 Whose spirits no changes of fortune can damp  
 In the heat of an action, ‡ or snug in a camp.  
 In a ball room or tent he for ever the same is,  
 But halt we—already establish'd his fame is.  
 Mama in law said to her daughter, how finely  
 He talks ! and the Princess replied, “ O divinely.”  
 On the scene that ensued, it seems useless to dwell,  
 For CHESTERFIELD there, *of course* matters went well.

\* The King of PRUSSIA's daughter, who was married to the hereditary Prince of ORANGE, the same time that her sister became Duchess of YORK.

† After passing the line, his serene Highness the Stadtholder discovered the Sergeant Major of the Coldstream on the left flank, in his dress coat, bedaubed with broad gold lace, and ornamented with two epaulets. No wonder he was mistaken for a *Major General*, as amongst foreigners, military rank is distinguished by dress, and a second epaulet announces a truncheon bearer, or field officer at least.

‡ “ Ever sprightly, ever gay,  
 Cank'ring care he holds at bay.”

And may those spirits never droop ! if good humour, ease, and affability constitute a pleasant companion, and sincerity a friend, where shall we find his equal ? The same sprightliness of character, tempered with coolness and steady courage, is conspicuous in the hour of danger.

Laughter follow'd his fallies that made the floors shake,  
 But his Highness, *serene* all our wit fail'd to wake,  
 Till an Aid de Camp little respecting his flumbers,  
 Bounc'd in, and dismay'd, talk'd of Frenchmen in num-  
 bers\*.

Disturb'd by this sudden unwelcome attack,  
 He star'd, gave a yawn, and sunk heavily back;  
 And it call'd forth the strength of his dutiful spouse,  
 This great Captain General of Holland to rouse.  
 Some additional hints set us packing in haste,  
 And still nearer old *Maes* our encampment was trac'd :

\* The picquets having been driven in, a Dutch aid de camp out of breath came hunting for the Stadtholder, when he was at the British head-quarters, to report that the French were advancing, adding with a *peculiar emphasis* “ *en assez grand nombre ;*” which phrase was afterwards frequently made use of *jocosely* through the camps.

On the 26th of August Sluys surrendered after having made a very steady resistance ; it had been besieged from the 27th of July, when Catsandt fell into the hands of the French, enabling them to cut off all communion between Sluys and Holland. The conventional troops investing the place and covering the siege, amounted to at least 20,000 men. Gen. VAN-  
 DERDUIN'S defence was distinguished by a memorable manœuvre. He ordered several fires to be kindled in the different squares of the town, and while the flames were raging, threw open the gates, and let down the draw bridges. The besiegers supposing their shells had caused this general conflagration, advanced rapidly, to take possession of the fortrefs, when they were suddenly saluted with a well-directed fire of grape and round shot from the ramparts of the place, and nearly 2000 of them fell or were drowned in attempting to cross the inundations. The troops in garrison at Sluys were made prisoners of war, and in consequence of the French advancing upon Hoogstraten, the Duke of YORK'S army retreated from the barony of *Breda* ; moving from *Ousterbode* at half past two o'clock in the morning on the 29th of August, they encamped at *Helwoort* about 4 in the evening. On the the 30th, the tents were again struck about 6 in the morning, and the left column passing through *Bois le Duc*, (or Hertogenbos, as it is usually marked on the maps of Holland,) the army encamped at four in the evening near *Berlicum*.

For now of Condé and Valenciennes \* possess'd,  
 T'wards Breda the besiegers had rapidly press'd.  
 O Shame! which no sophistry ever can blot  
 From History's page, without firing a shot.

\* Condé surrendered to the French the 27th of August, Valenciennes the 30th, without making the least shew of defence, though the garrisons were well supplied with provisions, ammunition, and every other requisite for sustaining a long siege. When we reflect upon the immense sums of money expended during the siege of Valenciennes, and the numbers of men lost before it, what must be the feelings of those who toiled in the trenches in 1793, at finding it thus shamefully abandoned. The Imperialists had been employed night and day to repair the damaged works, and had constructed several new ones, where they found the easiest impressions had been made *by their own fire*; rendering the fortrefs even more formidable than when VAUBAN saw his admirable plan completely executed. Exclusive of the usual magazines, immense stores fell into the hands of the enemy, composed of a great portion of the heavy baggage of the British army, with the standards of the cavalry. The Austrians upon their retreat from *Tournay*, certainly suspected that Condé would be wrested from the emperor, as they carefully removed their own stores from that fortrefs, though it was by *Cobourg's* advice that the Duke of YORK made use of it as a *depot*. A party of the Scotch greys, previous to the evacuation of Flanders, had ventured very close to the town in hopes of recovering their baggage, and were nearly taken prisoners.

It has been stated that an order, apparently from the emperor, was conveyed to the governor of Valenciennes, (*Gen. Micowini*,) to deliver up the keys to the Republicans, upon securing good terms for his garrison, wherein his imperial majesty's hand-writing, and the impression of his seal, were so exactly imitated, that no suspicion was entertained of its being a *forgery*. But what plea could Gen. HEISTER, the Governor of Condé, on the commandant of *Quefnoi*, (which was ceded to the enemy a short time before) make use of? French gold, it is very obvious, occasioned German treachery.

Prince COBOURG about this period resigned the command of the imperialists, which consequently devolved upon Gen. CLAIRFAIT. Aware that it was then too late in the season to sit down before the strong fortrefs of Bergenopzoom, or even before Breda, the French were evidently preparing to attack the Duke of YORK's army covering Holland, determined to use every effort in their power to overrun the united provinces.

Those places which cost us such labour and blood,  
 Which for months all attacks might have brav'd and  
     withstood,  
 Be it told to the Keyfirs' eternal disgrace,  
 Experienc'd once more the fraternal embrace.  
 At Valenciennes, new works to encrease its defence  
 Had been made, at a great, an enormous expence.  
 Rich stores of all kinds, heavy guns, ammunition,  
 Thus made in an instant a fatal transition ;  
 As if we the fortrefs on trust had receiv'd,  
 To improve, and be then of our burthen reliev'd.  
 On Boxel\* our foes pour'd *en masse* in such force,  
 That DYKES and MORASS fail'd to alter their course,

\* The French having passed the morafs of Piel, deemed an insuperable barrier between the contending powers, a sudden attack was made upon all the posts on the right of the Duke of York's army on the 14th of September, when that of *Boxel*, the most advanced, was forced, with a loss of 1,500 of the Hesse Darmstadt troops, who were completely surrounded. As the whole line of posts was unteneable, while the enemy remained in possession of Boxel, a position completely commanding the river *Dommel*, which runs immediately to the town, by *Fort Isabelle*, it was thought necessary to retake it; and the reserve was accordingly detached for that purpose, composed of the Brigade of Guards, and Twelfth, Thirty-third, Forty-second, and Forty-fourth Regiments of the Line, with cavalry and artillery. At day-break on the 15th, General ABERCROMBIE having reconnoitered, found the enemy so strongly posted, that he did not venture to risque the attack without positive orders from the Commander in Chief; and upon his sending back to his Royal Highness for instructions, he was directed to persist in the attack, but not to proceed further than he thought prudent. In front, and inclining to the left of ABERCROMBIE's corps, which had advanced through *Schyndel*, was a plain skirted by a thick plantation of firs, in which the French had constructed several masked batteries. The Coldstream Battalion of Guards had been left on picquet at *Erp*, a village on the river *Aa*, between Bois le Duc and Helmont. The Cavalry, First and Third Guards, with the Thirty-third, and Forty-fourth Regiments of the Line, pushed on towards the point of attack, the Twelfth and Forty-second, remaining in reserve in and near

And on Hefsmán's position so rapidly fell,  
 That they clear'd in an instant the banks of Dommel.  
 We therefore determin'd a charge à l'Anglois,  
 Should in their turn soon force them to scamper away.  
 ABERCROMBIE led on the reserve, and we hear  
 Was affited by hints from the fam'd bombardier !  
 But feeling their pulses we presently found  
 Them, "*en assez grand nombre*" and shifted our ground.

Schyndel. Some French Hussars shewed themselves boldly on the level ground, as a lure to the British Cavalry, and retreating before them, dispersed when they had drawn our unwary squadrons within reach of their batteries, which immediately opening upon them, they sustained some loss before they could possibly fall back. Gen. ABERCROMBIE having little doubt by this time, of the proximity of the French Grand Army, conceiving he had obeyed his orders in the fullest extent, by advancing as far as prudence would justify, determined to recall his troops, and to retreat within the British Lines of encampment. Capt. *Bristow* of the First Guards, having been previously sent with a Company of his Regiment to bring off a French gun, which annoyed one of the Battalions, found himself consequently advanced in front, when the orders for this retrograde movement were issued, and unable to join the reserve in time, was taken prisoner.

Mistaken unfortunately for an Emigrant, (for the Hussars had torn off the lappels of his coat, in their hurry to secure the lace,) Capt. *Bristow* was harshly treated, till he reached the main body of *PICHEGRU*'s army, when that General afforded him every protection in his power. Capt. *RUTHERFORD* of the Engineers, Assistant Deputy Quarter-Master General, had also fallen into the hands of the Republicans, previous to the attack, when reconnoitering the post. Lieut. *EUSTACE* of the Twelfth Foot was missing, six rank and file were killed, two serjeants, twelve privates wounded, four serjeants, one drummer, and sixty-four rank and file missing. One of the Regiments of Irish Light Dragoons, threw the First Guards on their retreat into some confusion, owing to the extreme narrowness to the road. Fortunately the Thirty-third Regiment was formed in their rear, and opening to allow them to pass, wheeled up, and instantly throwing a few cool and well-directed volleys into the enemy's squadrons, obliged them to decamp precipitately, enabling ABERCROMBIE to retire without further molestation.—Failing in this attempt to retake Bostel, the Duke's army moved that *very night* towards *Grave*.

The retreat was made good, and unmar'd by much slaughter,

We manag'd next morning to punt \* o'er the water.

The Maes here is narrow, though rapid its tide,  
And our troops, and the French on the opposite side  
Can freely converse, and the valleys make ring,  
With their *ça ira*, and our GOD SAVE THE KING †;

\* Head-quarters were moved to *Wichem*, on the 16th, and the army the next day passed the Maes, when the different corps took up their positions to defend the banks of that river, the British extending from Grave to Afferden—Hessians and Hanoverians from thence to Venlo.

+ The French Videttes were advanced in many places close to the opposite side of the river, and frequently conversed with the British soldiers on picquet, expressing great respect for their national character, and assuring them, that PICHÉGRU's army received the decree of the Convention, to grant their brave enemies no quarter, with universal disgust. They would frequently hold forth for hours, with that garrulity so peculiar to their country, winding up their remarks with good and wholesome advice—"Englishmen go home—you have no business here—you are too honest to be leagued with the Austrians and Prussians. They will soon leave you in the lurch—and as to the Hessians, the Landgrave will turn them all over to us to-morrow, if the Convention offers him a Placate a day more than you now pay him."—These conversations usually concluded with our men striking up *God save the King*—and theirs, *A ça Ira*, or the *Carmagnol*.

The French on the 17th of September, assailed the Austrians, posted on the Maes and the Ourt, to cover Maastricht and Liege. They were as usual, at first repulsed, but on the 19th, succeeded completely, in forcing CLAIRFAIT to abandon his position on the Ourt.

Overpowered by superior numbers, that unfortunate General was defeated with a loss estimated at 6,000 men, and fell back upon Aix la Chapelle, when Gen. KRAY threw himself into Maastricht, which place, as the enemy immediately crossed the Maes, was completely invested. On the 21st, the Duke's army changed its position, and head-quarters were moved from Wichem to Groefbeck.

Hitherto no accounts of any importance had been received from the army of Catalonia, though various skirmishes had taken place, on the Frontiers of his Catholic Majesty's dominions, in which the Republicans were usually successful, till a levy of 170,000 Spaniards was set on foot.



For the present, all enmity seems to be dropp'd,  
 And the firing at out posts is mutually stopp'd;  
 But, alas! my dear LUCY, should Bois le Duc fall,  
 Our colours must fly on the banks of the Waal.  
 For these retrograde motions are order'd so often,  
 That I fear, though harsh truths we endeavour to soften.  
 Our ears soothing sounds are not likely to meet,  
 And our letters at length must be stain'd with "DEFEAT."

On the 13th of August, Gen. *Count de la Union*, obtained a complete victory over the enemy before *Bellegarde*. He divided his army into seven columns; six of which composed of 9,000 men each, received orders to disperse and make feigned attacks in every direction, while the Seventh, under his own command, amounting to 11,000 choice troops, advanced upon the French redoubts in front of their entrenched camp. The manœuvre succeeded, and the Spaniards possessed themselves of the enemy's camp equipage, twenty pieces of heavy artillery, six howitzers, and a great number of field pieces. It was generally supposed that at least 4,000 Republicans fell in this engagement, and their army afterwards retreated ten leagues beyond *Bellegarde*. Gen. LA UNION, it was said, lost only 500 men.

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## LETTER XII.

HEAD QUARTERS, ARNHEIM, Nov. 24, 1794.

*The Aid-de-Camp objects to a Winter's Campaign, and prepares to accompany his Royal Highness to England—Aspires to the Truncheon—Qualifications requisite to form a general Officer—The main Body of the Army crosses the Waal—Sortie from Nimeguen—Evacuation of the Place—Dutch Troops made Prisoners.*

SCARCE settled, when rous'd and again on the wing,  
Still, still of retreating I mournfully sing!  
The timorous partridge thus fearfully hies her,  
Disturb'd by the steps of the fell Septemb'rizer;  
From stubble to stubble in vain seeking rest,  
The death-dealing tube ever aim'd at her breast.  
Poor trembler! with rancour unceasing pursued,  
Nor like us with the means of escaping endued.  
For swift as the ball speeds its course thro' the air,  
I haste from these blood-hounds in search of my fair.  
In her arms shall all former misfortunes forget,  
So this letter regard as a mere *Estafette* \*.  
Dispatch'd to prepare me that tender reception,  
Of which none but lovers have any conception;  
As fighting in Winter is out of all season,  
For our stay there can now be assign'd no good reason.  
Besides this, dear LUCY! we all of us find  
For important commands we're *by Nature* design'd;  
Those striplings to M---SE, who have paid due devotion,  
Have all of them met with the highest† promotion;

\* *Messengers* employed by the army, are called *Estafettes*.

† At this period the catalogue of school boys who were promoted to the rank of field officers in the British army, over the heads of deserv-

And dancing attendance so long on a Prince,  
 Must the world of our wonderful talents convince.  
 We shall A-H--ST remove, then in claret you'll quaff  
 To my health as a General at least on THE STAFF!

ing *old Soldiers*, was swelled out to an enormous, and unprecedented size. The plan of obtaining a sufficient supply of recruits, by giving young gentlemen of fortune, permanent rank in proportion to the numbers they could raise, having been adopted by Government, paved the way to inconceivable abuses. The gazettes could scarcely keep pace with the promotions that took place, and *errata* were continually occurring.

The Army Brokers carried on the most shameful and destructive traffic openly and in the broad glare of noon day. In a few weeks they would dance any beardless youth, who could come up to their price, from one new raised Corps into another, and for a further douceur, by an exchange into an old regiment, would procure him a permanent situation in the standing army, while they laughed to scorn the superannuated Drudges, (as they were usually styled) who had been braving the vicissitudes of unhealthy climates, long before those upstart Chieftains were born. The following are some of the most remarkable instances of the power of money, in the present war, to procure high military rank.

Several gentlemen well known in the fashionable circles, who had been obliged to sell out of the army, owing to an unfortunate run at play, or perhaps to other causes, were indebted to a favourable turn of the die for their re-establishment, and for most rapid promotion: They had won, and seized with an unusual fit of prudence, carried their winnings to the Army Brokers, desiring to be appointed *Field Officers* without delay. Their wishes were *of course* immediately complied with, the cockade remounted, and the titles of Ensign, Lieutenant, and Major, followed each other in such close succession, that their friends were puzzled in what manner to address them; till they cleared up all doubts, by stepping forth **LIEUTENANT COLONELS**.

The father of one of those new created Field Officers, wrote to the Colonel Commandant of his Regiment, requesting that his son might have further leave of absence *to finish his education*, as he was by no means fit to be taken from his school! and doubtless many heroic striplings, possessed of equal rank, joined the corps they were destined to command, smarting under the unclosed scars, received from birchen rod, brandished by ruthless hand of Pedagogue severe.

Formerly interest and character were necessary to procure an establishment in the army, but the respectability of a profession, hitherto regarded as the most honourable in the land, has been so totally done away, that one of the most notorious Black-legs in London, found the light gold circulated at the Faro Bank, and Hazard Tables, of that *arch fiend*, the Proprietor of an infamous Gambling-house, not a

For judgment is not as was formerly thought  
 By practice, but by inspiration love, caught,  
 By skimming the surface of Tactic D—ND—SS,  
 And entering more deep into fam'd Mother GLASSE,  
 For a Chieftain, dear Girl, should most clearly be able  
 To name all the luxuries plac'd on his table ;  
 Then with martial endowments, well blended together,  
 Long fash, crooked fabre, and eighteen inch feather,  
 Tight leathers, short boots, see me fully equipt,  
 And safely for Portsmouth, or Brighton be shipt ;  
 And to sum up a General's comforts in fine,  
 If requested *to serve*, he may safely *decline*.  
 For now-a-days, Girl, in an age thus refin'd,  
 No sensible man a few whippers will mind ;  
 And a broiling hot climate, I boldly declare it,  
 A jaundic'd complexion!—I never could bear it.  
 My maxim is, has been, and ever shall be,  
 That there's nothing like *Otium cum dignitaté* ;  
 And therefore old England to guard from invasion,  
 The Home Staff I'll gain, with a little persuasion.  
*Six weeks* makes a Colonel--fix years I can boast !  
 And surely 'tis fitting I now rule the roast.  
 How pleasure will heighten your numberless charms,  
 When you see the swords drop, and the line present arms ;

hundred miles from St. James's, justly denominated HELL, Arguments sufficiently weighty to procure his son a commission, and ultimately to advance him to a situation, entitling him to command a regiment.

Reflecting upon this golden harvest, THOMPSON, as he struts amidst the Kings of old on the Exchange, harranguing his most fortunate confreres, may fancy himself a second Æneas, and exclaim—*et hac olim meminisse juvabit*.

Their reign, however, is entirely at an end ; for, certainly very much to his honor, His Royal Highness, the Commander in Chief, has put a stop to such scandalous proceedings, proceedings that would, if they had been unfortunately continued a little longer, have entirely ruined

'Twill turn your poor head, simple lass, I'm afraid,  
 When you know that *to me* such great honors are paid;  
 Nor fancy I'm castles erecting in air,  
 These joys shall be mine, and these joys LUCY share,  
 While crowds will with wonder and envy behold  
 My love on her charger in scarlet and gold.  
 Such bliss is in store---but I've now to pursue  
 My Sketch, and tho' loath darker scenes bring to view;  
 To Truth having sworn an eternal allegiance,  
 And acted throughout, to her laws in obedience:  
 And thence my style varies, for black were the heart  
 Which bears in its country's misfortunes no part;  
 Thus sprightly or serious the notes of my lyre,  
 As that heart is impress'd and its feelings inspire;  
 Tho' link'd hand in hand, in the strictest alliance,  
 On MYNHEER's boasted courage we'd little reliance.  
 And Bois le Duc's fall had been fully expected,  
 As the natives \* were known to be much disaffected,  
 And the Governor's *honesty* much was suspected.

the British army, and driven from it every man of the least respectability.

In revising these remarks, it appears *possible* that they may be considered as reflecting upon Lord A—h—ft; but it must be recollected, that his Lordship received his instructions from the War-office, and much as he was known to disapprove of the plan, adopted by those who superintended that department, he was obliged to acquiesce.

This country is indebted to few men, more than to Lord A—h—ft, for his minute attention to its interests upon all occasions.

\* About this period the Dutch Patriots openly avowed their principles, the Statholder's party decreased daily, and the greatest dissensions prevailed in the principal towns of the United Provinces. The Dykes had been pierced, and the Inundations round Bois le Duc succeeded in a great degree; but the French having taken *Crevecœur*, a small fortress on the Maes, between Bommel and Bois le Duc, commanding the Sluices of the latter town, were enabled to draw off the water, bid defiance to the inundations, and form the investiture of the place. The bombardment had scarcely commenced when the gates were thrown open, and the Governor who was highly bribed, capitulated, (on

Crevecœur taken, the French had stol'n flily away,  
 To turn our right flank---Via Fort St. André\*;  
 And thus crafty dogs, once possess'd of Bommel,  
 En masse on our rear, would have thunder'd pell mell;

the 9th of October.) Here too above 400 unfortunate Emigrants fell into the hands of their pitiless countrymen; they had endeavoured to escape in different disguises, but were most of them discovered, and unmercifully butchered, *en masse*, at the head of the French army.

\* The main body of the Duke of YORK's army crossed the Waal, on the 6th of October, at Nimeguen, leaving strong picquets on the southern side, extending along the whole front of the line. After the fall of *Crevecœur*, the French passing the Maes, immediately advanced upon *Fort St. André*. The Waal and Maes uniting at Gercum, branch round the Bommel Waert, insulating *St. André* and *Vourn*. A rapid movement was therefore necessary, to prevent their pushing over the *Waal*. Accordingly the right wing of the British took up a position at *Op Hemert*, *Varick*, and the other villages (from Bommel towards Tiel.) *Fort St. André* was found in the enemy's possession, but easily retaken on the 11th: The Republicans returned to the attack on the 17th, and were once more unsuccessful.

On the 18th, however, their whole force pushed over the Maes, in different directions, and on the 19th, a desperate assault was made upon all the out posts of the Duke's right wing, between Nimeguen and Tiel. The picquet at Druit, (which was the most advanced,) was defended by the Thirty-seventh Regiment, under the command of Major HOPE, for near four hours, when Appelthorn, the position on their left, occupied by a Detachment of the Emigrant Hussars of Rohan, being forced, the British were obliged to retreat upon the Dyke, along the Banks of the *Waal*. Unfortunately a squadron of the enemy's Hussars, (mistaken for the Corps of Rohan,) was permitted to approach their line of march, and owing to the narrowness of the Dyke, the British Regiment was driven off its sides, and thrown into the greatest confusion by the enemy's charge. Lieut. WADMAN was dangerously wounded in the head, but has since recovered sufficiently to enjoy life in quiet retirement, though rendered totally incapable, (from having been trepanned,) of doing his duty as a soldier. Captains BAIRD, HENLEY, and DUFF, Lieutenants THOMPSON, COLQUHOUN, MITCHELL, and MURRAY, with Quarter-Master DUXEL, were taken prisoners, (Captain DUFF, Lieutenants MITCHELL, and COLQUHOUN, having been wounded.) The Regiment lost its colours and field pieces, and not more than 50 men reached *Wurdt*, (a village within a mile and a half of Nimeguen,) where however great numbers of those men supposed to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, arrived daily in straggling parties. The posts on the Southern Banks of the Waal, being now regarded as untenable, were

But their deep-laid manœuvre we'd cause to suspect,  
 And the *Waal* cross'd in time, the Bommel to protect.  
 From St. André thus forc'd to decamp, they in haste  
 Broke ground, and strong works against Nimeguen plac'd.  
 These soon by a dashing sortie\* were destroy'd,  
 Which cover'd with laurels the troops we employ'd ;

abandoned ; General WALMODEN remaining at Nimeguen with a corps of Hanoverians to defend that town, augmented by Detachments from the British, under General DE BOURG, and the army took up the different cantonments marked out for the defence of the *Waal*.

An additional reason for this movement was the intelligence that had been received of a Republican Army of 30,000 men having passed the Maes between Rouremonde and Venlo. This force assailing the Imperialists in front and flank, obliged them to fall back upon Cologne, abandoning the position they had taken up, for the defence of the Duchy of Juliers. Previous to this last defeat (which took place on the 2d of October) CLAIRFAIT had meditated a junction with the Duke of YORK's army, determined to risque a general engagement, to check the alarming progress of the invaders.

\* On the 4th of November, a part of the garrison of Nimeguen, consisting of the Eighth, Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Fifty-fifth, Sixty-third, and Seventy-eighth Regiments of British Infantry, with two Battalions of Dutch troops, supported by the Seventh and Fifteenth British Light Dragoons, Four Squadrons of Hanoverian Cavalry, and the Legion of Damas in the service of Holland, sallied forth from the town on the enemy's works, under the command of General DE BOURG. The troops advanced under a very heavy fire, and leaping into the enemy's trenches, without drawing a single trigger, drove the besiegers from their position at the point of the bayonet, with a loss of 500 men. Gen. DE BOURG was himself slightly wounded, 12 rank and file and 5 horses were killed, 1 Field Officer, 5 Captains, 6 Subalterns, 149 rank and file and 14 horses wounded—I Serjeant and 19 Privates missing. The officers wounded were Major MALCOLM of the Seventy-eighth, Captains BLAND of the Eighth, BRUCE and QUIN of the Fifty-fifth, M'KEN-SIE and HUGH MONRO of the Seventy-eighth, Lieuts. BAKER of the Twenty-seventh, WEMYSS, BARCKLEY, and RUTLEDGE, of the Sixty-third, with Lieut. BAYLEY and Ensign CAMERON of the Seventy-eighth. The Hanoverians and Dutch had 1 Captain, 1 Subaltern, and 5 rank and file killed, 4 rank and file and 22 horses wounded. On the 6th, however, the French opened two batteries on the bridge of boats, and one on the town, when the artillery of the Reserve, British, Hanoverians, and

Yet tho' true British spirit our Soldiers display'd,  
 Tho' carnage most horrid their bayonets made,  
 Again we perceiv'd the French batteries complete,  
 Which forced us still nearer the Rhine to retreat.  
 DEBOURG \* and his men, 'midst a horrible roar  
 Of cannon and musquetry, safe reach'd the shore;  
 But, alas! while attempting the same course to steer,  
 'Midst his foes, a chance shot brought poor crest-fall'n

MYNHEER;

Depriv'd of all guidance, the stream rushing down,  
 Dash'd his bridge with a shock on the walls of the town.  
 All our troops into snug warm cantonments† are sent,  
 And a camp to protect them is trac'd out at *Lent*,

Hessians, pass'd the Waal, and marched towards Thiel, leaving picquets under the command of Major Gen. DE BOURG, amounting to 2,500 men, which, with the Dutch, was accounted a sufficient force to maintain the place, till the certainty of the Austrian movements could be ascertained.

About this period, the British Army was reinforced by four Regiments of Infantry, which had been landed at Flushing, viz. Seventy-ninth, Eightieth, Eighty-fourth, and Eighty-fifth.

\* Nimeguen was entirely abandoned on Friday night, the 7th of November. The British and Hanoverians having effected their retreat, burnt the bridge of boats down to the water's edge. About 600 Dutch were left to pass over on a temporary flying bridge.—They had nearly effected a safe landing, when a chance shot from a French battery on the opposite side of the river, carried away the mast to which the hawser (or chain) was attached, on which the flying bridge depended, and it consequently swung round, and was hurried by the mercy of the current towards the town. The troops upon it suffered severely from the incessant fire brought to bear upon them, ere they could by any means, obtain a parley.

† The Dutch head-quarters were now fixed at Gorcum, the great object being to protect Bommel, against which fortrefs the French bent all their force. The cantonments marked out for the Duke of YORK's army, (the *right* wing communicating with the Prince of ORANGE's *left*) extended along the northern banks of the Waal, as far as Emmerick; the British having moved to the left of Tiel, the different troops occupied nearly all the villages between the Rhine and the Waal, within the limits of their line. Five regiments were encamped, or rather hutt'd, at *Lent*,



Where batteries of heavy guns frowning appear,  
To check the invaders who press on their rear.

nearly opposite to Nimeguen, where formidable batteries were erected to keep the French Garrison in check. In general, these cantonments were tolerably good; the officers being in neat Dutch cottages, and the soldiers in roomy comfortable barns. The frost had set in very early, and its first approaches were marked by the great numbers of men who fell sick so rapidly, that several of the battalions could scarcely muster one half of their original numbers, fit for any kind of duty.

A serious engagement had taken place in the Duchy of Cleves, between a column of 4,000 Austrians, which had crossed the Rhine near *Burick*, and a French corps of superior force, under Gen. VANDAM. The Austrians were forced to recross the river with a loss of 2,500 men; and, but for the well-directed fire of the Rhine Fort, their whole column must have been inevitably cut to pieces.

The army of the Moselle pouring down upon the Allies in the *Electorate of Treves*, and the Duchy of *Deux-Ponts*, seized upon *Oberstein*, *Kirn*, *Sponheim*, and *Kreutznach*, between the 10th and 15th of October: That of the Rhine, upon its advancing gained *Turkheim*, *Grunstatt*, *Gelbeim*, and *Kirchheim*.

Frankenthal surrendered to the French Gen. *Ferrand*, the 18th, and that same evening he also became master of the Episcopal City of *Worms*. *Bingen* opened its gates on the 20th, and *Coblentz* on the 23d. *Venlo* capitulated on the 26th, and on the 4th of November *Maestricht* surrendered. The Governor, more anxious to procure favourable terms, than to stop the formidable progress of the enemy, gave up the fortress, without making a proper resistance.

Thus the whole country of Germany on the left banks of the Rhine, excepting Mayence (or Mentz) fell into the hands of the enterprising and indefatigable Republicans. LOUIS the XIVth, who possessed the most restless, insatiable, and inordinate ambition, had ever been desirous of establishing the RHINE as the boundary of his dominions: what that great Monarch could never bring about, was thus accomplished by an illegal and usurping Faction. So wonderful are the resources of FRANCE when energetically called forth!

The behaviour of the garrison of *Venlo*, amounting only to 1200 men, was uncommonly noble. On the 15th of October, the place was completely invested, and on the 21st, the French had advanced their works within pistol-shot of the palisades of the covert way, before the gateway leading to Ruremonde. A sortie was therefore immediately determined upon to dislodge them; and a detachment of 130 volunteers, led on by *Capt. Roß*, of the Regiment of Panhuys, with a small division of Cavalry, executed that perilous duty, with as much valour as success; driving the

We shall now to Dame H--RC--T our veterans commend,  
And leave *her* the Banks of the Rhine to defend.

French from their advanced works, and pursuing beyond their first line of entrenchments, while the Pioneers leveled and destroyed the others. Capt. Ros T had 3 officers wounded, and 59 rank and file killed and wounded, and returned bringing back with him, a French officer and 4 men, prisoners. The enemy however very soon re-established their works, and pushed them on with such activity, that on the 23d, the garrison being reduced to 950 men, the outworks were abandoned, and the defence confined to the body of the place. The town was summoned on the 24th, and the garrison offering to capitulate, if allowed to serve against the enemies of the United Netherlands, surrendered, after obtaining those honourable terms. Grave had been long and closely besieged, and the most spirited defence was made by the garrison; the Governor Gen. BONS, seeming determined to act up to the noble answer he had given, when summoned to surrender the place—"I am an old soldier, and  
" wish for nothing more, than to die worthy of the glorious appellation  
" of having lived *a brave one*; I hope to be buried under the ruins of this  
" fortress, or to conquer:—Be assured, I shall defend it—as long as  
" I have powder sufficient to send a ball against the enemies of man-  
" kind, and in so doing, I shall serve my God and my fellow creatures."

*Nimeguen, Bois le Duc*, and the whole country surrounding Grave, from Breda to the Waal, being in the enemy's possession, its certain fall was easily foreseen; and it was evident, that the inundations, which were by no means as general as the nature of the country would have allowed, could alone prevent the Republicans from gaining the entire possession of the United Provinces.

Much has been said, and with truth, of the want of discipline that existed among the British troops; but a detail of the shameful treatment they experienced in their different marches through Holland, which was to them, "indeed a hostile shore!" would in some measure account for their taking by force those necessaries, which our *good and faithful AL- LIES* refused to supply them with for money. The implacable hatred evinced by the Dutch towards the English, can scarcely be conceived; extending even beyond the Grave. They have been known to dig up the dead bodies of British soldiers in the night, to mutilate and deface them with the long *Assassin's Knives*, which they all of them to a man conceal about their persons, and to leave them in that state for their former comrades to feast their eyes upon the next morning.

When the van-guard of the Duke's army crossed the Waal on the 6th of October, approaching the villages marked out for their cantonments, one of the Drummers entered a Dutchman's house upon the side of the Dyke, to

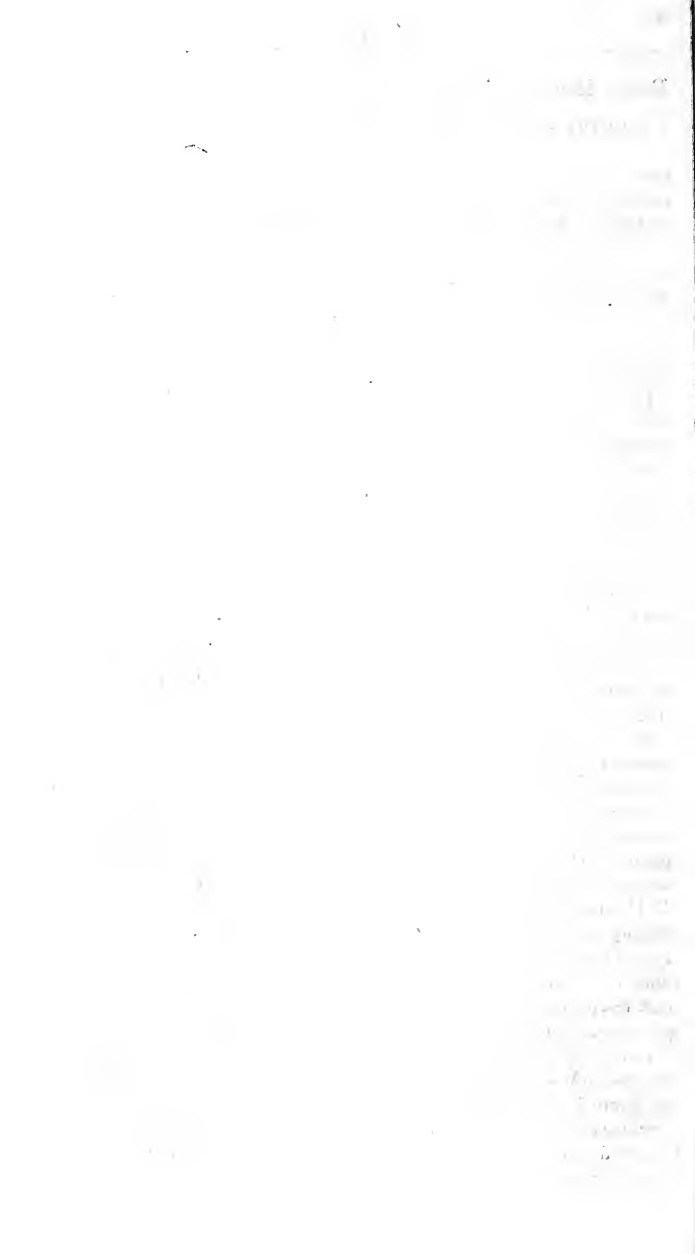
Brave fellows! farewell; tho' to LUCY I fly,  
I quit my companions in arms, with a sigh.

purchase some apples, exposed, as he imagined, for sale. The fellow supposing the lad's intention was to steal them, aimed a pistol at his breast, and discharging its contents, wounded him severely.

A Serjeant of the Flank Battalion of Guards (which was marching by at that moment) darted towards the house to secure the offender: Finding the doors closely barricadoed, he forced his way through a window, and was proceeding up the stair-case, when the Dutchman sprung from a dark corner and stabbed him to the heart. The house was instantly surrounded, and set on fire by the enraged soldiers; one man escaped along the thatch enveloped in the smoke; but the rascal who had killed the Serjeant, was fortunately discovered, and hung upon the nearest tree, an example to his dastardly countrymen. Can we wonder then, that the most inveterate hatred was kindled in the breast of every soldier, whose hard fate it was to retreat through Holland, against such savage Brutes in human forms!—These were however but preludes to still greater atrocities, still more inhuman and barbarous instances of cruelty exercised upon the sick and helpless.

The triumph of the Spaniards was but of short duration. The right wing of the French army of the Eastern Pyrennees, obtained a complete victory over the left of the army of Catalonia: forcing their camp on the 17th of November, the Republicans carried off their artillery baggage, and above 100 prisoners. *Dugommier*, the Commander in Chief of the French Army in that Department, was however killed.

On the 20th, the Conventional troops, *as usual*, following up their blows, renewed their attacks; an engagement ensued, and the slaughter was most dreadful. The Spanish positions, entrenchments, redoubts, and camps, were all forced, and *tents* for 50,000 men (according to the returns given in to the Convention) fell into the hands of the enemy, with innumerable pieces of ordinance. No prisoners were taken but all were barbarously and indiscriminately put to the sword, and Gen. Count D<sup>e</sup> LA UNION, the Spanish Commander in Chief, was found amongst the dead upon the field of battle. The Spaniards rallied, and attempted to make a stand at *Liers*, where they had an entrenched camp under the cannon of the castle of Figuera, but, driven from that position, they fell back several leagues, and on the 28th, *Figuera* surrendered, when the garrison, amounting to *upwards* of 9,000 men, laid down their arms, and were made prisoners of war. The French army of the Western Pyrennees was also victorious, and it was apprehended that Upper Navarre, and Pampeluna, its capital, must ultimately fall into the hands of the Republicans, who thus, in one Campaign, had cleared their own Frontiers, and were penetrating into the territories of their neighbours, in every direction.



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A  
CONCISE NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
RETREAT THROUGH HOLLAND,  
TO  
WESTPHALIA, IN THE YEARS 1794, AND 1795.

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THE brilliant conquests of the Allies were thus wrested from their hands in a manner unequalled in the annals of history. The finest and highest disciplined troops in Europe had been forced to retreat, wearied out and panic struck, before raw and inexperienced soldiers, whom they had unhappily been *taught* to despise, and to regard as hordes of banditti, unable to make the smallest resistance against the veterans of Bohemia and Hungary. CLAIRFAIT had alone opposed the formidable progress of the enemy, though left entirely unsupported, and exposed to the weight of their formidable attacks, with a force totally inadequate to contend with the unprecedented disparity of numbers, continually pouring down upon his handful of men. That unfortunate but truly brave General, experienced a series of the most lamentable defeats, while his Imperial Majesty, elated with his success before an insignificant fortress\*, was pushing into the heart of a hostile country, leaving his rear unprotected, his retreat insecure, and his own territories exposed to invasion. Are we not at this moment smarting under the consequent misfortunes of such unexampled imprudence?

\* Landrecies.

PICHEGRU had gained a footing in Holland, that it was evident would, by the aid of his staunch friends the Dutch Patriots, ultimately put the whole of the United Provinces into his possession. It is true, that the enormous sum of 320 millions \* sterling, had been drawn forth from their National Treasuries, to enable the French Convention to keep on foot the vast armies they had levied, but the unwarrantable seizure of private property in the Interior, the contributions exacted from the conquered countries, the Jewels, Crofiers, and Silver Images, wrested violently from the Churches and Convents, and above all, the abundant harvest, † of which they at that critical moment stood so much in need, must surely in a great measure have reimbursed them.

Such was the short-sighted policy of the States General, that they imagined they could negotiate a separate peace, while the French were upon the eve of reaping the golden fruits of their past labours; regardless of every treaty, unmindful of every obligation they lay under to Great-Britain, for entering into an expensive war, avowedly to protect their country from invasion, and to secure to them the advantages they derived from the uninterrupted navigation of the Scheldt, Dutch Ambassadors were sent to beseech the ruling Faction at Paris would vouchsafe to grant them such terms, as their known *good faith* and *generosity* should dictate. The Convention cajoled their dejected Petitioners with promises of attending to their request, lulling them into a state of apparent security, and dispatching at the same moment positive orders

\* During the Campaigns of 1793 and 1794.

† Gathered immediately upon their entrance into Flanders.

to their Generals\*, to force at all events the passage of *the Waal*, and to penetrate immediately to Amsterdam; depending for success on the known disaffection of more than two thirds of the inhabitants to the Orange Family, which they justly expected would accelerate their advances, more than the most formidable inundations could possibly check their progress. In this opinion they were fully confirmed by the frequent invitations† sent to them from the principal towns in Holland, accompanied with promises of a cordial reception.

The sickness of the army encreased daily with the extreme severity of the weather, and the total inattention to the comforts and convenience of our suffering fellow-creatures, rendered their situation pitiable in the extreme. Invalids were constantly sent to the general Hospital at *Rhenen*, without any previous orders having been issued to prepare for their reception, so that no proper

\* PICHEGRU, who is certainly in possession of more humane and gentleman-like ideas, than usually falls to the lot of the French Generals of the present day, was disinterested and candid enough, when the Dutch Ambassadors were proceeding to Paris from Bois le Duc, to communicate to them his orders to pass the *Waal*, and to hint that their journey would be fruitless.

† One of those enterprising messengers from the disaffected Patriots, was fortunately discovered on the 4th of December, attempting to cross the *Waal*; and an address was found upon him, signed by 3,000 of the principal inhabitants of AMSTERDAM, promising to use every effort in their power, to put that city into PICHEGRU's hands, and encouraging the French to push forwards without delay. This daring adventurer was apprehended by an Hanoverian officer, while endeavouring to strike a good bargain with a Skipper, who demanded forty ducats for conveying him across the river. The Ambassador imagined twenty a fully sufficient bribe, and thus lost his life in endeavouring to save a paltry sum of money: So strongly is the love of gold engrafted in a Dutchman's disposition.

accommodations could possibly be provided for them. They were usually conveyed in *Bilanders*\* along the Rhine, from Arnheim, without even a sufficient supply of provisions; and it is a notorious fact, that, *at one time*, above 500 miserable objects were embarked with only a single hospital mate to *attend them*, with scarcely any covering, and with a very scanty allowance of straw. They had not *one of them* been at that time expected, and there was *consequently* no room for them in the hospital. A gentleman, who was daily an eye witness of those heart-rending scenes exhibited at RHENEN, previous to the removal of the suffering invalids, declared that he himself one morning counted *two and forty* dead bodies on the banks of the river, of men who had perished on board the *Bilanders*, where they had been left because, as he was told repeatedly, there were *then* no quarters to be met with for them *in the Town*. Abuses unheard of in any former war existed in almost every department; and our helpless countrymen were given up to the mercy of surgeons' mates, furnished by a *cheap contract*, and *Deputy Commissaries*, whose interest it appeared to deprive them of every *shadow* of enjoyment. The enormous sum of forty thousand pounds† sterling had been drawn for, to supply the sick with wine; and such was the infamous behaviour of the *Medical Staff*, that the surgeons and mates are very much belied indeed, if they were not *many of them*, in the constant habits of *robbing the Sick*, and of applying that necessary article to their own use, preferring the pleasure of carousing over flaggons of heady Port, to the *drudgery* of alleviating the

\* Small vessels with two masts, usually employed upon the Rhine, to convey forage, baggage, &c.

† During the Campaign of 1794.



pangs of the miserable and afflicted patients, whose hard fate placed them under the hands of such ignorant and inhuman butchers\*. When we consider how many brave men were thus sacrificed, and that from fifteen to twenty guineas bounty money was at that time publicly offered for recruits, would it not have been more economical in Government, to have employed *Rush*, *Lind*, and other respectable men, who offered their services at the commencement of the war, but whose demands were deemed exorbitant, than to have imported, at so much per head, such numbers of inexperienced pretenders to a science above their comprehension, who scarcely knew in which hand to hold a lancet, or in what manner to fix a Tournequet?

On the 7th of December, the French made their first unsuccessful effort to pass the Waal on four rafts, two of which were sunk, the third floated to the side occupied by the Dutch, and only one regained that in possession of the Republicans. On the 11th, they renewed their attempts in greater force, crossing in boats, and on rafts, in different directions, to the number of 5000 men. A Detachment, consisting of about 200, at day-break, favoured by a thick fog, succeeded in surprizing an Hanoverian Picquet, stationed at *Panneren*: possessing themselves of a battery, they spiked the guns†, and immediately retired with only the loss of a single man. Gen. VAN BUSCHE immediately collected four of his battalions with

\* When a foldier fell sick, and was ordered to the hospital, his comrade would exclaim, " Ah, poor fellow, we shall see thee no more, for thou art under orders for *the Shambles*."

† Spiked three guns, and threw the fourth into the water. Major BACHMEISTER, of the Regiment of Saxe Gotha, and about 14 Hanoverians, were killed, in their endeavour to repulse the enemy.

the greatest dispatch, and advanced upon the post, but found that they had then recrossed the river; that brave and experienced Veteran unfortunately lost his life, by a chance shot from one of the redoubts on the opposite shore. The Republicans at the same time attempted to cross over between Nimeguen and Emmerick, where the Austrians were posted, who perceiving their intention, permitted them to reach the middle of the river, and then suddenly opening all their batteries, sunk the greater part of their boats; and numbers of those men who escaped from the tremendous fire thus brought to bear upon them, were drowned in their endeavours to regain the shore. They were repulsed also at Fort St. André, by the loyal Emigrants, nor did they succeed in forcing any one of the points against which their attacks had been directed.

On the 15th of December, the hard frost \* set in, and on the 22d was so uncommonly intense, that the Maes and Waal were nearly frozen over. This circumstance, so favourable to the French, besieging a country, relying chiefly upon its inundations for its security, would not, it was evident, be neglected for a moment by a General, so thoroughly enterprizing as their Commander in Chief; and accordingly, on the 27th of December at half past five in the morning, a strong column passed the Maes, near the village of *Driel*, thereby making themselves masters of the Bommel Waert. Conceiving it imprac-

\* One of the bridges over the Rhine at Arnheim was carried away by the weight of ice floating down that river with the stream, before the congelation was complete. Since the year 1759, so rigorous a season had not been experienced; then the Waal and Rhine were frozen nearly about the same time, and heavy cannon transported on the ice, over various branches of each river.

ticable to defend *Bommel*, the Dutch in Garrison, attempted to cross *the Waal*, but could not fully succeed, and parts of the Regiments of ORANGE, FRIESLAND, HOHENLOHE, and a Swiss Corps, posted near St. André and Roscum, fell into the hands of the Republicans, as well as six gun-boats, and two hospital-ships, that were frozen up. As the ice was strong enough for their troops with artillery to pass over in every direction, they then established themselves between the Waal and Leck, in the *Tieler Waert*\*, and the greatest apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Gorcum and Cullenberg; a serious attack was therefore determined upon, to force them to recross the Waal. For that purpose, ten battalions of British Infantry were divided into Brigades, under Major Gen. Lord CATHCART, Major Gen. GORDON, and Col. M'KENSIE, with Six Squadrons of Light Cavalry, and One hundred and fifty Hussars of Rohan. The whole commanded by Major Gen. DAVID DUNDASS, co-operating with Four Squadrons, and as many Battalions of Hessians. This force, amounting to about 6,500 Infantry, and 1,000 horse, advanced in three columns. The right was ordered to keep its left wing apuî'd to the river *Vlet*, to turn Thuyl, and attacking the rear of that village, cut off the enemy's retreat, while the centre and left were to attack by the Dyke, keeping the Church of Wardenberg on the left wing. Accordingly, at Geldermalsen, Lord CATHCART's column (the right) struck off from the remainder of the British troops, and

\* At the same time the posts between Bois le Duc and Gertruydenberg were forced, and the Dutch troops in that quarter driven under cover of the ramparts of the latter town, while those from the lines of Hout fell back upon Breda.

Gen. DUNDASS fell in, at day-break on the 30th, with the Hessians, near Wardenburg, and finding the French had precipitately abandoned that village during the night, immediately pushed on to Thuyl, attacking that post with such impetuosity, that notwithstanding its natural strength, the Abbatis by which it was protected, the batteries of the town of Bommel, which flanked the approach, and the considerable number of men defending it, it was carried\* at the point of the bayonet, and the Republicans driven across the river, with the loss of a considerable number of their men, and four pieces of artillery.

On the 1st of January, the army took up different positions between the Waal and the Leck, protecting *Tiel*, Buren, and Culenberg, the Hanoverians occupying the cantonments opposite to Nimeguen, and the Austrians bearing down towards Emmerick; when, on the 3d, head-quar-

\* On the 30th, Major MURRAY, of the Seventy-eighth, was unfortunately killed, and 5 rank and file. Lieut. LINDSAY, 1 drummer, and 18 rank and file were wounded. The Hessians lost 1 Captain, and 25 men wounded, and 1 Lieutenant missing; they advanced upon the position between Waerdenberg and Thuyl, with fixed bayonets, and planted four guns upon the Dyke, to keep the French, drawn up on the opposite shore, in check, and to annoy their adversaries in their retreat. The British cavalry at the same moment charged the Hussars Rouge, (de la Liberté) and dispersing them on the first onset, made several prisoners. Lord CATHCART's column, owing to the extreme intricacy of the road by which it was ordered to advance, could not possibly be brought up to the point of attack in time.

Grave surrendered between the 1st and 4th of January. Gen. BONS defended the fortress as he had promised, till his last shot was expended. During the siege it was said that 3,070 shells were thrown into the place, rendering it nearly a heap of ashes. The fortifications were not however much damaged, but the troops in garrison were constrained to capitulate, from a total want of provisions, as well as ammunition.

ters were moved from Arnheim to Ameringen: The encreasing severity of the weather, however, induced the French, on the 4th, to repass the Waal near Bommel, when they again took possession of Thuyt; and the British troops in that direction, under Major Gen. DUNDASS, fell back upon Meteren. Orders were immediately given for them to join the Hessians, and to use every possible effort to force the enemy to re-cross the *Waal*. A general attack was accordingly intended to have taken place at day-break on the 5th; but the French were found to be in too great force to risque it, and indeed acquainted at all times with every plan meditated by the Allies, by ten o'clock, they were seen advancing in such force, that they instantly carried the post of Geldermalsen, where they gained two pieces of cannon; but upon the British reserve, coming up, the guns were retaken\*, and the post preserved; the troops however fell back during the night upon Buren.

It was now determined by a council of war, to abandon the position on the Waal entirely, accordingly several heavy guns having been spiked, and great quantities

\* The Republicans, on the 5th of January, were driven under cover of the ramparts of *Bommel*; Major Gen. Sir Robert LAWRIE was slightly wounded by a French Hussar, who darted from the ranks, and aimed a Coup de Sabre at his head. At the same moment an officer and a few drunken men in a fit of enthusiasm, brandishing their swords, dashed into the midst of the British troops, and till the momentary valour kindled in their hearts by *Liberté* and *Bon Geneve* evaporated, they would most probably with equal intrepidity have assaulted the whole of *WALL-MODEN's* army. Captains ELLIOTT of the Thirty-third, DUNCAN MUNRO of the Seventy-eighth, and Lieut. COLIN LA MOTTE of the Forty-second, were wounded—3 privates were killed, and 1 horse—1 sergeant, 6 rank and file, and 9 horses, missing.

of ammunition destroyed on the 4th, the troops on the 6th, fell back upon the Leck, part of the army crossing that Rhine at *Rhenen*; a sudden thaw unexpectedly affording some prospect of preserving the posts on the Waal, orders were immediately issued to the troops who had not passed the rivers, to remain in their cantonments, and for the others to *countermarch*. Lieut. Gen. ABERCROMBIE's, and Major Gen. HAMMERSTIEN's Corps, with some Austrian Battalions, were to have pushed forwards towards *Bommel* on the 7th, and, to co-operate with them, Gen. DUNDASS was directed to occupy Buren and the Heights near it, early on the morning of the 8th. The Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh Regiments were immediately detached from Culenbergh, to retake Tiel; but on their arrival near Buren, they found the enemy advancing upon them *in force*, and Lieut. Col. BULLER immediately took possession of the town, waiting till the arrival of the head of Gen. DUNDASS's column, when Lord CATHCART, having previously reconnoitered, found the detachment of the enemy at Geldermalsen did not exceed 800 men, with some Hussars, and one piece of artillery, and he consequently immediately determined to dislodge them. This was effected in a very spirited manner, by the Fourteenth and Twenty-seventh Regiments; driving in the advanced posts at *Buremulsen*, they pursued to Geldermalsen\*, and

\* A small detachment of the British Huzars were the only cavalry engaged on the 8th; they pursued the French to Buremalsen, charged across the Lingen, *on the ice*, with the most daring intrepidity, and brought off several prisoners. The British and French at *Geldermalsen* repulsed each other *four times* in the course of the day, and the gun that was taken by the Twenty-seventh, was sunk in the river, the ice breaking under it. Lieut. Col. BULLER of the Twenty-seventh, was mortally wounded. Lieuts. CONNER, NORBURY, and Ensign KELLEY, of the

carried that village at the point of the bayonet, seizing upon the French gun; a long eight pounder. It was however absolutely necessary for them to make as expeditious a retreat as possible, which was accomplished in a steady and soldier-like manner, covered by the Twenty-eighth Regiment.

After this skirmish, which though unsuccessful, reflected the highest honour upon the troops engaged in it, the whole army was ordered to pass the Rhine and Leck, (different names given to the same river, springing from one source, and running in the same bed;) and to take up a position, extending from Culenberg to Wageningen, previously occupied by the Austrians, who were now advancing to form a line in front of, and parallel to the British, Hanoverians, and Hessians; between the Waal and Rhine. The picquets however not having been called in on the 10th, the French advanced in great force, and a general attack was then made upon WALMODEN's position, between Nimeguen and Arnheim. Heusden, a village close to the Southern Banks of the Rhine, occupied by the Fortieth, Fifty-ninth, and Seventy-ninth British Regiments, brigaded under Major Gen. COATS, was carried after an action which lasted four hours; the Fifty-ninth Regiment was so situated as to be entirely exposed to the enemy's fire, and consequently suffered most severely\*.

same regiment, were killed upon the spot. Lieut. Cols. GILMAN of the Twenty-seventh, and HOPE of the Fourteenth, were wounded, the latter very severely, (but he has since recovered;) also Brigade Major WILSON of the Twenty-seventh, Capt. PERRY of the Fourteenth, and Lieut. RAITT of the Forty-second, 11 rank and file, and 3 horses were killed, 3 serjeants; and 111 rank and file wounded, and 7 missing. Capt. PERRY's wound proved mortal.

\* Capt. VAUGHAN, Lieut. WATTS, and Ensign JONES of the Fifty-ninth were wounded on the 10th, and Lieuts. WALKER and LEGG of

From that moment Holland was abandoned to its fate, as it was determined that the British troops and their auxiliaries, should not risque any further engagements, unless they were molested during their retreat; the situation of the Prince of ORANGE at Gorcum, became therefore extremely critical, as the French were in possession of the whole of the *Tieller Waert*. The Stadtholder had in vain endeavoured, by offering them immense rewards, to induce the inhabitants\* of the United Provinces, to rise in mass, and vigorously to defend the lines of Greb, as the only remaining chance of preventing the French from entirely over-running their country. Preparations were then made for the troops to pass the river *Yssel*, but before any movement could possibly take place, the French following up their blows, on the 14th, made a general attack upon the posts still retained between the Waal and Rhine, extending from Arnheim to Ameringen. They failed in their attempts

the Royal Artillery. The Fortieth Regiment had only 2 rank and file wounded, and 1 missing—Fifty-ninth, 3 killed, 3 serjeants, 1 drummer, and 27 men wounded, 2 missing—Seventy-ninth, 1 serjeant wounded, 8 rank and file missing. An attack was intended to have been made upon the Republicans on the 10th, but, upon their advancing against Heusden, the idea was abandoned, and the greater part of WALMOPEN's army ordered to pass the Rhine. Most of the troops were unable to procure cantonments, and passed the night under the open tobacco sheds. The Hanoverians suffered very severely, in a serious assault made *the same* day, upon their position, opposite to Nimeguen.

\* How could it possibly be expected that they would rally and rise *en masse*, when two thirds were *avowedly* disaffected? At this period every individual in Holland possessed of property to the least amount, anxious to preserve it, from the approaching gripe of the insatiable Republicans, escaped either to Great Britain or to Germany, and the enormous sums invested in the English funds by the Dutch Fugitives, plainly shewed that the Bank of Amsterdam would not yield that rich booty, the Conventionals expected. It was indeed generally supposed, that not more than £200,000 sterling remained there *in specie*.



in every direction, and were repulsed by the advanced picquets of the Guards, opposite to *Rhenen*\*, against which place their chief efforts were directed. The behaviour of the British troops has at all times been noble, and was on this occasion peculiarly spirited, as was also that of the Emigrant Regiment, of *Salm Infanterie*, engaged with them. The picquets were expeditiously drawn in after this affair, and the army began its retreat from the heights of Rhenen, at midnight†.

The general orders issued at this time for the removal of the sick; proved a death warrant to numberless helpless and miserable‡ objects. A description circumstantially detailed of their poignant sufferings, during the retreat to Deventer, would form a Tale, “whose lightest word would harrow up the soul,” and make the blood run cold with horror. Constantly removed in open waggons, exposed to the intense severity of the weather, to drifting snow, and heavy falls of sleet and rain; frequently without any victuals, till the *army halted*, and then but scantily provided; littered down in cold churches, upon a short allowance of *dirty straw*, and few of them enjoying the comforts of even a single blanket, to repel the rigorous attacks of the night air; it is no wonder they expired, by hundreds, *Martyrs* to the most infamous and unpardon-

\* Upon this occasion, Lieut. Col. LESLIE, and Capt. WHEATLEY, of the First Regiment of Guards, were slightly wounded, and about 20 rank and file.

† The Schuyts and Bilanders along the whole course of the Rhine, having been previously set on fire, on the 11th.

‡ About 300 sick men, totally incapable of moving, were left behind the army in the general hospital, at Rhenen, and by every account, certainly received very humane treatment at the hands of their enemies.

able neglect. Doubtless there were even at this period, worthy and respectable men in the medical department, whose conduct formed a striking contrast to that of those greedy wretches, infesting in such swarms, the general hospitals of the British army. Some, and but that it is positively forbidden, (for *merit* is as easily discerned by the modesty that accompanies it, as ignorance is known by its constant attendants, vanity, and impudence,) several could be named, whose daily employment consisted as far as they were able, in instilling oil and wine into the wounds of those afflicted invalids, fortunate enough to fall under their immediate care. The feeble voice from feverish lungs, has in its latest moments been employed to call down blessings on their heads, and what reward, could have been half so grateful? It appears scarcely necessary to remark, that those men were never known to join the noisy throng assembled in the inner room, where Bacchus, Jolly God! flushed every cheek, and Laughter holding both his sides, stood centry at the door.

The army on the 15th of January, passed the formidable lines of Greb, constructed in the years 1745, and 1746, for the protection of the United Provinces of Holland, and of Utrecht\*. The 16th, was a day more peculiarly marked by distressing scenes, than any other during the retreat. The troops were on that morning put in motion at day-break, with a view of reaching *Loonen*, a village distant about 23 miles from their position, near *Scarpenzael*: owing to the uncommon severity of the

\* Extending along the Eastern Frontier of the Province of Utrecht.

weather, and the snow, which laying deep upon the ground, was drifted in the faces of the men, by a strong easterly wind, they were so worn down by fatigue, that it was thought adviseable and necessary, to halt some of the regiments at two neighbouring villages, about nine miles short of their place of destination. The whole of the British could not however be possibly accommodated, and it was left to the discretion of the commanding officers of corps, to continue their march to Loonen, or to take up such situations as they could meet with in the hamlets on the road. Some of the regiments proceeded, even *after sun set*, with their baggage and field pieces, and consequently were entirely dispersed, as it was then impossible to trace out any path-way over the dreary common. Great numbers of men unable to bear up against the fatigue they had undergone, and several women and children, were frozen to death, in their attempts to discover the road their battalions had pursued. The whole of the Eighty-eighth Regiment was so scattered, that no return whatever could be given in of its strength the next morning, and the few straggling parties that joined, gave a very melancholy account of the main body.

An Officer of the Guards, who was ordered to *reconnoitre* the next morning, had more opportunities than any other person, of witnessing the dreadful consequences of the preceding night's march: The distressing account is therefore given, in his own words,

“ On the morning of the 17th, I was sent upon a particular duty, to trace out a road over the common, by

“ which the army and artillery might safely proceed to  
 “ *Loonen*. When the party marched it was scarcely light,  
 “ and as day broke in upon us, the horrible scenes that it re-  
 “ vealed, afforded a shocking proof of the miseries of a  
 “ Winter’s Campaign. On the common, about half a  
 “ mile off the high road, we discovered a baggage-cart,  
 “ with a team of *five horses*, apparently in distress; I gal-  
 “ loped towards the spot, and found the poor animals  
 “ were stiff, but not dead; the hoar frost on their manes,  
 “ plainly shewing they had been there the whole night.  
 “ Not perceiving any driver with them, I struck my  
 “ sword repeatedly upon the canvass tilt, enquiring at the  
 “ same time if there was any person in the cart. At  
 “ length, a very feeble voice, answered me, and some one  
 “ underneath the canvass appeared to be making an effort  
 “ to arise. A pair of naked *frost-nipt* legs were then ad-  
 “ vanced, and the most miserable object I ever beheld,  
 “ sunk heavily upon the ground; the whole of his cloath-  
 “ ing so ragged and worn, that I can scarcely say that  
 “ he *was covered*. So stiff and frozen was this mise-  
 “ rable wretch, that he was by no means capable of  
 “ moving; he informed me that his regiment, the Fifty-  
 “ fourth, which he was following the preceding night,  
 “ had lost its road, and in turning into another, he found  
 “ his horses incapable of clearing the cart from the ruts,  
 “ and that himself and his two comrades were left behind  
 “ to proceed in the best manner they could: the two  
 “ men he spoke of were then lying dead in the cart, hav-  
 “ ing all three endeavoured to communicate to one another,  
 “ a degree of warmth, by creeping close together. We  
 “ placed the miserable survivor upon one of the horses of

“ his team, and led him forwards till joined by the batta-  
 “ lion; by that means his life was prolonged, yet, I fear,  
 “ but for a season; for when placed in the hospital, his toes  
 “ dropped off, frost bitten, and his mass of blood ap-  
 “ peared in a corrupted state. The whole of this day’s  
 “ march was marked by scenes of the most calamitous  
 “ nature, similar to the one that I have just recited. We  
 “ could not proceed a hundred yards without perceiving  
 “ the dead bodies of men, women, children, and horses, in  
 “ every direction. One scene made an impression upon  
 “ my memory, which time will never be able to efface.  
 “ Near another cart, a little further on the common, we  
 “ perceived a stout looking man, and a beautiful young  
 “ woman with an infant, about seven months old, at the  
 “ breast; all three, frozen, and dead. The mother had  
 “ most certainly expired in the act of suckling her child,  
 “ as with one breast exposed, she lay upon the drifted  
 “ snow, the milk, to all appearance in a stream, drawn  
 “ from the nipple by the babe, and instantly congealed.  
 “ The infant seemed as if its lips had but just then been  
 “ disengaged, and it reposed its little head upon the  
 “ mother’s bosom, with an overflow of milk, *frozen* as it  
 “ trickled from the mouth; their countenances were per-  
 “ fectly composed and fresh, resembling those of persons  
 “ in a sound and tranquil slumber. About fifty yards  
 “ advanced, was another dead man, with a bundle of  
 “ linen cloths and a few biscuits, evidently belonging to  
 “ the poor woman and child, and a little further, was a  
 “ horse lying down but not quite dead, with a couple of  
 “ panniers on his back, one of which contained as we  
 “ discovered the body of another child, about two years of

“ age, wrapped up in flannel and straw. This, as we after-  
 “ wards heard, was the whole of one family; a serjeant’s  
 “ wife of the Fifty-fifth, her brother and children; the  
 “ man found with the horse and bundle, had re-  
 “ mained behind his regiment to assist them, during a  
 “ march, thus memorable for its miseries. He had just  
 “ gained sight of a distant hamlet, where they might have  
 “ obtained a shelter from the inclemency of the weather,  
 “ when his strength failed him. The Commanding  
 “ Officer of the Fifty-fifth, rode by at that critical  
 “ moment, but too late to render them any service;  
 “ and as the battalions passed the spot, the troops were  
 “ witnesses in their turns of this melancholy scene.”

The retreat was continued\* through Loonen, Appeldorn, and Vaessen, to Deventer, and part of the army

\* The Princess of ORANGE, with her daughter-in-law, the Hereditary Prince’s wife, about this period, were forced to fly precipitately from the United Provinces, and arrived safely in England on the 19th of January, with the plate, jewels, and archives of the family; The Stadtholder and his two sons soon afterwards followed; they had a very narrow escape, as some French Hussars entered the Hague on one side, while the Princes fled through the opposite gate, and the disaffected inhabitants were every where collecting in tumultuous crowds to prevent their departing. They reached Scheveling, barely in time to procure a boat, as the populace gathered on the shore to oppose their embarkation, and their escort, the Stadtholder’s Guards de Corps, were obliged to fire upon the gathering mob; a serious conflict consequently ensued, in which several lives were lost.

Utrecht surrendered the 16th of January; Rotterdam was taken possession of the 18th; *Dort* the 19th; and on the 20th, in the evening, PICHEGRU made his triumphal entry, at the head of the van of the French army of the North, into the city of Amsterdam. Feastings and rejoicings preceded the fatal demands of heavy contributions, made so repeatedly upon the shallow-minded inhabitants of Holland.—They were pressingly invited by the French Commissioners at the Hague on the 27th, to supply their Conquerors with the necessary articles of *Wheat, Hay, Corn, Straw,*

passed by a very elegant chateau at *Koningloo*, belonging to the Prince of ORANGE, and memorable for having been a very favourite hunting seat of King WILLIAM's. The 27th of January was marked by a decided thaw, but on the 29th, the frost again set in as violently as before, when the army proceeded towards Westphalia, arriving, after passing through the intermediate villages in different detachments, at Delden on the river Regge. On the 31st, they were halted and cantoned at Oldenzael, and along the Dutch Frontier. The troops were on the 5th of February, again put in motion, to approach the Episcopal State of Osnaburg, head-quarters having been previously established at *Rheine*, and great numbers of the sick, whose cases would not permit them to undergo the pain of a removal, were left behind at Deventer, Zwol, and Zutphen, when the magazines and stores, which were considered as too cumbersome to be conveyed in the lines of march, were all destroyed.

The main body of the army had *preceded* Gen. ABERCROMBIE's Corps, which, (the Brigade of Guards forming a part) followed on the 6th, from Otmarfen, Nienhaus, and other villages in that direction, passing by the remarkable castle\* of Bentheim, to Schuttorp, where they were halted on

*Cloathing, and Oxen*, to the amount of £1,403,054 *sterling*. Such were the first greetings conveyed to them, under the impression of

Egalité  
Unité    Liberté    Indivisibilité  
Fraternité.

\* The castle of Bentheim standing upon a considerable eminence, is very difficult of access on all sides; it is said to have been mortgaged to Hanover, and will in that case devolve to the *Electo*r on the death of the

the 10th, owing to a prodigious flood\*, occasioned by a very sudden thaw. On the 12th, however they crossed *the Ems* at *Rheine*, and marching through the villages of Bevergen Ippenburen, and the State of *Tecklenburg*, approached Osna-burg, where the head-quarters of the army were established; part of the troops were stationed in the town, and the remainder cantoned† in the miserable Boorshaps, or Hamlets of the country, in which were seen the farmer's whole live stock littered down with his family, in one large barn. Some few, more affluent than their neighbours, had, it is true, a small partition, forming a kind of room, scarce worthy of the name, at one extremity; such instances of luxury, however, occurred but seldom; men, women, children, pigs, and poultry, usually wallowed together in filth and misery. The honest German Peasants, however, treated the soldiers with kindness and with hospitality, and the

present possessor. There were several very antique field pieces mounted in the ramparts, and when the army passed, the Hanoverians in garrison, were very busily employed in cutting fresh embrasseurs, and making every necessary preparation to defend it. It is accounted sufficiently formidable to delay the progress of an enemy for several days.

\* The bridge over the river Vecht, at the extremity of the town of Scuttorp, having been choaked up with ice, there was not a sufficient space left open for the water to flow freely through the arch, consequently the Chaussée, and surrounding flat country, were completely inundated. The Flank Battalion and First Regiment of Guards passed through the water almost up to their knapsacks, and several of the men were nearly drowned, owing to the great difficulty they found of bearing up against the current, rushing violently over the causeway; add to this great quantities of the loosened ice had sunk, and adhering to the bottom rendered their footing extremely precarious. It became therefore absolutely necessary to break the enormous masses of ice, and clear a passage for the waters through the bridge, to render the march of the main body with artillery and batt horses practicable, in which service the troops in Scuttorp were busily employed for two days.

† At West Cappel, and the neighbouring villages.



contrast they experienced on crossing the *Dutch Frontier*, was therefore most peculiarly striking.

The enemy on the 24th of February, advanced upon the posts of Nienhaus, and Velthuys, occupied by the Loyal Emigrants, and a Detachment of Rohan and Bouillies Corps; forcing them, after an obstinate resistance, to fall back, with a loss of near 100 men in killed and wounded. Major Gen. ABERCROMBIE, who commanded in that vicinity, (at Bentheim,) had made the proper dispositions to re-occupy the posts; but on the 26th, the French retreated, directing their march towards *Hardenberg*, retiring precipitately from that post soon after, and at the same time abandoning their position in the Province of Groningen; when their troops in that direction fell back upon Zwol. The different battalions following each other, pursued the same route, and were again in motion on the 4th of March, passing through Nienkircken, Achmer, Braams, Quakenbrugge, &c. inclining towards the state of Diepholt, and halting on the 7th.

The march of the division of troops, under Lord CATHCART, was attended with more difficulty than that of any other Detachment, during the retreat from the Rhine to the Ems. His Lordship's Brigade, consisting of Light Cavalry, the Twenty-seventh, Twenty-eighth, Eightieth, and Eighty-fourth Regiments of Infantry, described a circuitous detour through West Friesland, along the confines of the Province of Groningen; entirely wide of the main body of the British army, and skirted by the *Zuider Zee*; proceeding upwards of 170

miles through that dreary country, with a view of ascertaining whether the minds of its inhabitants were tainted with the prevailing disaffection to the ORANGE family. Upon their arrival within about two leagues of Groningen, they received deputies from that city, offering to open the gates, but requesting that the troops might not enter, as there *were then two parties* in the town. The rear of his Lordship's Corps was continually harrassed by advanced parties of the enemy's; but the greater part of the Detachment arrived safely on the right banks of the Ems, having crossed that river near Meppen\*.

About this period, 70,000 Prussians were reported to have been on full march for the protection of Westphalia, and the van of that army was actually in motion, their Sovereign declaring, he would strain every nerve to re-instate the Orange Family in Holland, though at that very moment he was perfidiously negotiating at Basle, a separate treaty of peace, and had, contrary to every stipulation with Great Britain, truckled to the French Republic.

Breda, Williamstadt, and Gertruydenberg, had now thrown open their gates, by an order from the States' General, and the impregnable fortrefs of Bergenopzoom, capitulated also on the 2d of February, where the Eighty-seventh Regiment of Infantry, formed of about 600 undisciplined Hibernian *heroes*, had been left in garrison, and

\* The advanced piquets of Lord CATHCART's brigade, at *Burlanger Schans*, were driven in on the 27th of February, but the French were then on their retreat, and fortunately did not pursue them. The Republicans in every direction during the whole of this retrograde march kept hanging upon the rear of the troops covering the retreat.

consequently fell into the hands of the Republicans, as prisoners of war. The whole Dutch army, consisting of about 14,000 men, were immediately disbanded or incorporated with the French troops, and the most exorbitant demands\* were made upon the inhabitants of Holland by *invitations*, and where that gentle term was not sufficiently persuasive, by requisitions *a la Guillotine*.

However brilliant and rapid the successes of the French at this period, we find that those few places, where the garrisons made a proper and steady resistance, held out much longer than could reasonably have been expected, from the nature of their works; thus, Sluys, an insignificant fortress, kept the Republicans at bay for 27 days, after the opening of the trenches. Grave 32, and Rosas in Spain 69. Their efforts to reduce Mentz on the Rhine, and Pampeluna in Navarre, completely failed, and it is well worthy of remark, that those fortresses which made the least resistance were *the strongest*; for example Le Quesnoi, Condé, and Valenciennes, in French Flanders, Fiegura in Spain, and Bois le Duc† in Holland.

\* The town of Gorcum *alone*, was obliged to furnish the French troops with 4000lbs. of fresh meat every fourth day.

† The surrender of Bois le Duc afforded the most infamous and barefaced instance of treachery, perhaps ever known. That fortress, one of the strongest in the United Provinces, and from its situation, of the utmost importance to the Stadtholder, was provided with every requisite to retard the progress of the enemy, and had gun boats stationed round it on the inundations. Allowing that the waters were *in some degree* drawn off when Crevecœur fell into the hands of the besiegers, there were still most formidable works, which must have held them long at bay. The precipitate flight of the governor, immediately after the capitulation of the place, was any other wanting, was certainly a sufficient proof of his having been highly bribed to throw open the gates upon the first summons.

Are we not therefore justified in supposing that French gold silenced the artillery on the ramparts, where French valour might possibly have failed? It was now determined to withdraw the British Infantry from Germany, the certainty of his Prussian Majesty's intention to negotiate a separate peace, in breach of every sacred promise, prodigally made to obtain that enormous subsidy, out of which he had cajoled the British nation, leaving no reasonable hopes of reinstating the Stadtholder in his former situation, by force of arms. Transports were accordingly ordered to receive the sick, and part of the troops at Embden, while the main body were to embark in the Weser at Bremer Lehe; every necessary disposition was consequently made for that purpose, and the troops were once again in motion on the 23d of March. Some apprehensions were at that time entertained for the safety of the Twelfth and Fortieth Regiments, as they had been upon a very advanced position; they however made good their retreat, and the Light Infantry and Grenadiers covering the march, the whole proceeded through Vecht, Wildhufen, and other villages in the States of Diepholt and of Delmenhorst, to Bremen, where they were quartered on the 27th; between which period and the 10th of April, great numbers of those men who had been *returned missing*, and of those left sick behind the army, joined their respective regiments. It was then found that many of the soldiers, who had embarked with the first detachment from the Brigade of Guards, at Greenwich, on the 25th of February 1793, had borne up against the excessive fatigues they had undergone, but that those raw recruits, who had been afterwards sent out, and whose constitutions were

at that time scarcely formed, in general fell sick; and once placed fairly in the hands of those unskilful mates, and most unfeeling nurses in the general hospitals, but little hopes remained of their recovery. The Fourteenth, Thirty-seventh, and Fifty-third Regiments, had suffered very severely, and most of the men they brought back to England, had been sent out to them, as well as to many other regiments of the line, a short time previous to their embarkation.

At Bremen, the troops were very comfortably lodged, and well treated; though claiming the privilege of a free town, the inhabitants at first objected to have soldiers quartered on their houses. On the 10th of April, the joyful movement towards the transports took place, and at 6 o'clock in the morning of the 14th, the different Brigades were seen embarking for their native land: The Cavalry\* remaining on the left banks of the Weser, to co-operate in the protection of Hanover.

Since that period, his Catholic Majesty following the example of the King of Prussia, has withdrawn himself from the coalition against the common enemy, and even ceded Saint Domingo to the rapacious Republicans. The recovery of that important Island, being deemed indispen-

\* They are likewise now recalled, and not a single British soldier remains upon the Continent. In Germany, our cavalry have been leading the most luxurious lives, hospitably treated by the inhabitants, abundantly supplied with provisions on very reasonable terms, and "faring sumptuously, every day." It must however afford them no little satisfaction after so long an absence to press their native soil once more, and as a Brother Soldier, the Author of this Narrative, feels happy that its appearance has been delayed, as it enables him to congratulate *his Friends* upon their safe arrival.

fably necessary, more blood must flow from British veins, and the flower of the country be perhaps yielded up a prey to the ravages of a pestilential fever\*; thus are we treated on all sides, by the nations with whom we were in strict alliance; yet surely it will afford every Englishman the highest satisfaction, when he reflects, that we have hitherto uniformly kept up to *our* engagements, and that the national character of the inhabitants of this highly favoured Isle, has never yet been lowered in the eyes of Europe. Even our enemies are compelled to respect and to fear us, and if we have perhaps *too much* credulity, it arises *certainly*, from praise-worthy motives.

The French supposing themselves *invincible*, and wishing to establish their Winter Quarters on the right banks of the Rhine, forced daringly, at a very advanced season of the year, the passage of that river near the town of Dusseldorf; though at first successful in their attacks upon the Austrians, they have, (as was easily foreseen) found it highly expedient to retreat precipitately, and by the subsequent defeats their armies have sustained, it has been evidently proved, that the highly disciplined forces of his Imperial Majesty, under a

\* Common justice to those who superintended the embarkation, calls upon us to remark, that no troops ever quitted England, better equipped for service in every particular than those who have lately sailed, destined for the truly important Expedition to the West-Indies, however we may lament the unfortunate delays which have cost so many of our brave countrymen their lives. As every precaution had been taken to guard against the ravages of the Yellow Fever, great hopes may be certainly entertained, that they will escape its virulent attacks, and if they are *so fortunate*, there can be no doubt of their success—Conquerors in that quarter, as Great Britain is already Mistress of the Seas, the War, it is to be hoped will yet have a brilliant conclusion.

General at once so able and experienced as Field Marshall CLAIRFAIT, have sufficient energy remaining, to make them pay *most dearly* for their rash incursions into the territories of a Sovereign, *as yet* respected and beloved by the majority of his subjects. Though unprecedented success has for a length of time crowned the arms of the Convention, the consequences of the most trifling check they may experience at this critical moment, must encrease the grievous sore, which rankling in the very heart of the Republic, will, (and most probably the period is now fast approaching,) break out and reduce the country to such extremities, as must render the majority of the people clamorous for bread, and induce their present rulers, however contrary\* to their wishes, to offer such terms to our Government, now avowedly ready to treat with France, as will enable them to conclude a secure and honourable peace : and may that

\* That it will be contrary to the wishes of the executive government of France to make peace with Great-Britain is obvious, while they can, by forced loans, and other compulsory measures, procure a supply of money to procrastinate the war. France originally declared war against Great-Britain; and France has never yet made overtures to put a period to hostilities, for Monsieur MONERON, when he visited this country, was certainly not authorised to offer any terms whatever : yet surely when the olive-branch is held out to a nation groaning under miseries, encreased each moment by demands upon the people, they must, after enduring to a certain point, rise in a mass, and force their rulers to accept it.

The various distressing circumstances that have delayed the late formidable expedition to the West-Indies, occasioned by a series of adverse winds, unknown during the memory of any man now conversant in nautical affairs, must force us to confine all operations, in that quarter, to the defence of our own islands ; and those troops, who, (it is devoutly to be hoped) ere this, have reached the scene of action, will be sufficient for that purpose. Reinforcements will be forwarded from time to time, and the end for which the expedition was equipped, be ultimately, according to all human probability, obtained.

peace so ardently desired, whenever it arrives, without lowering the dignity of the Empire, reinstate the inhabitants of Great Britain, in the full enjoyments of those blessings, (known only by a free country, under the limited sway of a mild and benevolent Monarch) of which, the most successful war, must ever, while carried on *with vigour*, in some degree deprive the subject.

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